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Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o'Bob

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EDITORIAL.

"Have you always been literary?" asked *Life* not long ago of one of its ablest contributors. "No indeed," was the reply;" I once edited my college paper." There is justification enough for this point of view, for we are so young, so inexperienced, so self-conscious, that our efforts to write remind one of the ludicrous at tempts of a heavy fledgling to leave the nest. Still we may suppose that the little bird himself derives much profit and a certain rudimentary pleasure out of the performance, and that in time, "with open, unmoving wings" he will be "borne through the air by will." It might be well at the beginning of this new year to lay some stress on the pleasure and profit, besides the mere increase in literary skill, to be derived from the TIPYN O' BOB by its contributors. We know that an undergraduate who is receiving constantly and never giving is a boiler without a safety-valve. To be sure we have outlets for our animal spirits in hockey and horse-play; for our social instincts in ways too numerous

to mention; while quizzes and paper give us a chance to express our ever-increasing store of ideas. But the TIPYN O' BOB exceeds and transcends all these in its effectiveness as a mode of self-expression. Here you may give your opinion not only on academic matters but on life. Here you may be witty or serious, practical or imaginative. insurgent or conservative. We do not exclude love stories, pictures of childhood, or sketches of college life. All we ask is that what you give us shall be interesting. Besides being a safety-valve the TIPYN O' BOB is a most effective aid to obtaining a truly disciplined character. When you work for months over a story, have it rejected, and begin at once on another; when you pick up your room-mate's copy and find your editorial uncut; when you hear your witty essay read aloud by your brother during Thanksgiving vacation, then you will find that you have added greatly to your stores of perseverance, humility, and self-control. We need every one in college, not only 1915 to whom every hand is out-stretched, but even those Seniors who have never made a practise of writing, to co-operate with us in making the TIPYN O' BOB a success. May the never-to-be-forgotten joy of seeing your own thoughts in print for the first time soon be yours!

F. H.

In the interstices of a collegiate course, have you any time, my fair readers, to devote to the rambles of romance? Although architect and builder have placed the vaunted ivy towers within Lower Merion Township, in convenient proximity to the Main Line, and thereby is Wanamaker's and the best sellers, there lie around you, about you, veritable adventuring grounds. Come, fare afield. I do not demand knight erranting up the campus, or passionate poetizing upon the pike. The kind of romance to which I invite is eminently practical. Get on your tramping clothes, and leave your pointed huskins upon the closet floor. Take to the high road and thence to the hedge row; even, if you meet a nice one, cultivate the gutter. And take, I pray you, a personal interest in the beast and birds that beset the way. Have you ever joined democratically in a public fray betwixt your neighbor's terrier and his neighbor's chickens? Have you ever solicited the aid of an Irish groom in utilizing his employer's Italian garden for a short cut back? Have you ever talked to a Main Liner

in his stalled car, as man to man? It will surprise you, if you have not, to find the amount of human interest that is waiting for your attention. Banish exclusiveness, and meet the passerby on his own ground. It is not your ground, remember, and you have no right to discuss the coloring of Turner when discoursing with the owner of yon glowing pumpkin field. If your desire for information pursues after you at the rate of your own two legs, get a few of his ideas on neighborhood conditions, and even, going tactfully, of the institution known as B. M. It is well at times, for the sake of contrast, to hear another side of our mirror than that which reflects us of a morning at chapel.

If my humble powers can not convince you to make a systematic acquaintanceship with all the dogs of the neighborhood or to swap yarns with all the small boys after chestnuts, your most æsthetic humours can not forbid you to go forth and consort with the weathers. It is well to view the lower hockey field of a bright October afternoon, it is also well to crouch against the wall of the Merion Cricket Club and receive with it the heroic buffets of November storms. Man weather and humor; whether good or ill; behold an illimitable field of romance. Go forth on adventure bent, and adventure will await you. It is well to increase the horizon of your campus, and consort with the pixies and polywogs.

M. V. T.

THE HERMIT SAINT.

(From a Chinese Print.)

Above a ridge of wooded mountains, cold and gray,
    Hangs low and threatening in the sky, the heartless moon;
    Below in the deep valley by an ancient pine
Sits squatting there, the Hermit Saint, watching the play
Of waters in a hurrying stream. He lifts the moon
    Up in his hands, yet in his palms there is no sign
    Of the bright mirrored moon the river first had shown.
Together in the night live man and stream alone.

KATHARINE SERGEANT.

A SKETCH.

AMY GORDON HAMILTON, '13.

You can never tell what a Pole and a Virginian will do in the same circumstances, neither can you tell when an artist ceases to be an artist and becomes a man.

Many of us remember in a vague sort of way hearing about Pasinkov and his extraordinary career; people still call him the man who upset Paris in three days and nights. Certainly he made a sensation. It was said that he scorned the Academy and the Legion of Honour, and was half mobbed in the Gardens by people who were quite mad about his work—before he turned his back on the whole crew—palace and cot—and departed to build an inaccessible villa in the Pyrenees.

I don't know much about the story and I know less about his art—but I saw one of his sketches once, and the thing has haunted me ever since—done in charcoal it was—an Italian woman whose cart had been upset by a fine carriage—such black, servile, murderous rage—Ugh! And I saw another sketch of his—once—but I'm coming to that.

Now Pasinkov before he became a celebrity and a mystery had spent a fortnight with the Maddisons in Virginia. Carrol was there too and a half dozen of us who had come over—supposedly for a hunting week, really because we were all more or less badly in love with Julie Maddison. There were, I said, a half dozen of us, not counting Carrol—and then the Pole appeared. He was a handsome man with wonderfully bright eyes, a hard rider—and was even then beginning to be talked about. We pretended not to consider him, but I fancy we were all glad enough when he left one morning suddenly and went back to Europe. As for Carrol—a few days afterwards, his engagement to Julie was announced. Browning says something about the way the other man may feel in such circumstance, but I only know I didn't. Well that doesn't matter.

About the beginning of May, Carroll and I went to France. It was about eight months after Pasinkov's meteoric appearance and

disappearance. Nothing would do but Carroll must go look him up. He had seen some of the man's extraordinary work and wanted to renew old acquaintance and all that. I felt that there was something awfully wrong about our going but couldn't tell what the matter was. We went. We drifted through the chateau country down the Rhine and eventually found ourselves before the villa. I won't describe it, because all I can remember is a green terrace and blue-green tiles and far away blue hills with a mist over them.

Pasinkov greeted us with great cordiality. I think I said he was handsome, with keener eyes than a man should have. We stepped out on the terrace to talk and smoke.

We spoke of art of course, and the Pole had the oddest theories. He held that you couldn't really paint unless you painted emotions. His own pictures, he said, were just photographic flashes of envy and hate and fear and love. I didn't quite follow him, but I remembered the Italian woman. He finished by saying that he had no imagination. I fancy he meant what he said. I still think so, although I have since come to value imagination highly. Then we drifted from art to common things and of course spoke of our meeting in Virginia. We asked him what he thought of it all.

He said gravely: "Messieurs, your Virginia, it is a very beautiful country; the men are all gallant, the ladies pretty and you are always in love with somebody all the time. It is very sweet and pastoral. In Poland, by the way, it is not so; it is harsher, less idyllic. A girl, for instance, falls in love once only." Carrol flushed slightly, and the Pole, breaking off, turned directly to him. "Miss Julie, how is she?"

Carrol answered him a bit stiffly that she was well. Why he didn't say that they were going to be married in a short while I don't know.

The Pole went on: "Ah, she is superb; she is divine. When I used to draw her in that white frock——." I started. Carrol said gently:

"I didn't know you had ever sketched her."

Pasinkov replied: "I was so fortunate—several times."

Carrol said: "Won't you show us?"

Pasinkov made a motion as if to rise, then he stopped. "Perhaps I should not show it, but it is my best work—and so long ago now—

and we who are all artists?" He looked at me, but it was Carrol who answered him in his quiet way:

"Of course if you don't care to, but we should be interested."

The Pole made a gesture and stepped through the bay window into the house. Carrol said nothing. We sat and smoked. I felt nervous, and was savage because I felt nervous at nothing. Pasinkov came back with a portfolio which he laid on the table.

"I do not often care to show my sketches, but if you will——" This time he looked at Carrol. Carrol rose and going to the table bent over the portfolio. When he straightened again he was white to the lips. He turned to Pasinkov and said a little unsteadily:

"You are a great artist, but your picture is not true, sir."

Pasinkov smiled and his smile just stopped short of a sneer. "So, M. the Virginian, my poor picture fails to please. Perhaps it is because even the pastoral may sometime fail——"

I sprang to my feet, but it was too late. Carrol had struck the Pole full across the cheek. Pasinkov staggered back, one hand at his face. I noticed even then the peculiar delicacy of the fingers.

"Ah, if you were not my guest——"

Carrol looked at him. "Sir," said he, "I have outraged your hospitality, but I have the honour to tell you before leaving that you are a cad and a liar!" He turned on his heel and walked away without looking back. I started to follow him. The Pole was leaning against a chair, his fingers at his cheek. Moved by a sudden impulse, I paused and laid my hat on the table.

"Sir," said I, "How did you come to make that sketch?"

He answered me mechanically as if in a dream. In fact, it was all like a bad dream, and neither of us was quite himself, I suppose.

"We had both ridden back that night, by different ways, to speak to her. Neither knew. He came into the hall and I was coming through the library all dark. She came to meet him. They could not see me. I drew her as she stood there. It was not a lie—only it was not—for me." He stopped with his face ashen grey.

Somehow the mist over the hills seemed to have drifted up and I was shaking with cold and excitement. I don't know why I should have asked this, nor why he should have answered me. It was all quite mad.

"M. Pasinkov," said I "Why did you show that to John Carrol?"

He turned on me in a sudden fury. "He called me a Russian! He said to her that night: 'I was afraid that yellow-skinned Russian had come to you.' I could have forgiven the rest—not that. I am a Pole, Monsieur, but"—and with a sudden motion he tore the picture across, "but, mon Dieu! I should have believed that picture——"

I took my hat and went out. I have thought about it many times since—and, somehow, I am afraid I too should have believed that picture.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

The most congested place in the Plummer's congested cottage was the closet under the front stairs. Into this slum of inanimate objects drifted the useless, the unemployed, the ugly among things; old magazines, fly screens out of season, the blower from the parlor grate, —not to mention hats, overcoats, umbrellas, curtain-poles, arctics, fish-hooks, furniture-polish:—everything, in short, that could be put nowhere else in the house. To relieve conditions, a central rod from which overcoats depended, had been inserted by the carpenter under the guidance of Mrs. Plummer; but this attempt at betterment only reduced the air-space to a minimum, so that to get the hammer from the shelves at the back was a breathless feat.

On the gritty floor of this black hole, blinded and suffocated by the swaying overcoats, grovelled Mr. Howard Plummer, groping inch by inch for his overshoes. Unaccustomed rage filled his mild soul against the insensate things that impeded his search, although he was to blame for their ever-increasing numbers; his frugality being such that it was almost impossible for him to throw anything away, from a frayed collar to a broken vase. Giving was another matter, but to commit forever to the elements an article which had been beautiful or useful, this was not a thing to be done lightly.

When, finally, he cornered the rubbers behind the extra leaves of the dining-room table he was fairly apoplectic with heat and fury, for he was no longer young, and was in a great hurry to catch a train,

leaving in twenty minutes for Weehawken, connecting with the last ferry which would get him to his dentist's for a nine o'clock appointment. He backed hastily out of the darkness, and, without stopping to brush off the knees of his trousers, or to say good-bye to his wife and the girls, he scuffled into his overshoes, shrugged on his rain-coat, and seizing an umbrella, slammed out of the door and was off along the mile of red New Jersey mud that lay between him and the station. It was late in October, the air was damp and raw, the sky hung gray and sodden above the monotonous green "flats," but Mr. Plummer was impervious to his surroundings. His tooth absorbed his attention. For a week it had kept him from enjoying hot, cold or sweet viands, so that he had been forced to take a mirthless day off, and go to the dentist's. When he reached the station, piazzas of thick mud stood out all around his feet. He tried to scrape them off in the train but despite his efforts the rubbers were far from shiny. He caught the ferry, and bought a paper, for it was so foggy on the river that the windows might have been ground glass for all that they admitted of the gulls, or the shipping, or the water-front. Moreover, he wanted something to take his mind off his tooth and the smell of wet wool in the close-packed saloon. The paper presented no topics of great interest. Stocks had dropped, Italy and Turkey were still belligerent, but Mr. Plummer was not disappointed, for he had expected a gloomy, monotonous day. But he was unprepared for the acute torture that awaited him when he dismounted at Fifth Avenue from the cross-town trolley. He had several blocks to traverse before he reached the cross street on which Dr. Carmichael's office was situated, and as there was no stage in sight he determined to walk. The sun was shining brightly; there was a crisp autumnal snap about the air; it seemed as if it had never rained. Up and down hurried men and women, to business or to the stores; velvet shod motors glided past, horses clacked along the dry asphalt; and here was poor Mr. Plummer with an umbrella, rain-coat and rubbers! He took off the coat and hung it on his arm; used his umbrella as a cane; but what could he do with his rubbers? He could not throw them in the gutter, he could not stop to take them off. He was conspicuous enough already. And beside he had nothing to wrap them in, and hated carrying things, and the coat was hot and heavy. He plodded bravely on up the avenue, but it seemed as if he were

using twice the force of the other pedestrians with half the result, so dull and slow seemed the muffled padding of his footsteps compared to the clean, sharp click of an honest boot-heel. His feet never felt larger. As in a nightmare, they seemed to swell to grotesque proportions. He sympathized with the foot-bound women of China. As he reached Fortieth Street, a convenient mirror outside a shoe-shop gave him a vivid glimpse of his worried face and his ungainly feet. Should he go in, buy a pair of shoes, and have the rubbers sent? That was an inspiration. He paused, fished in his pockets, and found only his return-ticket and one dollar, thirty-five cents in specie. So with a sigh he tramped on.

It was actually a long breath of relief that Mr. Plummer drew as he entered the big building on the sixth floor of which Dr. Carmichael had his office. As he went up in the elevator he realized that he had forgotten all about his tooth. Strange that a pair of rubbers should act as Lethe to a suffering mortal! The office was a composite of all other dentist's offices—two well-lighted rooms, the outer one stocked with ancient magazines and mission furniture, the inner one ruled by a silent being who boiled crochet hooks incessantly. Plummer found to his chagrin that he had reached the office some fifteen minutes too soon. He picked up a coverless magazine for Easter, 1907, but soon lost interest and wandered over to the window-seat. As he sat down his eye happened to fall on the plain green carpet and there were his tracks in red New Jersey dust following him across the floor. How extremely annoying! The dentist, a hot-tempered, choleric old fellow would soon come in, see the tracks, and blame him for them. Why not get rid at once of these hated articles, these rubbers that typified his bondage to inanimate things? His heart leapt at the thought. He would be a slave no longer. But where to put or hide the rubbers, that was the question. He took one off, poked it under the window-seat and looked at it critically. Alas! the short green denim flounce hung three full inches from the floor, and the large black golosh was plainly visible from every point in the room. Mr. Plummer took it out and balanced it on his fore-finger,—looked at the mantel piece—one ormolu clock and two glass vases; looked at the table innocent of a cloth; there was no piano or he could drop it inside. He chuckled involuntarily at the thought. His spirits were rising at the mere prospect of ridding himself of these

incubi. Suddenly an inspiration struck him. Perhaps there was a ledge above the fifth story window on which he could place his overshoes. There they would disintegrate unseen, and perhaps be useful as sparrows' nests. He hurried to the window, for it was just time for Dr. Carmichael to be coming, opened it, and leaned out with the heel of the rubber still over his finger. Alas! there was no ledge. But he remained leaning out fascinated by the hurrying crowds below." What if——" But fate anticipated his half-formed wish, the rubber slipped from his finger and dropped, whirling irretrievably, and before Plummer could catch his breath it struck a passer-by thump on his derby. Mr. Plummer drew back instantly but not before he saw that Fate had tricked him shamefully. The angry, upturned face of the assailed unfortunate was that of Dr. Carmichael! The only hope was that the recognition had not been mutual. Plummer felt as he used to feel forty-five years ago when he heard his father's step on the porch and thrust the forbidden book behind the shelves. He grasped a magazine, sat down and commenced to read. As he crossed one leg over the other, he saw with horror the other rubber still on his foot. He must hide it somewhere, quickly, there was the elevator door! Like a flash he pushed it behind the unlighted gas logs, the only possible place, and with a spring was back in his chair, perspiring from the nervous strain. In came the Doctor.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Plummer. Sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was delayed. By the way, is this, by any chance, *your* gum shoe?"

And from behind his back he produced the article in question. Mr. Plummer was a good man, a conscientious man, but how could he confess to what seemed a silly practical joke? Would any man of sound mind and mature years be apt to drop a rubber on his dentist's head by accident? He looked Dr. Carmichael in the eye and with a strange hot thrill answered calmly, "No, Sir." The Doctor hesitated a moment, then stepping nearer Plummer and holding up the overshoe, still red with mud, he pointed silently to the lining. There in his wife's painstaking print was the inscription, "Howard J. Plummer, Glen Ridge, N. J." If it had been "Mene Tekel" he could not have been found more wanting. Neither man said a word. There was nothing to be said.

But when Mr. Plummer, bound, gagged and helpless, lay before him in the chair, Dr. Carmichael began to talk in cold, severe tones:

"It is a strange thing about your teeth, Mr. Plummer, that though they look sound enough from the outside, many of them are nothing more than hollow shells. Miss Anderson"—this to the factotum—"will you kindly shut the window in the waiting-room and light the gas-log, there is a fearful draught. I am afraid, sir, you are not particular——" But Howard Plummer waited to hear no more. He did not wish to be present at the kindling of the gas-log. With a bound of horror, he knocked up the dentist's arm, leaped from the chair, tore the impedimenta from his jaws, and seizing only his hat, was out of the door and down the six flights of stairs before Dr. Carmichael had time to realize what had occurred.

* * * * * * * * *

Of course there was no miraculous change in Mr. Plummer's character. He even regretted his new-found liberty when his shoes sank in the red mud on the way home; when he bought a new pair of overshoes, a new umbrella, and a new rain-coat; and when he received Dr. Carmichael's bill. He regretted it, yes; and yet the memory of that sincere, mad, dash for freedom always brought an unconscious smile to his lips and a sparkle to his eye; and he allowed Mrs. Plummer to be more ruthless about throwing away articles from the closet under the front stairs.

FRANCES HUNTER '12.

CATS.

I have been wishing for some time for an opportunity to-express my chagrin at Mr. Maeterlinck's portrayal of the character of the cat Tylette in the "Blue Bird," leaving us to suppose that all cats are in spirit like unto Tylette. To be sure, there *are* bad cats,—Tylette was a hypocrite, but so was Uriah Heep; I should be quite as disturbed to think that every cat who enjoys washing her face is plotting treason against man, as I should be to consider any friend who chafes his hands in my presence planning subtle self-advancement at my cost. Besides which, I do not understand how Maurice Maeterlinck can attempt to describe the whole feline world by presenting one cat, any more than a puppet-man should be made to represent the whole human race to giants.

I have had a wide acquaintance with cats, and shared my home with many. It was in a moment of felicity that a friend of mine named the blue angora Melisanch. I never enjoyed her much. I felt in her presence as I should have felt were I required by some strange circumstance to dwell in the house of Mary the sister of Martha, —I never handled that cat or talked with her much for fear of corrupting her. (I've often felt that I should have been more at my ease with Martha than with Mary.)

Pompilia was my own black angora who suggested to me constantly the lines of Browning,—"great, grave, griefful air." She She was truly inspired! They are so frail, these lovely creatures that we nourish and care for—which is perhaps the very reason for their frailty, as in human beings. I have sometimes felt a curiosity to know whether it really is the graceful in spirit who flourish like the green bay tree, or by what chance the wicked seem to be so extraordinarily hardy. Now slum-cats are all Sampsons: it is not on Front Street that one sees them escaping around a corner at the sight of a dog,—they seem too wicked to fear even the dogs. Not that I would disparage slum-cats! They seem estimably democratic. I don't forget the winter morning when, shaking out my furs in the crisp air, I looked up to see a lank tortoise-shell crouched on the top of a board

fence, who, from his appearance, reflected my dejection of spirit; and, feeling a sort of brotherhood with him, I gave him good-morning. I jumped at the rowdy yowl with which he answered me as I should at the salutation of a man with his hat on one side.

For those who do not love cats, I think they would at least have been converted to a respect for one cat if they could have seen my William the Silent. Some flippant persons I have been known to try to interrupt his stately walk from the kitchen to his cushion. It was like trying to trip up an archbishop,—somehow, one found oneself laughing alone.

I feel that Maeterlinck must have been as unfamiliar with cats as I am with the dog whom he portrays.

I. A. Paddock, '14.

A DOUBLE ROMANCE.

By Mary Coolidge, '14.

Twenty or more years ago Agnes Gallager, a buxom young Irish lass from the Old Country, went as a nursery maid to Orleans on Cape Cod. There, in the course of the summer, she was wooed and wedded by Captain Isaac Sturgis, a good-natured, if somewhat shiftless, seaman. Three years later the captain died and his wife entered alone on the long task of raising two little girls. And they were raised, both of them, at the end of twenty years into pretty, healthy girls, Minnie and Elizabeth. As they grew up the community grew more cosmopolitan, and the girls themselves grew more truly American; but their mother was as whole-heartedly Irish in her shrewdness, her good nature, and her temper, as she was the day she left Ireland. No longer buxom, she was still straight, and quick, and vigorous, in her black skirt and shawl and dingy straw hat.

Now I myself had always know her, and last summer, as usual, I sought news about her when I first went to Orleans. I heard that Elizabeth was engaged to Roland Harlow, a promising youth whose father, Captain Harlow, is the handsomest and most active man in Orleans. Report also added that, although the captain favored the match for his son, Agnes bitterly opposed it for her daughter.

The next day I went to discuss the subject with Agnes and I was greeted with enthusiasm. "Good morning, Miss Mary, and you're looking well as usual," said my hostess as she led me into the front kitchen and sat me down in the chair lately occupied by the kitten. "I'm real glad to see you so blooming like, and that you've not been and got married is a real pleasure, I 'm sure."

I blushed at the allusion, but answered that it was nice to be welcomed.

"Yes and I'd welcome ye anyway, Miss Mary," Mrs. Sturgis assured me, "but marriage is a curse and children, especially girls, is a trial." There was a short pause; then, sitting down herself, she continued more calmly: "Yes, I have just been a-thinking all winter, when I read the papers, if I'd niver seen the captain what a happy woman I would have been! For I could have traveled as ladies' maid to hundreds of ladies—and travel is a fine thing—and now I'm wore out with me girls, and I'm too old."

I had heard before of Mrs. Agnes' regrets and of her hankering for Europe, so I hastened to change the subject by remarking how well Elizabeth looked.

"Yes, an' she is very well, an' a comfort she is after Minnie." Here Minnie appeared at the door, but her mother continued unheeding: "Now Minnie ain't got no head, nor no heart; Elizabeth, she has more heart in her little finger than Minnie in her whole body. Yes, Elizabeth's real smart; she's got the library job for two weeks while Miss Grant has her vacation."

I murmured my pleasure, but Mrs. Sturgis continued unheeding in her meditative tone: "Yes, Elizabeth's just the image of me, and Minnie—now, Minnie's a true Sturgis."

This statement was strictly true, but its frank expression was rather startling. Awkwardly I spoke of Captain and Roland Harlow. I brought down on my unprotected head the violent expression of deep-rooted digust toward the handsome New England captain who had himself buried two pious Yankee wives. As soon as possible I said good-bye, and left the captain's reputation to its fate.

The next two days I schemed deeply. Elizabeth's term as substitute librarian in the county library began on Monday. I arranged that Roland Harlow should be engaged to make repairs on the interior of the library during the same two weeks. I thought I had circum-

vented Agnes, but I did not realize her resources. Monday was stormy, but late in the afternoon I went around to the library to borrow a volume of Gibbon. I hastened through the dim vestibule into the single reading room, where, to my great consternation, I saw seated at the desk, not Elizabeth, but her mother. I advanced timidly. Agnes' face wore an expression of suppressed triumph, but she hardly noticed me; she seemed preoccupied. "Yes, Elizabeth is sick," she said. I felt rebelliously that Elizabeth was sick only because her mother wished it, but the look in Mrs. Sturgis' face quelled me and I asked for my book. It was promptly produced and I retired, against my will. At the outer door I encountered Roland, angry and somewhat excited.

"I'm very sorry indeed, Miss Mary," said the indignant young man, "but I don't see how I can work here when this is going on." He pointed to his box of tools which was lying under an open window in the vestibule. The rain was beating in and the box was already full of water, which trickled between the bits and gimlets and soaked into the sandpaper. "*She* opened the window," he added in explanation with a vindictive glare in the direction of the reading desk.

"Oh, she probably didn't see the tools," I suggested and leaned over to shut the window.

The sash squeaked in its frame with the damp and immediately a clear voice came from within, "Please don't close the window, Miss Mary, the room needs ventilation."

Roland's face grew red. I muttered something helplessly and fled.

Saturday came and I had seen neither Harlow nor Sturgis. But Gibbon had to be returned, so in the evening I reluctantly walked down to the library. It was a beautiful night and as I opened the heavy door into the library the cheerful warmth and light was very pleasant. There, again, was Mrs. Agnes Sturgis at the desk, but she looked haggard and anxious, rather than triumphant. She was, however, as uncommunicative as ever and I very soon started to leave the library. On going out the door I heard the blows of a carpenter's hammer, and following the noise I found the carpenter. It was not Roland; it was his father, the captain.

He said that he was taking Roland's place; the latter had started on a short fishing trip on Tuesday. The work was going well; there was

nothing,—absolutely nothing,—to hinder it. He seemed quite cheerful and I said good-night speedily. I left Orleans the next day.

In January, I received these two clippings, cut evidently from the Orleans *Good Citizen:*

"Miss Elizabeth Sturgis, daughter of the deceased Captain Isaac Sturgis and Mrs. Agnes (Gallager) Sturgis, is to be married to Mr. Roland Harlow, Jr., at her mother's house in Orleans, on Tuesday, March the third."

And the following:

"Mrs. Agnes (Gallager) Sturgis, wife of the deceased Captain Isaac Sturgis, is to be married to Captain Roland Harlow, shipbuilder, at her own house on Tuesday, March the third. Captain Harlow's former wives were Mrs. Molly (Nickerson) Harlow and Mrs. Lucinda (Anderson) Harlow. Captain and Mrs. Harlow will travel during March and April."

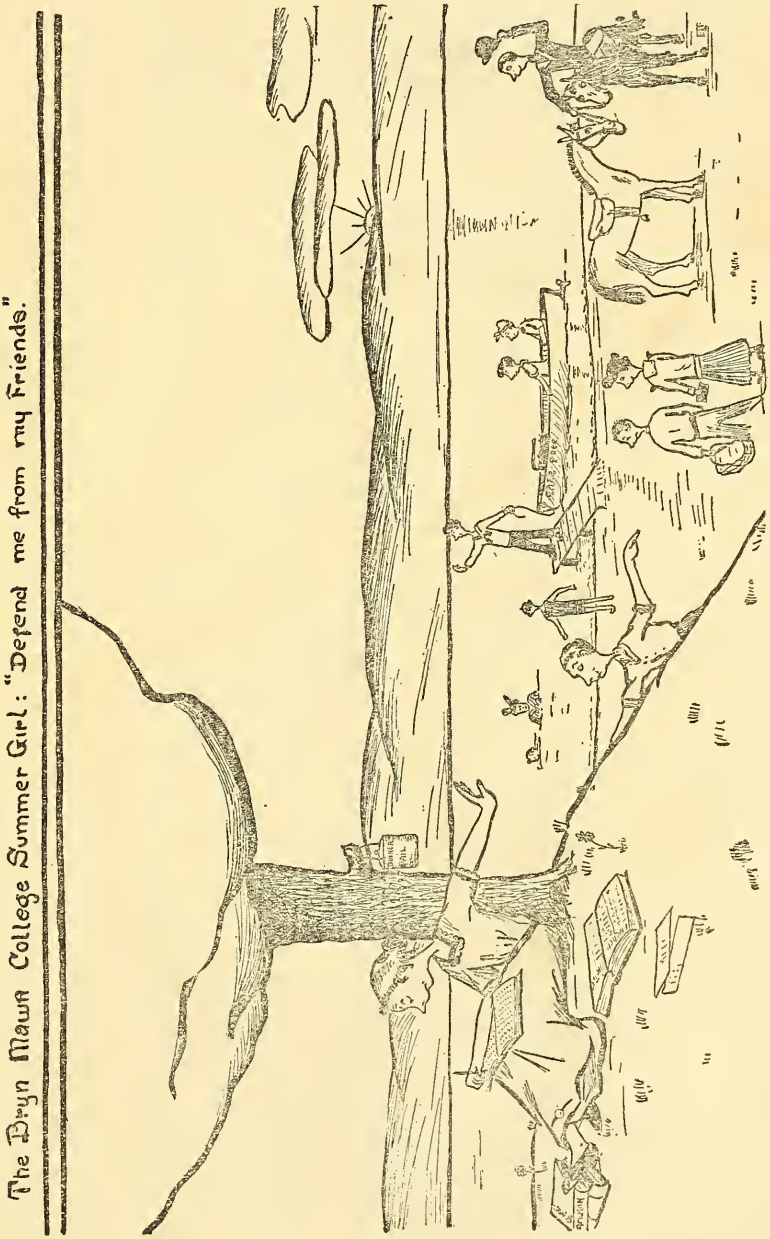
ATHLETIC NOTES.

Hockey commenced for all classes on the 4th of October. The 'Varsity team hopes to have some fine games, but no dates have been settled for the Saturday matches.

Miss Applebee spoke excellently concerning Bryn Mawr athletics at the Christian Association reception last Friday night.

The first meeting of the Athletic Association was held in Taylor Hall, on Tuesday night, October the 10th. The rules were read and the president made a most excellent annual address.

The class tennis tournaments are now taking place. Gordon Hamilton, '13, is the present holder of the college championship cup.



The Bryn Mawr College Summer Girl: "Defend me from my Friends."

10 little Freshmen
  Marching in a line;
They called one to the throne-room,
  Then there were nine.

9 little Freshmen
  Registering late;
One died in her toga,
  Then there were eight.

This little Freshman,
  Having gone to heaven,
Produced in her companions
  A spiritual leaven;
One died of righteousness,
  Then there were seven.

7 little Freshmen
  Banging hockey-sticks;
One was called a silly ass,
  Then there were six.

6 little Freshmen
  Struggling and alive;
Mr. King choked one with e's,
  Then there were five.

5 little Freshmen
  Crowding in a door,
Met and pushed a Senior,
  Now there are four.

4 little Freshmen
  At the Deanery to tea;
One abnormal appetite,
  Then there were three.

3 little Freshmen
  Making breaks anew;
One little Freshman
  Broke herself in two.

2 little Freshmen
  In the swimming pool;
Both were drowned unfortunately,
  This is not the rule.

[As there are still 110 surviving Freshmen, space does not permit that we continue in this issue.]

N. C., '14.
J. M. B., '14.

Freshmen have teas
Where they sit at their ease;
  Seniors have orals to flunk.
Juniors have plays
To enlighten their days;
  But Carter won't bring up *my* trunk.
A Sophomore's abused,
She is always misused;
    Anything does for me.

If one is a grad
It is not so bad:
  One goes to a faculty tea;
If one is a Dean
(Which one has not been)
  One is one of the powers that be.
A Soph's in between:
She is heard and not seen;
    Anything does for me.

A proctor has power
To use at each hour,
  And doctors can give people pills;
As for professors,
They're father confessors,
  But still have no cure for our ills.
This is the point:
With my nose out of joint,
    Anything does for me!

N. C., '14.
J. M. B., '14.

COLLEGE NOTES.

We who belonged to Bryn Mawr before, and who returned here on the first Tuesday or Wednesday of October, were startled to find a new class of fabulous size passing steadily through the hands of the various officials in Taylor. Wild tales of Freshmen living in odd corners of houses in the village were prevalent. On Wednesday morning, however, we found that, even with that preposterous Class of 1915, we could all get into the chapel to hear Miss Thomas. And as far as we now see no one of the one hundred and twenty-five seems utterly homeless.

Tuesday afternoon seemed to the Class of 1914 exceptionally long. The campus swarmed with puzzled Freshmen, with vigilant Sophomores, and with well-guarded Juniors. About five o'clock, Miss Brownell was elected chairman of the Class of 1915 in the room of Miss Bontecou in Denbigh Hall.

"Freshman parade night" was generally voted a great success and the college heartily endorses Miss Haines' expression of our gratitude to Miss Delano for the plan. Witches, torches, and Freshmen with a brass band and many ten-cent noises were the elements of the parade. Even those who most regretted the necessity for changing the old "rush night," found "parade night" a most excellent substitute. The noise was in no way diminished.

On Friday evening, October 6th, the Christian Association reception for the Freshmen was held in the gymnasium. Speeches were made by President Thomas, Miss Applebee and by the presidents of the undergraduate, the self-government, and the Christian Association. We who sat last year on the crowded floor of Rockefeller reception room were grateful for the ample space afforded by the gymnasium.

Dr. Ross preached at college on Sunday night. The gymnasium was again pressed into use and was filled to overflowing.

OCTOBER 11TH, 1911.

At a meeting of the Undergraduate Association held October 11th, it was decided that the Whiting concerts should be continued this year and that there should be an inter-class song contest to increase the number of general college songs.

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Tipyn o' Bob

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MARY ALDEN, '12. MARY TONGUE, '13

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EDITORIAL.

If it were not the ancient prerogative of an editor to censure with impunity this little plea for vagrancy might never have been written. But it is hard to sit by and watch you passively accept a few known facts as they are offered you and quite forget you ever longed for adventure. Adventures, you surely object, are not to be met with. What charm of yours has ever persuaded magic casements to "open on the foam of perilous seas"—and windmills have long been power plants. You laugh at Don Juan in hockey clothes and mock at a Quixote riding full tilt across the campus. You have lost the glorious spirit of adventure and are flattered to be made part of a system,—to be primed, cajoled and managed until you grow efficient and dull and bristle with

as many methods and notebooks as your neighbor. And yet once we heard you say:

"All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like an angled spar)
Now a dart of red
Now a dart of blue,
Till my friends have said
They would fain see it, too."

M. B. A., '12.

We believe that an astonishing prejudice prevails in human consciousness in favor of names. Personally we regard names as one of the many unnecessary stumbling blocks of our existence and have always thought with insatiate longing of that forest where immortal Alice found everything nameless. Nomenclature in its mildest forms holds for us a succession of infinite impossibilities. We seldom can remember names; we never can spell them; who that has toiled through the "begats" of *Genesis,* taken Minor Biology or received at a Freshman tea but must believe our report! Yet more—consider the blessed placidity of our existence here in college freed from these useless appendages. Quizzes lose their terrors, themes become a recreation, when we have once assumed our masks of anonymity and become a community of the beautifully unidentified. But is there after all an inherent taint in mankind—a craving for publicity? Gentle reader, we think not. Even, despite the sweet pride of authorship which so enlarges one's sympathy and gives an agreeable glow to life—even authors are ever seeking the pseudonym. Nay, but with how much greater complacency could we ourselves pose as models of dullness were it not for the hideous revelations below. We would, we would be nameless!

A. G. H., '13.

DAWSON'S DEVELOPMENT.

MARY V. TONGUE, '13.

In the old days before my family left the small eastern river town, Dawson, together with his mother, father, older sister and brother, and various elderly female relations, used to live just across the road from us. Yet, though we were such near neighbors we were more familiar to each other as features of the distant landscape, than as close companions. Often and often as I came back cross lots from the river I would see Dawson on ahead in the home lot; or as I stalked the shore for bloodies Dawson and his old hound would cross my trail. But he had always been a painfully shy little fellow, avoiding as much as possible any association with the other neighborhood urchins, spending most of his time in the scrub woods and marsh that stretched from behind the house clear down to the river; while the rest of us, except in nutting or gunning season, considered any time not spent actually in or on the water as sheer loss. We were a tough and sturdy lot, with as much lack of sympathy and consideration for the weaker fellow as is natural to small boy kind. With us the fittest survived and the rest saved themselves as they could, and we all throve amazingly along with the other water animals. But Dawson could never be persuaded by the entreaties of his parents, or driven by the scorn and impatience of his brothers and sister, to "be like other boys" and "toughen himself." He was shy, with the shyness of the abnormally self-conscious and tender-hearted, a shyness that shrunk desperately from all the natural excesses and brutalities of youthful animal spirits. From a distance he gazed with a mixture of fascination and fear at the world we inhabited; for his world was different, its only other aboriginal inhabitant being an old lame hound. Bingo was a sorry beast, indistinguishable among a horde of forlorn and misfit animals, limp as to tail, gleaming as to eye, an arrant coward who would as little join in a neighborhood dog fight as his master would join in a neighborhood row. Together, boy and dog, they regarded us from a distance, and then vanished into the underbrush, bent on the pursuits that no one else in the universe shared with them.

So it was that when years later I ran across Dawson, superintending

the culture of Chinese shrubs in Lower California, almost my first question was for the health of old Bingo. On consideration it seemed a trifle absurd, for Dawson had gotten his growth, and showed little connection with the small boy or old dog of former days. To meet a brown and muscular man in the mid twenties, holding a responsible position, and blurt out an inquiry for the health of a dog that in his best days could have been only a neighborhood eyesore and that had, for nearly a score of years, been moldering 'neath the sod, partook somewhat of the incongruous. The incongruous that summed up the distinction between Dawson the boy and Dawson the man. There had been an unexpected development beyond that of mere maturity. The man had gained something that the boy had given no promise of. He was like his fellows; strong, confident, self-reliant, respected, doing good work of a responsible sort. His step was brisk, his lips firm, his glance straight. He had, if anything, considerable more of the share of good looks than usually falls to mankind, and his manner was dignified and quiet. I found him highly regarded by his fellows; spoken of with respect, but without intimacy, by superior and inferior alike. His work threw him with many people in many places, and from all those with whom I later came in contact I received the same verdict as to his great ability and great reserve. So I felt some embarrassment as having reminded this rather important member of the community of a chapter in his life so much less assured and agreeable, when Bingo had been his only friend.

He answered immediately and simply, however, with a short account of Bingo's decease on one of his visits home. It was only later that I learned of a flying trip he had made from college to see the last of his dilapidated old friend. One would not easily attribute a deep fund of sentiment to this strapping young man.

Talking on we naturally fell upon the subject of horses, when he told me with ill suppressed pride that he had a horse he would like me to see. His work demanded pretty constant observation of districts under cultivation at different altitudes, often many miles apart; and at my undisguised interest and curiosity concerning the country, he offered to take me with him on one of his trips of inspection. It promised to be a pleasant enough jaunt of several days riding through the California uplands; and I readily accepted, with a secret smile at the idea of being the guest and companion of "Scare-Cat-Daw," who was. We were to

start at sunrise and by the time I was up I found him already out and seeing to the last things about the horses. They were a strange pair. I was at first much amused to note Dawson's particular pride and satisfaction in his own horse, Brune. She was a fine creature with a large strain of the Arabian, beautifully formed and sweet tempered, worthy of the keenest horse fancier. No one else had ever ridden her, and under Dawson's tender care it was evident that she would never have to learn any of the protective tricks that the hack horse is forced to assume against mankind. The horse Dawson loaned me for the occasion, a game but sour tempered little beast, that had led a short but tempestuous career and was not now for settling down to a sleek and sluggish old age in Dawson's stable, was constantly a subject of amusement to us, because of his absolute disregard for Brune's finer manners and feelings. Plug continued briskly on his way, ears mostly tight back on his head, teeth visible, gobbling and stomping at the grain bag, jerking greedily toward Brune's, which that lady disposed of more elegantly at the safe distance where Dawson had been careful to put it. But, as we went on our way, further away from mankind, further into the country, yet always apparently as far from each other, I began to suspect that the unobtrusive attentions that Dawson was constantly showering upon Brune were not merely the outcome of the sporting instinct. When I observed that he had several times refused to race me on any but the softest and smoothest of ways, that he always watered and rubbed down Brune after a day's ride before quenching his own thirst, and that I was never given an opportunity of attending to any of her wants, I began to suspect that he was not so far changed from the boy who must pull all the burs out of Bingo's ears before he would come in to supper. Outwardly he was indeed different; he had steeled himself to meet and face down, rather than to flee from, encounters with his fellowmen, but he courted them as little as ever. I found myself regarded with no little interest at the ranches along the way where we stopped, as the first friend that Mr. Dawson had ever brought along.

"He's a fine man, is Mr. Dawson," one sturdy farmer assured me. "There is nothing about growing things as escapes him, and he is always willing to help at a pinch. But he don't seem to care much for our ways, I guess on account of having his own friends back East."

"Friends back East!" Not he, I would wager. Probably I came as near being a friend as any he possessed, and how formal and diffident

was our friendship his constant politeness and consideration of me proved. Familiarity was impossible to him. He had done a great deal; out of that shyness that made him shrink from all men he had built up a wall of reserve that made men shrink a little from him. He seemed, walked, talked as others, and what loneliness he let escape from the depths of his soul put on a very decent appearance of indifference before men. It was as if his reserve shyness reacted upon other men to make them fear him. All his pride, all the strength of his weakness had combined to remove him from common intercourse far enough to establish him firmly upon the basis of dignity and reserve. Whether he had consciously or unconsciously worked out his course I never knew.

His affection was as deep as of old, even if less easily seen or touched, and I came to see that what Bingo had been in the old days Brune was in the new. There was the difference that while Brune was a horse any man might be proud of, Bingo had been a remnant of doghood that few would have deigned to tolerate. But the return of affection, the daily companionship, the feeling of something mutely personal, which had meant so much to Bingo and "Little Daw," now saved in its sweetness the temper of Dawson. With his increased manliness came an object for his affection that he could proudly flaunt before his fellows, but an object as dependent and unable to wound as the old lame dog. Though our conversation was mostly of the country through which we were passing, the work Dawson was doing, or the people along the way, topics that made us little more intimate than the neighborhood interests of old days, he would sometimes give me slight unconscious hints about himself, as when he ended his modest account of the difficulties that had beset the beginning of his work in the West with, "That was all before I got Brune, you know."

Our trip together ended, as all things must, leaving me with a far deeper comprehension and therefore greater respect, and even a great deal of liking, for Dawson. I therefore timed a long planned visit to the home of my childhood at a time when I was pretty sure that Dawson would be back for his sister's wedding. I wished to see appreciation of and admiration for him dawn in his own country. His bearing at our parting had been irreproachable. To those of the old gang who had remained at home to till the family acres he must appear a trifle imposing, and those who had formerly been most vainglorious off the diving rock must quake a little before "Little Daw's" frockcoat and best manner.

He had made me feel the worse man of the two. I came now prepared to watch my old pals reluctantly acknowledge his superiority.

Dawson was at the station when I arrived, standing at the heads of the chestnuts of a station wagon that held a very pretty young girl and a striking looking older woman. In a buggy near by sat the bride and groom-elect, and wedding guests were tumbling off the train in rapid succession. I congratulated myself on having timed my arrival well.

The next day the whole neighborhood was invited to a jollification at the home of the bride's aunt. Dawson and his older brother, now married and visibly settled, had been entrusted with the responsibility of the welfare of the guests; a responsibility which the brother, long used to shift all such weights on to his wife and now chiefly interested in saluting former sweethearts, left pretty entirely to his junior. I made my way down the receiving line to the bride's mother, who received me with gusto, remembering my ancient appreciation of her apple tarts, and further delighted by what she was pleased to term "my recent kindness to Charlie in California." If borrowing a man's horse and accepting his hospitality constitutes kindness I deserved her thanks, hardly otherwise. She was gushing with excitement, asking me if I didn't think Charlie looked well, assuring me that he looked well, adding that he was well, asking how I was, and more to the same point. When I explained that I was looking for him, but hadn't been able to find him as yet, she triumphantly pointed him out at the other end of the room, doing his duty nobly with one of the groom's sisters on either arm. While she was describing the older one as a widow, a Mrs. Fisher, who had just brought the younger one back from Europe to make her début in Washington, I recognized in them Dawson's companions of the station. The mother's heart was evidently set on the younger.

"Isn't she pretty, isn't she sweet?" she fluttered in my ear. "And Charlie, he never would have anything to do with girls before, but he won't be able to resist her, do you think?"

I thought it no subject for a discreet man to have thoughts about at all, and was allowed to escape easily on the pretence of removing Mrs. Fisher and leaving the young folks to get better acquainted.

I approached the triangular group with my best manner. But what avail the plans of mice and men where there is a cat of any account! It may have been the unselfish desire to give me a pretty partner, or the

desire to help Charlie with the benefit of her experience in entertaining, but I found myself with Miss Christina, under instructions not to dance until we were all tired out, while Charlie and Mrs. Fisher went off to hunt for the lady's scarf. "But you didn't bring it, I'm sure, Mabel," her sister protested, "I know it wasn't with your cloak when you gave it to Mr. Dawson."

"Nonsense, child, don't keep the music waiting," Mabel flung back at her.

As I swung her into step with the waltz I made a polite remark about the delightful winter with her sister in Washington that she must be looking forward to.

"Oh, yes," she assented, "but I shall miss Brother Alec. I have always lived mostly with him and it will be rather lonely having him married." Then she seemed to recollect that I might think her unenthusiastic over the wedding, and made gallant efforts at conversation until I helped her out by pointing out the superior condition of the dancing floor and the poor ventilation. She was, as Mrs. Dawson had said, both pretty and attractive, as well as very young; altogether so suitable for Charlie that any but a parent must have seen the futility of her hopes. Therefore, it was no treason to Charlie if I tried to make little Christina unaware of the passage of time until her sister's return, a time that, though short, was not inconsiderable. She sailed down upon us finally and bore me off with a parting injunction that "Charlie should tell her sister some of those shocking Western adventures he had just been entertaining her with."

Charlie looked as if he didn't remember any shocking adventures of any kind. But Mabel Fisher waved them a gay adieu, telling Christina to be gay and have a good time while I took her to the other chaperones. Of course we didn't go to the chaperones, and after a short course of her conversation I was willing to relinquish her again to Charlie, or Charlie to her, and find a nice young man to show Miss Christina the view of the river from the terrace. During just as long a time as it had taken Mrs. Fisher and myself to reach unfavorable conclusions concerning each other, Mabel and Charlie had solemnly and properly made conversation with each other until either would have secretly wept from embarrassment and fatigue. Give two thoroughly young and nice young creatures ample opportunity and instructions to be nice to each other and you needn't bother further about them.

So my hopes fell, and once more unbidden scorn and pity rose in me for "Little Daw." From day to day Charlie was dragged openly at Mrs. Fisher's chariot wheels, and the village talked apace. We of the old gang had safely accomplished the necessary initiation to female society at the proper age, and our antics had been for the most part accompanied by the guffaws of ourselves and our fellows. But "Little Daw" had "never known any girls"; and having never made a pleasant idiot of himself over a girl didn't realize when a woman made a fool of him. He had never before been sought out, flattered, teased, cajoled, scolded; and the power of reserve that he had reared against mankind had no power against the wiles of woman. For the first time a woman was taking time and trouble to make him talk, and he was helpless to speak except as she taught. His efforts were painful, as in all backward cases; and his dependence was absolute. She had begun with her easy interest and familiarity by cracking his petrified exterior into a thousand bits, and making that shrinking, agonized thing that was Dawson come out and act sensibly. It is doubtful if a woman of less persistence could have gotten hold of anything so retiring, it is certain that anyone more bold must have advanced from his shelter less awkwardly. At any rate, the neighbors considered what they saw of the events at this stage of Charlie Dawson's development fully proved their old hypothesis that he was a fool, and added that he had formerly been at least not openly objectionable. From all of which you can see that Dawson's visit home did not have the effects I had expected.

They wrote me, after my visit was ended, that Charlie was to stay East for the winter, and do some government work in Washington. So I was not particularly surprised, on breaking into a large tea at the home of one of my friends, to see Dawson sitting tamely between Mabel and Christina. I joined them, and after expressing my surprise to find Dawson able to immure himself within city walls, asked what news he had of Brune.

"Oh, his horse," said Mrs. Fisher. "You are going to sell it, aren't you, Charlie. It's so foolish and extravagant for a poor young man in Washington to keep a horse in California."

"But he may go back there, Mabel," said Christina. At the same time that I pitied a man who is habitually spoken of as "he" before his face I thought Miss Christina's voice a shade more tart than it had been of yore. Perhaps sister's chaperonage had been more instructive than agreeable. Nothing could be urged against the voice, at any rate.

"Oh, we shan't let him go back to that poky place, if we can help it, Christina," rejoined Mabel. "Nothing is so important for a young man with any prospects as direct touch in Washington. He must know people, and be known."

Charlie "in touch in Washington," knowing, and being known! Did he know that he wore his city clothes with a slightly subdued air, that his fine color was gone, that, in short, he was not the man he had once been. I fancied that Miss Christina was beginning to know a good many of these things.

She rose now, announcing that the room was unbearably stuffy and that she intended to walk home.

Mabel said somewhat fretfully: "Goodness, Christina, why do you always want to do something different? You said you would go on to the Private View with us. Isn't it terrible, Mr. Selwyn, for a girl to be bored in the middle of her first season?"

I offered to escort Miss Christina. Dawson was, of course, bound for the Private View; Mabel Fisher was one of those women who seem to give instruction to the young for the love of it; aside from my interest in Christina I thought it might be a useful object lesson for her docile pupil to perceive that other men admired the freshness and genuineness of Christina's beauty.

We parted at the door. Mabel and Charlie to their water colors, Christina and I to the sharp blacks and lights of the darkening avenue. The season is not over yet, nor is Dawson's education. All transition periods are painful and the average baby clings to support long before he can stand on his own feet. As yet, Charlie is in the toils, and as pitiful an object as a man so placed can be, but his pride has remained in abeyance before now. Sometime in the future I suspect that Christina may cut the Gordian knot that binds his faculties and find that that nice looking, stupid Mr. Dawson that Mabel made such a fool of has really very good points. I hope so; for up to date Dawson hasn't sold Brune, and I think Christina would be worthy of her.

"THE WELCOME OF SPIRITS."

Ai Hoshino, '12.

It was in the autumn, 1905. I was walking to school early one morning when the unusual crowd on the street attracted my attention. I suddenly remembered that it was the 5th of November, the first day of the great national festival, Shokonsai. On the street, I saw soldiers, one after another making their way through the crowds, their breasts covered with medals, their sabres clinking at their sides. The click of the wooden clogs upon the pavement and the confused voices of the crowd filled the air. There were children, happy in their gay dresses; women, excited, anxious, some with babies on their backs, and some leading the old with care. Most of the pedestrians were country people, apparently just come up to Tokyo, in response to the imperial edict that invited all the families of those who died in the late war to attend the great memorial service that was to be held during those three days. But there were seen some women in the crowds richly dressed and attended by many servants, apparently ladies of rank or the wives of high officials, looking after those who might need help in a strange, great city.

The crowd moved slowly, carrying me with it, until finally we stopped in front of the Shinto shrine, where the service for the dead in war had already begun. Here I stood on tip toe, strained to catch a few solemn words that were being uttered by the priests within the open gate of the shrine. The effort, however, being in vain, I looked around me at the crush with a sense of impatience and of stifling discomfort. But my attention was immediately attracted by an old man standing very close to me, his sleeve touching mine, and by him a little boy of about seven. From their appearances, I knew them to be from the country. They were too eager, however, to catch even a fragment of the service to notice my attention, or even to stir, save when the old man from time to time clasped his hands reverently and bowed his head, muttering a few words of prayer. But soon the child seemed to grow impatient, pulled the old man by the sleeve, and whispered in an eager voice:

"Do you see him? Grandpa, is Papa in there?"

The old man looked down at the child a moment, shook his head

silently and again craned his neck forward anxiously. The boy watched his face breathless, his own flushed with excitement and enthusiasm. But soon again he pulled his grandfather's sleeve, and whispered rather vigorously:

"Take me in your arms, Grandpa! I'll find him. I can find my Papa." Almost instinctively, I looked at the old man's face, and there read the story behind this scene. He took up the child in his arms with difficulty, and said in a strange, strained voice:

"You can't see him, my boy, I can't, no one can. But, to be sure, he is in the shrine, and you must be good."

"But Grandpa," the eager boy persisted, "if he is there, why can't I see him? They said Papa would be back to-day in the shrine there. Take me to him, I've been waiting so long."

The arm that held the child trembled visibly. The burden was almost too heavy for the old man. Yet, when he replied his face was calm and his voice steady.

"Listen to me," he said, with his eyes tenderly fixed upon the child's face. "Listen to me. Your father died seven months ago, and I told you so, often enough. To-day he is back, not as a man but as a god, because he died for his country. He is in the shrine there, and can see us, but we can't see him, because he is a god. Don't you see that?"

The light that had disappeared from the boy's face slowly came back. "My father—a god, a god of Nippon—" he repeated softly to himself. Just then the multitude began to move, the service in the shrine had been finished, and I lost the man and the boy.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

KATHARINE A. PAGE, '13.

It was Wednesday evening. The grown-ups, according to their custom, had gone to prayer-meeting. We, who had been left in the care of Uncle Ayrie, were sitting around the fire in grandmother's room. The light wood flared up and down, casting strange shadows over the group gathered around the freshly-clayed hearth. William, my youngest brother, curled up in Uncle Ayrie's arms, was half asleep, his bare

feet dangling inertly from his little white nighty. Fred was sitting cross-legged by his side, gazing lazily into the flames—and I was standing with my back to the fire, silhouetted against its brightness, warming my hands.

Nobody had spoken since a few minutes before, when my oldest brother, a new recruit among the church-goers, had clattered down the front steps in hot pursuit of his elders. The clock ticked slowly somewhere back in the shadows of the room. Uncle Ayrie shifted William from his right arm to his left, leaned forward in his chair, and reaching for a piece of wood, poked the fire with it and then threw it on.

"Uncle Ayrie," said I, "you said you would sing to us to-night. Sing 'Little David.' "

"Lor', chil', I cayn't sing to-night," he replied. "I'm too hungry."

I went out into the pantry and presently returned with a plate on which were two biscuits and some chicken. Uncle Ayrie's chair creaked as he got up. He laid Billy gently on the bed, covering him with a comforter, and then, with Fred on one side and me on the other, the old negro sat down before the fire and ate the chicken which he had never failed to get on Wednesday evenings since we were old enough to walk. As he finished the last mouthful, he broke into a laugh.

"What's the matter, Uncle Ayrie?" we inquired.

"Matter? Ain't nothin' the matter." But we were not to be put off so easily.

"Well, what are you laughing at?" we persisted.

He set the plate down carefully on the hearth, then, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, he looked first at one of us and than at the other.

"You all don't remember yo' grandfather," he said. "I reckon he died right soon after you was bo'n, Fred. Lemme see—eight—'twas twelve years ago."

"'Twas thirteen, Uncle Ayrie," corrected Fred, with some pride.

"Thirteen," repeated the old man. "Well, 'twas a heap longer ago 'n that that made me laugh. 'Twas about de time you' Daddy was bo'n. 'Twas right at de close of de war. De Yankees was here ez thick ez locuses, and dey'd shoot you des ez quick!"

"Pshaw, Uncle Ayrie, you were never shot," interrupted Fred.

"No chile—not as I remembers. But I might have been. But Massa Frank, him and his company was followin' dem Yankees close and I

sure did have times gettin' 'em enough to eat. Look like der wasn't a chicken lef' in de country. I'd git one now and then, and then Massa Frank, yo' grandaddy, he'd say, 'Ayrie, you old rascal you, you certainly can forage. I didn't suppose there was a chicken in a hundred miles.' And then he'd give me a piece.—Honey, run out yonder in the pantry and see if they ain't lef' a little mo' for the ole man."

Fred obediently departed. There was a silence. "But, Uncle Ayrie," I said presently; "I don't see anything funny about that. What made you laugh?"

"Was I laughin', chile? Well, now, listen. 'Twas a year later dat Massa Frank was de judge at Carthage. And times was hard den, chile; times was hard. It look like a nigger couldn't get nuffin' to eat" —whereupon he attacked the biscuits which Fred had brought, with unwonted vigour, as if to make up for those "hard times." "A nigger couldn't get nuffin' to eat," he continued. "And dey was po' white trash dat had hens erplenty. I was obliged to have one once in a while. One night, that no 'count Carter boy was comin' home at twelve o'clock, but I was comin' out of de yard with a chicken under my arm and I ran spang into him."

"But that was stealing, Uncle Ayrie," Fred remonstrated.

"Dat's jes' what he said," continued the old man. 'Ayrie, you black rascal, I'll have you up before the Judge in the morning for stealin' my chickens.' En he did. Dere was Massa Frank sittin' up backin' the desk; dere was dat Carter boy standin' by the table—and dere was I in de middle of de floor. 'Ayrie,' said Massa Frank, 'yo' are accused of stealin' a chicken from Robert Carter.' 'Yes, sah,' said I. 'Did you take a chicken out of his yard las' night?' 'Yes, suh,' said I. 'Is that all you have to say, Ayrie?' says he; 'Yes, suh,' says I. 'Ayrie, you'll have to stay in the jail-house over night unless you can pay two dollars for that chicken,' says he. 'Yes, suh,' says I. 'I'm sorry to have to lock you up, Ayrie, but you ought to know better than to steal chickens.' 'Yes, sah,' says I, 'but its mighty hard for an ole nigger to tell the diff'rence between foragin' and stealin'.' And den everybody laughs, 'cayse dey knowed dat I'd foraged for Massa Frank, and he laughed, 'cayse he knowed it, too." The old negro broke off suddenly.

"Well," said Fred, expectantly, "did they put you in jail, Uncle Ayrie?"

"Lor, chile, no. Massa Frank, he paid de two dollars himself and

I ain't been widout chicken from dat day to dis." The old man's voice sunk into silence.

The fire had burned low. We gazed into it, leaning against the old man's chair, listening to the wind outside. Billy stirred on the bed. Suddenly the gate clicked and there was a scramble up the steps. Old Ayrie got up and hobbled to the door.

"Who's dat?" he demanded sternly.

"It's me, Uncle Ayrie," panted a voice outside.

"Who's me?" inquired Ayrie firmly.

"It's Dick. Let me in," and our oldest brother burst through the door. "I wouldn't stand it any longer. They prayed and they sang and then they prayed again—and while mother was praying, I just slipped out the door. Uncle Ayrie," he said, throwing himself down before the fire, "sing 'Little David.' "

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

SARAH HENRY ATHERTON, '13.

Do you remember our Christmas when you were ten, Elizabeth was eight, and tall Eleanor was only five? To build a German crèche out of things found about the house was only a delightful opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity. To adapt dramatic monologues from Ben Hur was a little more difficult, but still quite feasible. How we, who begin life romanticists of a pronounced type slide into classicism and into a state of servitude to convention! How you are fallen! Now your ambition takes no higher leap than to cover the required reading in politics.

You knew, and even Elizabeth had known for some time, that Santa Claus, instead of being a red-cheeked kissable old man, was a less satisfactory vague embodiment of the spirit of Christmas. Eleanor, in October, had been told about it by a schoolmate. You had held a serious meeting to discuss whether it would be wise for Eleanor not to tell, so that mother and father should not be disappointed or grieved. You all concluded that this method would, after all, be in the nature of too burdensome a secret. So you adopted the idea of giving the family a celebration.

"In *St. Nicholas* I read about a German créche; angels, little wise men, you know.—"Let me make one on the playroom table," said Elizabeth. You wanted to have real live wise men appear—your imagination had been fired by reading 'Ben Hur.' You said, "yes, but we shall act them, too. I shall have to be Balthazar, for he has the most to say. Libby you be the Hindu, and Eleanor you can be the Greek. Mrs. Conyngham said to mother yesterday that Eleanor had a Greek profile!"

"What is a profile?" said Eleanor.

"It means that your nose is straight when you have a profile," you had replied. "It is too bad, Libby," you added, "your hair is so white." Elizabeth's face was shadowed for a moment with a look of mortification. Then she said, persuasively, "Hindu hair may have been lighter in Bible times, mayn't it?"

At last Christmas eve arrived. When Libby removed the sheet from her créche she was so overwhelmed by your enthusiasm that she lost her head completely and suggested calling the audience at once. At last you were ready. After shouting over the banisters into the darkness below, you all rushed with hysterical confusion into the closet. You heard the footsteps come nearer and nearer. You saw, through the cracks, mother sit down in the chair which was decorated with pink paper wreaths. She knew instinctively, of course, which chair was for her. But father had sat down at the back of the room and Aunt Jane had taken the chair draped in orange and black! You were just about to begin singing when Henry came to the closet door and tried to open it. "What is the surprise in here?" he said. "Don't, don't," you cried in a voice that betrayed only part of your anguish. The solemnity would be utterly ruined if the audience were to see the three wise men huddled in the closet. After a little nervous whispering the wise men raised their voices and sang "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and marched out and stood in front of the créche. Even in that solemn moment you saw the Hindu turning a loving glance toward her handiwork—the blue broadcloth (skirt) sky, with Christmas angels, cotton snow and wise men borrowed without permission from sister's cabinet.

The Greek then stepped forward and frankly avowed her nationality. "I am the Greek. I saw a great star in the east."

You were vaguely dissatisfied, because she used the same treble and the identical intonation that she used when in school in speaking Words-

worth's "Daffodils." The turban, too, offended your sense of artistic truth. A Greek in a turban! This was the only point on which sweet-tempered Eleanor had insisted, but she had failed to grasp the incongruity. At length you had yielded, for you saw her point of view after she had said, "You have a turban. Lib has a turban. And you won't let me wear anything on my head."

Next Elizabeth stepped forward. She spoke with fervour and with the passionate gesticulation of Eastern peoples. You even forgot her golden-white hair and gray eyes when you heard how deep her voice was. When she finished you stepped forward and said: "I am Balthazar, the Egyptian, I have come from afar," and then your voice broke, for it was indeed a solemn thing to be one of the wise men on Christmas Eve!

"ESSAYS IN LITTLE."

In October, when the twilight fell so suddenly, David always found the herd waiting for him at the gate,—trampling the dried leaves, pushing and nosing at the pasture bars, their wet flanks heaving, their backs steaming in the cold air. He often noticed how startlingly black and white they showed against the dull red and brown of the sumac bushes, the pale yellow of the maple trees; how plainly, from far up the road, he could see the clean white of their faces, the polished black of their backs and necks. And, as he came nearer, how he loved to watch the great muscles move and slip under their black skin as they heard his whistle and crowded up against the gate, straining their necks over the top bar—all white with frost and rime—to reach for the capful of apples he had picked up from under the twisted apple tree down the road.

M. B. A., '12.

AN INDIAN PICTURE.

A level stretch of country, marshes and meadows, tiny lagoons spreading their leaden waters upon the surface, russet-brown grass along the margins, a skiff on the nearest shore and then from the curve of the bank, fields, indistinct, soft, gray colored, stretching away at the horizon to a low line of grayish purple hills—an Indian picture. Long simple lines, long shifting shadows, a little haze and the deep sound of a heavy sea like the low, chanting chords of an Indian even song.

E. G. N., '15.

At five o'clock in the morning the wind which had been crashing and roaring all night was still blustering about the house, but in spite of the rattling casements, I could hear the horses impatiently stamping in the driveway, below. I struggled into my clothes and ran downstairs. Under the big elm tree near the gate the keepers were vainly trying to quiet the pack, an excited, squirming mass of dogs which tugged and strained, whined and pushed and shivered, and tugged again, until it seemed that the lashes must snap. In a moment my Uncle Alex came out of the house, puffing out his cheeks and slapping his riding boot as if to warm himself; and the rest followed him, walking stiffly and chillily in the numb dawn. Gloves were pulled on, a stirrup adjusted here, a girth tightened there—they were ready. A horn sounded suddenly, a whip cracked, the pack threw itself forward in a single leap—they were off.

Then I thought no more, but flung myself on my fat little pony and raced after them. And I rode and I rode! The branches struck me on the cheek, I felt the wind buffeting me as though it would lift me from the saddle. My pony grunted and heaved, but lifted himself gallantly. We galloped; my heart sang. The hills which seemed gathered so close together moved apart as we drew near. New distances unfolded in front of us and slipped evenly away behind. The soft turf thudded under foot. In the valley the lake was still tossing here and there with snatches of foam; little flecks of cloud were still driving across the sky. Far ahead on the opposite hillside the dogs were poured along in a thin wavering trail and their cry was borne faintly back. Across

two fields I caught a fleeting glimpse of my uncle's black mare as she rose for a wall like a startled bird, then I lost sight of her, and, despairing at last of keeping up, I pulled my nearly spent pony to a walk.

A. G. H., '13.

Jones Had a Back. The other clerks, perched high on their wooden stools like so many starved little birds, used to draw up their knees in envy and send shy, jealous glances over their own thin shoulders at Jones' back. An ample back,—in the office Jones always wore a blue coat several sizes too small, a coat that stretched across his fat shoulders as tightly as a pincushion, that drew and puckered at the armholes until the little clerks trembled to see it tear apart and lay bare the dreaded back, an imposing back, a back whose movements were to be read as carefully as the signs in one's almanac. For when the back arched like that of an angry cat's the little clerks scratched away for dear life, and when in great contentment it expanded and widened until the seams of the coat fairly cracked they smiled at each other and bit the ends of their pens reflectively.

M. B. A., '12.

Tom Gregory stumped along home from his office. The rain dripped from his derby, pulled down to his ears, and from the yellow raincoat that flapped about his knees. The gas lamps threw shining reflections on the wet pavements, flashed on Tom's rubbers and on his eye-glasses. He was a pale, short, thick-set young man, with his head sunk forward a little upon his shoulders. He walked heavily, splashing absent-mindedly through the puddles, his evening paper thrust under his arm.

Suddenly Tom stopped short where the window of a fruit shop glowed red and purple and gold in the dripping darkness. He went into the shop sniffing the pungent fragrance with evident pleasure. The little room was lined almost to the ceiling with heaps of polished apples, oranges and lemons, pineapples, plums, and great hanging clusters of green and purple grapes. A keen-eyed, slender Greek came forward, smiling, graceful and humble. Tom chose from a basket a pomegranate, yellow and rusty brown, and felt its shape in his hand. Then he added

six great oranges like Atalanta's apples of gold, and the Greek put them all in a paper bag.

"Do you come from Athens?" asked Tom, watching the dark face and deft hands before him. The man looked up, pleased. "From the country close by," he said eagerly, seeing interest in Tom's kindly eyes, "and we often went into Athens to market."

"How did you come here?" Tom lingered, sympathetic and shy. The Greek walked with him to the door.

"I went in a schooner to France," he answered, "and there I fell in with others coming,—" he finished vaguely with a little regret.

"Good-night," said Tom, abruptly, his thoughts far away now. And as he went out into the rain, carrying his paper bag, he quoted softly:

> "And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
> Freighted with amber grapes and Chian wine,
> Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine."

P. C., '12.

DULCI FISTULA

The tea is too much with us; late and soon,
Giving or lending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see remaining that is ours.
We have given our cups away, a sordid boon,
A knife went with them, and a silver spoon,
Sugar that sweetens and the lemon that sours,
Condensed milk, good for cocoa at all hours.
Our friends take all, we shall not see them soon!
They return not! Great Scott, I wish they'd be
In training all, and look on tea with scorn.
So might I, living here at B. M. C.,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.
See borrowed china coming back to me,
Or taste once more the jam which now I mourn.

J. M. B., '14.

There's many a strong father
  Whose heart would break in two
If he could see the poverty
  That we are coming to.
Fines have their fruit and blossom
  At all times of the year;
Budgets are running over,
  Dues are a constant fear.
The little red tape, he murmured,
  "I am the Students' Bain,
I'm catching them red-handed,
  In ambush I have lain."

The Library will take down a card
  From the rack overhead
And send a little fine
  When the due time is sped.

They'll send a second warning
  With an extra fine and talk
Of books left out on wet
  Grass where insects walk
The little red tape he murmured
  "I am the Students' Bain,
I'm catching them red-handed,
  In ambush I have lain."

DEVOTION.

Pallas Athene, tell us
  Didst thou in times afar
Behave in ancient Hellas
  As thou dost in Bryn Mawr?

Did ancient Greeks with yawning
  Arise at break of dawn
And freeze in mists of morning
  In Parthenon forlorn.

And ancient Greeks within there,
  They shivered to a man,
While Orpheus with a grin there
  Beat time on the tin pan.

Envoy.

O votaries of Pallas
  Who sang in time afar
Come, wasn't it a fallac-
  Y then as in Bryn Mawr?
I don't believe she ever hears
  Or cares a thing about it:
To hear our tale of hopes and fears
  Even when we simply shout it.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The past month has brought many meetings, four sets of class elections, and two Senior Orals. It has brought to the class of 1915 very many receptions,—the President's reception, receptions given by the Trophy Club and the Equal Suffrage Chapter, and on October 13th the Senior Reception in the gymnasium.

On October 10th Mr. William Butler Yeats lectured to the college on "The Celtic Movement and the Drama."

On October 28th Mrs. Pankhurst spoke, under the auspices of the Equal Suffrage Chapter, on the "Triumph of the Recent Suffrage Movement in England." President Thomas introduced the speaker to the large and enthusiastic audience assembled in the gymnasium.

Lantern Night came on Friday, November 3rd. The weather was clear and cold and there was a beautiful moon. The Freshman class, following the advice of the Undergraduate Association, marched from the Library directly to Merion Hall and from there through Pembroke East to the Arch. The relief to the Freshmen of having to keep time and tune only through two and not through five halls is obvious.

Banner presentation took place in the gymnasium on Saturday, November 11th.

On Saturday, November 18th, the class of 1914 presented their Sophomore Play, *The Taming of the Shrew,* to the class of 1915.

THE SOPHOMORE PLAY.

Four pages dressed in brown velvet, standing before *An House* and singing lustily of "daisies pied and violets blue," lords and their ladies dressed in enchanting costumes, a crowd of little servants fleeing from the fragments of "adroitly" demolished crockery, a *Biondello* of all angels, an abused little *Grumio,* a determined *Petruchio,* a well tamed shrew and Queen Elizabeth craning her royal neck to see above the balcony railing—and you have the Sophomore Play. A general criticism has already been made, that the actors might have controlled their labials and gutterals more exactly—this being, as we are again

reminded, merely a matter of practice. But the very real histrionic ability displayed on Saturday night has elicited unqualified approval. The parts of *Petruchio* and *Catherine,* played by Elizabeth Balderston and Helen Hinde, were exceptionally well rendered. Betty Lord gave an excellent interpretation of *Grumio,* while Nancy Cabot as *Biondello* and Elizabeth Swan as *Grumio* won instant applause. The play as a whole presented unusual difficulties and much credit is due Eugenia Baker, 1914's stage manager, for so excellent a production.

M. B. A., '12.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

On October 28th Merion Cricket Club defeated 'Varsity 5-4; on November 4th Germantown was defeated by 'Varsity 13-4. Preliminary match games in hockey were played the week ending November 18th—1910 played 1915 and won in two successive games; 1912 played 1913 and won in two successive games; 1912 and 1914 will play the finals in the week ending November 25th.

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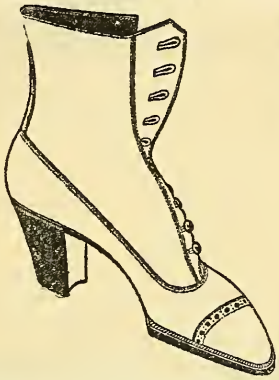

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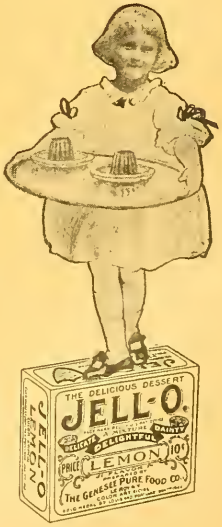

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February, 1912

Tipyn o' Bob

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EDITORIAL.

Uncut Leaves.—You, perhaps, sigh at uncut leaves, lay down the book, or applying your eye to the end of the paper tunnel, attempt painfully to read the writing on its walls. To us, however, the unsevered sheets are a challenge to explore the untravelled regions within. Whether the slight exercise of wielding the paper cutter whets our literary appetite, or merely that we are enticed by the proverbial sweetness of forbidden fruit, we never allow the twin leaves to escape the edge of the knife. We feel with Alice gazing through the looking glass, that what lies just around the corner is far more desirable than what lies plainly before us. The joy of anticipation, the exquisite moment before the curtain goes up, before the lover speaks, is ours before we cut the leaves. Nor are we always disappointed when we have broken the spell and set free the imprisoned genius of the page. The mere fact of browsing in virgin fields, undistracted by underlinings, impertinent annotations, misplaced exclamaation points;—all the blazed trail of a disorderly reader, is a delight.

BRIDGES.

In this day of modern progress one can hardly open a magazine without encountering, with scientific interest, or unscientific dismay, an article on recent bridge construction. If such an account of engineering skill is lacking, there are surely within the covers several etchings portraying city water fronts with bridges looming through the mist in the foreground. A stroll in the garden of a friend inevitably brings one sooner or later to the rustic bridge arching, with bark-covered curves, a miniature stream. Even the colored picture in your grandmother's parlor, a picture of a gallant youth forever helping a village maiden over the stepping stones of a brook, has given place to a steel engraving of Brooklyn bridge. There is no escape from the multiplicity of bridges. Go where you may, you find them awaiting your feet. They are forever breaking down barriers, forever preceding what we call the "march of civilization." And yet, though you recognize their use, though you accept, in matter-of-fact fashion, their existence as a necessity, do you not occasionally detect yourself thinking of bridges as things to be tolerated rather than enjoyed? Do you not at times sternly quell a rising envy of the small boy who runs to leap across the brook at the narrow bend below the bridge? Is there not something within you which cries out, "Oh for a bridge-less stream!"?

Nor do you desire this unreasonably, if you consider the part played in romantic history by unbridged streams, and the loss to tales of daring which would have been occasioned by their presence. True enough, we could not without a bridge have had Horatius, but on the other hand, where would be the story of Leander's fate, had the Hellespont been bridged? I put it to you fairly, can you for an instant picture Hero waiting for Leander at a bridge's end? Under the laughing scrutiny of passing friends she would have left before Leander put in an appearance; or had she remained, her ardent swain would have soon tired of so unadventurous a tryst. You are quite correct in saying that one cannot "stand on the bridge at midnight" unless there is a bridge on which to stand, but what are the pleasures of watching the flood at the midnight hour compared with the joy of

escaping with one's beloved in a skiff while her frenzied father madly gesticulates on the bank behind. Think of all the good old tales of escapes which would have been circumvented had not unbridged streams opportunely intervened to thwart pursuit. Think of all the thrilling stories of feuds about land where a stream formed a boundary, whereas if the stream had been bridged, so as to form a connection instead of a separation between the contestants, the disagreement would not have risen, or would have been amicably settled in the first place, and we should lack many a fine tale of brave warfare, of audacious daring and final dramatic reconcilement. May it not be that by our persistent erection of bridges we deprive posterity of their due inheritance of adventurous, if traditional, history?

Certain it is that we deprive ourselves of many simple pleasures. It is surely more fun to jump a brook than to walk in staid and sober fashion across two planks; or, if the brook be somewhat wide for jumping, best fun of all to hunt a precarious footing on the stones scattered through its shallow bed. How much pleasanter to row across a stream than to pass in a train with a rush and a roar over a trestle, with no more than a passing glimpse of the clear water below. Even the front of a ferryboat is a means of passage preferable to a bridge train. You at least have the sky above you, an open stretch of water ahead of you, and the whole panorama of river sights before your gaze, with perhaps a fair sailed schooner starting down with the tide for the sea. There is an openness, a sense of freedom, which one gains in crossing a river in any sort of boat, a sense of freedom which you lose so soon as you set foot on a bridge.

Then, too, there is the consideration that if you build no bridges, you are freed from the injunction of the sage to burn your bridges behind you, and there can be no danger of your crossing bridges before you come to them.

In fact, I think that there are few of us who, if free to choose, prefer bridges to the absence of them, and there is no small satisfaction in the thought that Charon at least will remain a ferryman for many years to come.

JEAN BATCHELLOR, '14.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.

HANSEL: The fog's out; the moon can't shine through it.

GRETEL: Oh, I'm very frightened.

HANSEL: Touch a tree; here, this big one—strength, you know, comes out when you touch them. But I don't know the way out any more.

GRETEL: Something's reaching out its arms at me. I'm scared.

HANSEL: Where? Poof, it's only a fir tree. Here, stand under.

GRETEL: Something's jumping over the leaves. Oh, something's coming. Hansel! Hold my hand!

HANSEL: Don't shiver so! a rabbit, just! I saw it going into the log. Come, Gretel, we must hurry. I see a red light through the mist; we'll find it out. Come over this mound,—my feet are quite wet from the rain in the moss.

GRETEL: A house, a house, a little tiny house!—When I measure, j-u-s-t—three arms round. And, Hansel, what is it? A house of sugar-plums!

HANSEL: We'll have some of this. I'll eat the roof,—you can't reach up, so take the window pane.

VOICE WITHIN: Nibble, nibble, like a mouse,
Who's nibbling at my house?

HANSEL AND GRETEL: Never mind
It is the wind.

(*Witch above*)

HANSEL: God rest you merry!

WITCH: Who's this through the fog? children? a boy? a girl in a scarlet cloak? Oh, come in! come in! I'll open my little door. We'll stir the fire; and put the kettle on. Now warm ye, warm ye; make ye cheery! I'll ha'e on the pot— My body! My bones! Two chubby children; two merry sprites!

GRETEL: I do not like her, Hansel. Her hands are cold. Come, come we'll go! Jump out at the door!

WITCH: Nay, for the door is locked! Ye'll stay, I've a use for ye both. Here dearie, here. You're blue wi' the cold and I've a nice warm oven to take the chill out. There's room for the two o' ye.

GRETEL: She's snatching at me! She ——

WITCH: Well, hurry then: come now, come now, you're a pretty boy. Oh, my eyes, my bones!—a tasty morsel, a hearty sup!

HANSEL: We—I'm afraid of falling if I put my feet in first.

WITCH: Well, stick your head in—here, like this—

HANSEL: Gretel, Gretel, help me now! Push! oh, push! That other leg! She's in, she's in! quick, shut the door! And push the bolt!

GRETEL: Oh my! How she screams! Let's go.

HANSEL: You'll see she soon is dead—quite dead. I've got my pockets full of sugar plums; here, hold your pinafore.

GRETEL: And now we'll nibble down the house.

HANSEL: The sun is up, we must be gone and hurry home—It's through the witches wood, and cross the poppy field, then down the crooked lane until we reach the pond—

GRETEL: Where the swan takes us over and we'll both sing:

Swan, swan, be our boat,
Ride the waves gently, softly float.

IRENE PADDOCK, '14.

ON THE CURSE OF DROUGHT.

AN APPEAL TO THE STUDENT BODY.

Dear Editor, Friends and Fellow-sufferers:

Are you aware that Bryn Mawr is in a state of siege? The microbes of disease—dread, devasting disease—have taken the outworks of our college institutions and are now hovering over our very heads. They are very sly and clever, these microbes—no mere measles and scarlet fever for them! They realize that it takes more than an epidemic to down the Bryn Mawr student. Indirection, therefore, is their watchword, and their method the long, slow torture of beleaguerment.

The first step in the campaign was Training Rules. The microbes alienated the hearts of our beloved hockey managers, and persuaded them to deny us water at meals. That was years ago, but microbes

can bide their time. The second step came last winter, and its name was Typhoid. The germs bewildered the college authorities into putting up cards on all ice-coolers, reading with skull-and-crossbones significance: "*This* water is *boiled!*" The third and final step has been stepped but now: the germs have terrified the wardens into demanding and the office into inaugurating the "Dalton, Lib and Taylor Pay-as-you-enter Individual Drinking Cup System, Limited."

To appreciate the full beauties of this system requires a little explanation. The course of a thirsty student's experience is about as follows: (*a*) the first three days she forgets her penny; (*b*) The fourth day she remembers it, thirstily, but during chapel (under the strain of receiving ex cathedra humour seriously) it rolls away; (*c*) The fifth day she manages to hold on, and triumphantly receives a cup, secreting it for future use in the farthest possible cubbyhole; (*d*) The sixth day the cup,in default of owner's license, has disappeared; (*e*) The seventh day she gets a new one and tries to mark it, but finds that no pencil or pen known to man will write on paraffine; (*f*) The eighth day she either (1) tries to run home to Radnor for a drink between classes, but dies of brain-fever on the way; or (2) attempts to drink directly from the spigot, without the mediation of a cup, and gets drowned.

Now, students of this greatest, freest and most rigorous of learned institutions, are we to submit to such tyranny? But one course remains open to us. To induce the Powers that Be to raise this siege and restore us to life, liberty and the pursuit of the cup that cheers but does not desiccate.

If they refuse, if we fail, two horrible alternatives present themselves: (*a*) a method of retaining our pennies, and (*b*) one of *dislodging those cups without them.* The Bryn Mawr student, that is, must either learn to be a safe-breaker or wear pockets.

D. S. W., '12.

CLEANING HOUSE.

It is often said that college girls can do anything, but this summer I became convinced that a little practical experience would not harm at least one of them. When my family proposed that I go to the country with my father three days earlier and get the house ready, I hailed the proposition with joy. Three days by the ocean all to ourselves, with meals that came when we wanted, and no one to mind how far we sailed or how long we swam! But there was no swimming, nor sailing those three days, and as for the meals, they haunted me even in my dreams.

We arrived at the house late in the day, and though the windows were too dirty to let in any light, and the white paint of the woodwork only shone through the black fingermarks at intervals, I was cheered by the promise of assistance in cleaning the next morning. I washed the molasses and vinegar from two plates and two cups, scoured a little rust off the knives and forks, and soon we were eating a good supper of tongue and bread (the butter had not then arrived). As I went to bed after supper I kept repeating to myself, that I must wake at five, for I had had a look at the stove and its mechanism was not quite clear to me.

Promptly at five, I awoke with a start and was up and dressed with all speed. There lay the stove with its round covers seeming to glare at me in the half light of the morning. Beside it stood a coal hod with coal, wood and paper, all of which were to go into that stove. The question was how? I lifted one of the covers. All was ashes and burnt coals underneath. I opened a little door below and found that these ashes were lying on a sort of grating. I grasped a poker and began gingerly to poke the ashes through the grating. It turned with the force of my pokings! I knew I was breaking the stove. I dared not proceed. The only course left was to consult the cook book. I looked up the reference for stoves. "Either stoves or ranges are used in cooking," said the book. "In earlier times stoves were generally preferred by housekeepers, but now because families move so constantly ranges are more used." I looked at the stubborn black object I was trying to manage. Surely I should never wish to move

it from house to house! It must be a stove. That point was easily settled; now to learn how to light a stove. Unfortunately, with a few remarks about the comparative merits of stoves and ranges the cook book turned to mutton and roast beef, and I was left to shift for myself. There was nothing for it but to pile the wood and coal on the ashes and try what would happen. For about a minute the smoke poured out of an uncovered hole and then all signs of life vanished. I looked in the hole. Burnt papers, half-burnt wood, and shiny black coal! All I could do was to start again. By nine, I had learned the mechanism of the grating, dumped the ashes, made the fire burn and was just putting on the eggs when my helpers arrived and breakfast had to be abandoned.

First came a blooming spinster of about forty, then a wrinkled little old woman who looked at least seventy. Both had to see me at once, and as soon as I went to either she began to complain of the other. Margie, the younger, thought Sarah slow and untidy. She had known her for over thirty years and had never seen a place that was not dirtier looking after her cleaning than before. Sarah thought Margie too old to have been put in charge of the place. Margie might pretend to be young, but all Duxton knew how far back in the church register the record of her baptism was. I looked at Sarah's knuckles knotted with rheumatism and the thin wisps of hair on her wrinkled forehead, but said nothing about her remarkable statement, for a tradesman was arriving. "Good morning," he grinned at me through the screen door. "Is there anything I can sell you this morning?" Now there were a great many things that I wanted, but I did not know whether he could sell them to me. I gave a hasty glance over his head to his cart standing in the street. "Chase and Sanborne's Teas and Coffee," it said. That would have meant groceries to me at another time, but to-day it meant nothing. I stammered something about what did he have. In grieved tones he explained that since he was a grocer he had almost everything, and since he had come the day before I should have remembered him. I ordered flour, cheese and sugar, none of which I wanted, and bid him a confused "Good morning."

And thus my trials went on from day to day. I calmed one woman only to find that by my words I had roused the other. I stood on a chair to wash the pantry shelves only to discover that my boots made

far worse marks on the chair than there had been on the shelves. I involved myself in a village feud by dealing unwittingly of rival fishmen. I offended the boy who was cutting the grass because I asked him to wash a window. Finally I stood in the doorway, covered with soapy water, stove polish and ashes, and welcomed the family to a house far dirtier than the one at which I had first arrived.

KATHARINE DODD, '14.

THE ONLY DOCTOR IN THE WORLD.

"Doctor ain't home? An' he wer'n't in last night either, I'll be blessed! Great day! here's Mother Doolittle comin' on a half-run. I tell you, Miss," and the old man, standing in the door-way, looked straight in the face of the doctor's sister, "the undertaker 'll be rich by mornin' if we go to Dr. Sharmitage." Miss Crawford tried to remonstrate, but he continued, "Shame fall upon you, ma'am, you've been a livin' with a live doctor all these years, and first thing we know you're up to foolin' us. You ask Mrs. Doolittle, here, if Dr. Crawford don't know more about medicine than Dr. Sharmitage do of his alphabet." Mrs. Doolittle had reached the steps, and saw at once the doctor's return was not yet.

"My little girl is not so well this morning, Miss Crawford, but won't hear of another physician. I wonder if Doctor will be delayed another day. Of course it's very worrying to you to have us all clamoring, as we can't help doing," she continued, "when naturally your anxiety for his safety is uppermost."

Miss Crawford smiled the doctor's smile. "Yes, I miss him more than I can explain."

Just then, two motors and a carriage avoided a collision in their excited approach to the physician's house on the same fruitless errand with those now turning away. The 'phone rang violently within. Never in the history of the doctor's practice had he been long wanting to his patients; but already four days had passed without him.

"My dear, I am so glad to see you," and Mrs. Vanderberg stretched out both hands to Mrs. Shipley, who greeted her on the doctor's porch, where several ladies were waiting in response to their ring.

"I am convinced, Charlotte—I ought to say I am distressed—to see you. I dislike your being disappointed. Let's see—you came thirty miles in the motor?"

Mrs. Vanderberg laughed, leading the way to the office. "That's nothing. I've come three times the distance many a time with just as slim a chance of catching him; but of course it does make a difference to continue under uncertainty. Good gracious, Isabelle, think of the hundreds who would die immediately if anything happened to Dr. Crawford! Charles!" and the wife of the New York millionaire turned rather petutantly to her husband. "If you were lost, I'd hunt for you on my hands and knees, and nothing under heaven would keep me from you. Why don't they find him, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Vanderberg smiled at his impulsive little wife. "People seem to forget how nobly a physician disregards weather and weariness to reach far-away patients."

"And goodness remains a one-sided affair," added Mrs. Shipley, glancing at the snow beginning again to fall.

The city scarcely knew its cue in this play of the weather. Individual sections seemed in literal mourning to be sure; for communication with the absent men had been attempted with poor results. And though the two days' gunning expedition had been planned, after much debating on the doctor's part, and experienced guides had accompanied them, yet accidents are possible within the four walls of one's home. This everyone felt, moreover there had been no definite provision for any delay in returning. The cold was intense. A furious wind was whirling fine particles of choking, blinding snow in icy clouds.

Helen Crawford hurried to the door a dozen times when no ring summoned her,—making a solemn little prayer as she scanned the streets north and south for that well-known figure. Again she would return to the tea pantry where she had kept warm drinks in readiness for the last two days. Before the open fire-place in an inviting office, toasted slippers shared the rug with the shaggy dog. Each night she had stolen half-way down the long flight of stairs to meet the big, warm-hearted man coming to her in her dreams. "Would she ever go to meet him any more?" This recurring thought haunted her waking moments, and she shuddered over the discipline Providence was portioning out to her.

Miles away near a bleak little New Jersey village, four men

smoked around an island cottage fire, trying to keep warm. "It's a wonder we haven't colds, Doc.,—having you with us must be the same principle as taking an umbrella somewhere to keep off the rain."

"You mean it's a wonder we've escaped with our lives," said the doctor, "tumbling through the ice yesterday. Have I been awful company, boys? Honest, I've tried not to let you know how hard it's been on me to leave a lot of sick beings so long high and dry."

"'Awful company,' you say," and the three men sent up a shout. "Heavens, man, what are you like when you're good company? Except for you, we'd have stood in one spot and cried for home like babies."

"Hark to that wind and sleet! Man! but those guides were up against it when they couldn't tell to-day whether we were coming or going. I fancy the younger guide wouldn't care much if he never got home." Lowering his voice, the doctor recited his melancholy tale of the young fellow's unreciprocated love for a young patient of his. "Yes, yes, the nice child who's been ill for over a year," replied the doctor. "That's the one. It's a sort of nervous trouble; but she's a bright girl, and always cheers everybody who goes to see her."

The subject dropped when darkness reminded them to have roast duck for supper. They whistled, they sang, and there was no fear, then, of drooping spirits.

The doctor moved to the fire. "Oh, you duck, you quail, you woodcock, you! Wouldn't Helen clap her hands? It was such a temptation to shoot as Helen does, and not at the point you'd be, in the time it takes my shot to reach you." The doctor chuckled like a boy. "Wild weather brings you out, eh? Reckon our brains, and eyes, and hands, worked in spontaneous sympathy this time from the looks of all of you. Poor, pretty things! It's a pity to leave one behind, boys. Who thinks we're not going to get out of this trap ourselves? Oh, pshaw! Whistle a bit, Jack Cleveland, and you'll get in tune." But Jack only shrugged his shoulders.

Three attempts had been made to cross the bay in their naphtha launch with no success at breaking the ice for any distance, and when the naphtha proved to be frozen tight, things looked black indeed, especially since food finally consisted of game alone. Brook Miller's Christmas thermometer registered 7° in the cottage that night.

At daybreak the next morning, the four adventurers saw they

must get out of the storm's clutches to save their lives. "Doc," leading as usual, took Wood Harris in the first boat, with improvised sails, and slowly they made a different start on the bay with the other boat behind. Their dories they found, later, must be dragged and shoved along the ice—ice that proved too weak in spots to prevent some genuine duckings for the poor men already wet from the pelting snow. The farther southward they moved, the more choppy and broken the ice, and the men found progress becoming more difficult. The ropes on the boats had cut their hands. While yet the sun was not well up in the heavens, they felt the want of food sadly. To the centre of the bay where the ice was more solid, the guides aimed their course, deceptive blocks of ice splitting in two as they dragged along. The water froze stiff on their clothing and their cut hands. Numb with cold, they were unable to realize finally that firm ice supported them. The delay before their ultimate rescue seemed interminable, but at last two men in boats, watching, through powerful field glasses, the struggling figures, managed, on the dying down of the wind, to reach the shivering group by a roundabout way unknown to the guides.

Not many hours passed after leaving Tuckerton, where they obtained dry clothes and food, before they arrived at the town they had left five days before; yet news of the doctor's safety had spread like fire on receipt of his telegram and three or four of his calls were delivered to him almost before he stepped wearily from the train.

Advice came in one voice from his three friends, "Go home to bed"; but this was not Dr. Crawford's way, nor did it take him two minutes to know his duty. Cautioning each of the three men separately, lest one should forget, to telephone his sister the reason for his delay, he telegraphed Mrs. Vanderberg that he would meet her in New York on the following day; sent old Jim Sanders a prescription by his man; telephoned some directions to the hospital,—and caught a passing car going up Fourteenth Street to see some ill people, Peggy Doolittle, the nervous girl, among them.

The guide had heard where "Doc" was going, and the kind doctor's eyes became serious at sight of the young man's face. Dr. Crawford recalled the sense and spirit this handsome young guide had shown in the past days, and felt more and more impressed with the fellow's splendid manhood.

Peggy had only the maid with her when the doctor arrived, her mother having that moment stepped to the druggist's house; and their surprise at Dr. Crawford's visit was entire. To Peggy, he looked haggard and different, that night, and she felt uneasy.

Miss Peggy hadn't slept well in the doctor's absence, and hadn't eaten her meals, the maid reported; but otherwise she seemed the same to her. Peggy interrupted with countless questions about the doctor's escape; but noticing her increased excitement, he plied her with queries about other things. Finally reverting to the young guide whom he openly praised, Peggy did not resist a mischievous smile; and, blushing, said, "It's a wonder you didn't send him to inquire for me instead of coming yourself." And then one might have seen the patient prescribing for the doctor, prevailing upon him to rest on the lounge and drink her hot broth.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Doolittle found the whole house unusually warm and silent. Stealing into Peggy's room, she gasped in her astonishment; for on the lounge, before her, slept their long-lost doctor, and Peggy—her Peggy—whose life had been despaired of a few weeks before, was laying a shawl over the sleeping man.

The mother rather anxiously helped her baby back to her bed, hearing in whispered tones how she had managed to answer the telephone near by, fearing the doctor would waken; and how, in reply to his call from the city, she had quickly explained that he was attending a very sick patient, meaning herself. Peggy's voice faltered. "I'd die, mother, if he faced such weather again to-night. You see, he's sicker than I am, and going out might endanger his life."

Mrs. Doolittle looked at the tired man, sleeping so heavily, and nodded her head in approval. "You look better, Peggy," and she kissed the pink cheeks affectionately.

"I believe I am well again!" whispered back the girl. All my life I've wanted to do something for my doctor—the only doctor in the world, and God made me well to do it."

* * * * * * * *

A month or two later, Peggy was out of doors, and her wonderful cure put an additional feather in her doctor's cap. Peggy often laughs, and says "My doctor sometimes goes out of town to make cures, but he makes them just the same." E. M. B.

THE INTERFERENCE OF PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD BLACK.

Professor Black was far away in Asia Minor when a knock came on the door of his study. With a start he sped back from Miletus to the book on archæological research, lying open at page nine hundred and forty-three on the desk in front of him. Again came the rap, gentle but determined, and this time accompanied by a silvery voice calling "Archibald!" Professor Black thrust his fingers through his thick crop of brown hair with a gesture of impatience, wheeled his chair around, and called rather petulantly, "Come in."

The door opened promptly, and the Professor's blue eyes, peering through their huge black-rimmed spectacles, rested on the trim figure of his young wife.

"Archibald," she announced airily, "I want fifty dollars." Professor Black's preoccupied countenance lit up with amazement.

"Fifty dollars, my dear Sylvia! Fifty dollars! What could you do with fifty dollars?"

"Oh, I must buy a new rug for the living-room, and that wedding present for your friend Percy Snuggs. Don't you remember that he is to be married in two weeks?"

Obediently the Professor's long white fingers sought the buttons of his coat, and groped at the pocket within. His heavy brows came together in a frown.

"My wallet, my wallet! What have I done with my wallet? Ah, here it is!"

He handed the pocketbook to his wife, who counted out the money.

"Ten, twenty, thirty-five, forty-five, fifty. Thank you, Archie dear. You're a love. Don't you think you had better go out and get some air? You have been in this stuffy old room all day." Then without waiting a reply, out she tripped.

Her husband turned again to his "Researches in Asia Minor," and mechanically his white hand sought his hair again. Feverishly it roamed over the tousled head, but the spell was broken. He could not get his mind on the book. He wondered if his wife had started. He hoped she wouldn't lose that money. It was a pretty big sum for a woman to carry. By Jove, what if she should lose it! He

wondered if she carried one of those idiotic bags on the end of a long cord-handle, the way he had seen so many women doing. "It would be just like Sylvia," he thought.

Suddenly he rose, tall and lank, from the chair, and crossed the room to where his overcoat hung. Clumsily getting into it, he set his dusty derby on his head, and the next moment was out on the street. He peered searchingly up and down with near-sighted eyes. Yes, there was a woman walking rapidly up the street. "Ah, there's Sylvia," he murmured, "I am just in time," and buttoning up his overcoat, and jamming down his hat, he started in hasty pursuit.

The woman turned into a crowded business street, and he prided himself for the adroit way in which he kept her in view. Five or six great strides of his long legs brought him up close behind her. "Yes, there was a bag dangling down a foot away from her arm, just as he surmised." The Professor chuckled, felt in the deep pocket of his overcoat, and drew out a tiny pair of scissors. In a moment all was over, and he had the bag safe within his own pocket. "This would give his wife a little lesson to be more careful in the future."

That evening at the dinner table Professor Black scanned his wife's face closely before he ventured to inquire innocently, when she expected the rug to come. To his great astonishment she answered, "to-night some time."

When he had sufficiently recovered from the shock, he queried again, "Did you have enough money?"

"Oh, plenty," she answered. "I have ten dollars left."

The Professor could stand it no longer. "Sylvia," he said sternly, "what do you mean? I have your bag right here in my overcoat pocket!"

Little Mrs. Black's bright eyes opened wide with amazement. "What do you mean, Archibald?" she cried.

"Why, I mean just this," answered the Professor, and produced the bag.

With feverish hands his wife seized and opened it. "One hundred, two hundred, two hundred and fifty," she counted with shaking voice. "Archibald, what have you done? This isn't my bag!" Little Mrs. Black laughed hysterically as she watched her husband's blank face.

"Good Heavens," groaned the Professor.

KATHARINE G. BROOKS, '15.

A FATHER AND SON.

It was at the close of the morning service. The minister resumed his place upon the upholstered pulpit seat. He heard the great tones of the organ behind him. The congregation below was an indistinct mass of people in half obscurity, save where there was a bright spot of color at the ends of the dusty shafts of sunlight which filtered through the stained windows. As he sat there his face looked almost desolate. He felt more than the usual weariness after preaching. The light now was shining directly into his eyes. The organ vibrations were painfully insistent. He felt a strange sense of unreality and detachedness—that withdrawal of consciousness which enables one to look without emotion or prejudice at people and life. He had been preaching about success, and now what was insinuating itself into the metre of the hymn was the word "failure." The hymn which the congregation was singing in the modulated lifeless way incumbent upon a congregation made up of the eminently well-bred, was "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The minister only heard, "failure, fail-ure, fail-ure."

Soon he stood waiting for his wife, who was entertaining a group of people in the centre aisle. He overheard, in her wheedling, ever-varying little voice: "Don't laugh at me. She really gave her picture, which was taken fifteen years ago, as Christmas gifts this year. Oh! there is William waiting for me. But," he heard her add, like a naughty child who recollects, "I ought not to say anything about her, for she gave me a beautiful lace dress this winter."

As she slid her tiny gloved hand through the minister's arm and walked carefully along the icy sidewalk she said, "It was not nice of me to gossip about Mrs. Gilbert, after taking the dress. Perhaps you were right when you advised me not to take it." He replied, "It was very natural to speak of the picture."

After a pause she said, "Your sermon made me feel very unhappy. I think it probably affected every one in that way. Most of the people in the congregation are successes. It was," she added, giving a half shudder, "unpleasant, uncomfortable. Then when you gave out the notices and spoke of not being willing to marry people who had been divorced I suffered for the Brockten-Browns who were sitting right under your nose." The minister winced as he

thought of the uncomprising statement which he had intended to make. He remembered how weak and politic his remarks had been, and thought of how useless it all was since his wife was still dissatisfied. After a silence she began again, as though instinctively avoiding a subject which was becoming dangerous, "You surely are a success. You sounded this morning as though you were a failure yourself. The *Morning Press* says," (smiling up into his face) said she, "that the lecture on Milton that the Reverend Dr. Hm-m delivered before the Contemporary Club was the most charming event of this season's program." She looked again toward her companion, who had not seemed to hear. "If you still feel that you are a failure and discontented with things," she added in a voice perilously near tears, "think of Bobby."

"Yes," he said tenderly. "I have everything to be thankful for. The trouble is not with things, but with myself."

After the usual activities of his busiest day, and after the house below had become dark and quiet, he settled himself in his study. His custom was to read until early morning and then walk the deserted streets until the peace and stillness calmed his restlessness. On this night, however, he sat gazing before him with his head propped upon his hand. On the blotter before him lay an anonymous letter which said that what the city needed was not literary sermonettes and lectures, but the "Gospel." "This is an absurd letter," he thought. "If I were feeling like myself I should laugh at it. Still, this person only tells me what I already know, that I have no more inspiration of my own."

He still had the feeling of detachment which he had experienced in the morning. He could recall past scenes and sensations with painful reality. It seemed only yesterday that he had wakened in a lofty white chamber where the great fan above the bed, instead of swaying as usual, to and fro, hung motionless. He had sat up, then pounding his sleeping brother who lay by his side, had called, "Wake up, George, I hear cannons!" Then the old "ayah," her dark face, a strange ashy color, had hurried in and had quietly and quickly packed some of their belongings. There had been a confused and hurried departure. Crowds of the dark faces had followed them to the gate. There he had taken the ayah's hand as she drew back. He had said, "come too." But shaking her head, as her great eyes

with the heavy lids filled with tears, she had knelt in the sandy road and had hurt him with too hard an embrace. "You must come back to us," she had whispered; "I can never come with you." He had patted her shoulder with his free hand, and had said, as he kissed her wet cheek, "I'll come back."

The next vivid impression was of a day after weeks of vague misery within four high walls, a day so hot that the buttons on his cuffs when he put his arm to his forehead felt hot against his cheek. The room was crowded with people. His father lay at the far end of the room, strangely silent, while others conducted the service. The old messenger who had been holding his hand now paid no attention to him, so he pulled his hand away. His legs, too short to reach the floor, ached, and he longed to rush out to the compound wall. When the black people crowded around his father and wept, however, he forgot about his aching legs. He felt the sobs choke in his throat. Something terrible must have happened to his father and to them all. In the evening when he was sitting on the messenger's lap braiding the fringe on his sash, the old man had said to him, "Sahib was our best friend. He has gone on a long journey and will never come back. You too," he had added, "will all leave us and will never come back." At which he had answered with quick impatience, "I will come back, I say!"

These childish promises, instead of being forgotten, became of prophetic interest to him. His school and college days had been illuminated by one purpose. He would go back and try to be a friend to the children of the people to whom his father had been "best friend." He would rebuild his father's school which had lain in ashes since the mutiny. The thought of continuing his father's work had been his inspiration.

He thought next, with a smile, of the comments of his friends when he had entered the ministry. "William a minister," they had said. "Never; he will not be a regular one, but will explore the Uganda. He will do something unusual." But, while in the seminary he had first met her. His face grew hot with shame when he remembered that after a stormy interview a certain look of brown eyes had made him abandon his life's purpose. Instead of being a teacher to those who would die untaught save for him, he had become the politic pastor of a well-to-do congregation. As he thought

of himself once more among the brown people, the hot wind coming through the gate of the compound wall seemed fresh with the breath of freedom. His chance, however, he knew was forever gone. He had been untrue to himself, and in the uncompromising silence of the night he realized, as never before, that he had not even made his wife happy.

II.

A slight noise made him raise his head. At the doorway he saw a figure, whether it was a vision of his former self or a human being, for a moment he could not decide. The figure just then, however, stepped forward and said, "Father, you are still awake, I am so glad. I came quietly, for I thought you might have gone to sleep, but I did want to see you to-night. I thought you would not mind having me at home for over Sunday. Our grades have just been posted." The minister smiled at his son and said, "I know you have done honest work, and whatever your grade may be, you have gotten other things quite as important out of college." The young man then remembered a letter of his mother's describing how his father had taken the fraternity elections. He had said, "I do not believe this club system is a good thing. Anyhow, a few cabbage leaves will be good for the boy. I shall be quite as content if he does not join any club." After the results were known, he had carried with him his son's letter. He had pulled it out on various occasions. Half embarrassed, half confidential, he had mentioned that his son had made "Saint Anthony's Club." "Well," said his father with an unsuccessful attempt at concealing his eagerness, "Where do you stand?" "I made second, sir. But that is not as important as something else. I did not want to speak of my plan until I had made good. In June, I shall have second choice of the Philadelphia hospitals. After a year as interne I shall be ready. Father," he said, looking earnestly into the face of the older man, "they tell me at the University that there are more doctors in this country now than the population can support. I want to go where my work will count. I am going back to India." He paused and looked at his father, who did not speak. Then he continued in a less serious tone, "It will be almost like going home. I have heard you talk so much of it. It's the call of the East with me. I have been looking up the region where grandfather was. There is

no mission there now, and no medical mission for over two hundred miles, in a population of about a million." In a less serious voice he continued, "If I am any good at all, I ought not to be forced to kick my heels behind my brass-plate for long!" The young man looked puzzled, for his father still sat with his forehead leaning on his hand.

"You must not think," he continued, "that this is a boyish romantic ideal. I have thought about it for almost four years. I never spoke of it, for I feared something might happen or I might change my mind. I am almost ready to go now, so I wanted to tell you. Shall—shall I tell mother? I did not feel sure that she would understand, but I thought you would."

"I do see," replied the minister. "If you use your life as you plan, it will be the only thing that will redeem mine from being an utter failure."

"Father," said the young man, "don't say such an untrue thing as that. I owe everything to you. I am prouder of being your son than I am of anything."

The minister evidently did not hear, for he replied what seemed to be the answer to his own thought rather than to his son's words. He muttered, "She shan't prevent you." Then he smiled, and in just the same manner that he used to have when the clock had struck seven and he had finished hearing his son the next day's spelling lesson, he patted his shoulder gently and said, "Go to bed."

The next morning, when they settled around the breakfast table, they looked even more contented than usual. The minister's wife was irresistibly charming behind a coffee urn, her white little hands deftly arranging cups and spoons, while she managed to see what each one at the table wanted next. As soon as they were well settled, she held up a letter. "This," she said, "is from Dr. Gibbons." Her son looked interested. "I knew Lucius," she continued, looking at the minister, "long before I ever met you. He says he has watched Bobby's career with great interest. Since he has no son of his own, he will take him as his assistant. In time, of course," she added, smiling at her son, "you will be his successor. I am so happy that such good fortune could come through me." The minister grasped the arm of his chair. He looked at his son's perplexed face. He was filled at the same moment with a rising anger toward his wife, who had

tempted both himself and now his son, and an inarticulate prayer. He said finally in a strange and harsh voice, "Bobby has other plans." Then he looked toward his son, trying to fathom whether his smile was the instinct of a wise physician or a real assurance.

"Yes," said his son. "Mother, for a long time I have planned, and last night I decided to go back to India, where I think my work will tell for more than it ever could here."

The minister, his eyes downcast, waited through the seemingly endless moments for the burst of disappointment and reproach. She was still strangely silent. He raised his eyes to hers. Something in them made him aware of the separation widening through the years, with a pang of self-reproach. Finally she spoke in a repressed, brave little voice, "I did not know— *You* never told *me*. But perhaps, yes, I am sure, it is better so."

ESSAYS IN LITTLE.

Autumn Colour.—I stood on a gentle slope looking toward the south and before me lay the shallow valley of a little river. The low afternoon sun was veiled in clouds; in the half-light the autumn colour was glorious. Faintly tinted purple shadows crept down over the meadows, where the long grass was of the warm, rich hue of burnished copper. Among the meadows lay the winding, shrunken river like a fine spun silver thread. Near by it flowed between low, even banks, but further off brown and crimson oaks bordered it on either side. On the right hand and on the left the hills rose dark and strong against the clear grey sky, with the darkness of evergreen forests and of hard maples reddened by an early frost. The firm line which they made against the sky had the precision of the bitten line in an etching. In the sky beyond and above the hills floated fleecy, smoke-coloured flakes of mist which caught, at times, the beams from the sinking sun and shone out for the moment as white and silvery as the river itself. And far overhead arched a solid dome of grey cloud bank.

As I looked I was unconscious of scent, or sound, or movement, unconscious of everything save the wonderful depth and variety of vibrating colour everywhere around me. The light shadows seemed

as eternal, and the silver river as quiet and changeless as the hills. Time for the moment was lost; in the perfect stillness seconds and minutes were endless. Then, before one knew it, a slow, scarcely perceptible change began to pass over the face of the valley. The line of the hills grew dimmer, masses of shade grew softer, and the delicately outlined shadows merged together in a wonderful, soft, lavender duskiness. The evening mist had begun to rise from the meadows. The colour, too, changed slowly—almost mysteriously; the gold and orange of the grass, the scarlet of the maples, the crimson of the oaks, and finally the blue and purple of the shadows were blurred and lost in the creeping, hazy indistinctness of the mist.

M. L. C., '14.

"Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he, laughing, said to me:

"'Pipe a song about a lamb!'
  So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
  So I piped: he wept to hear."

In a far-off valley, shut in by low green hills, a sad-eyed shepherd, tall and gaunt, clad in russet, is striding swiftly by the brookside. As he goes, he pipes joyfully, to the four winds of heaven, dance-music for the fleet-white clouds scurrying through the blue above. One cloud, smaller and whiter than its fellows, dips over the hill-top into the valley, floats down to the brook, and stays, poised on a sheaf of ferns, before the piping shepherd. On the cloud stands a bright-haired child, white-limbed and fair as a son of the stars. The child laughs and shakes his glowing curls and calls for a song; and the sad-eyed shepherd pipes right merrily of the lambs and sheep gambling in the winds across the blue field of heaven. And the bright child sits cross-legged on the dimpled cloud, weeping for joy tears of silver lustre, like rain-drops in the sun.

Y. S., '13.

THE DEVIL FISH.

It all happened because Bill Reilly had gone off without me. Of course to his face I addressed him properly as Mr. Reilly. I really had the greatest respect for his many talents, which ranged from the lighting of a pipe in a high wind with but a single common match to the telling of tales that would keep a whole roomful of boarders good tempered on a rainy day. Bill Reilly, however, seemed a name so eminently suited to his genial rotundity that behind his back I could not help smacking my lips over the more familiar title. Besides, didn't he insist, regardless of my embarrassment, upon calling me "Old Ironsides," offering to strangers the explanation that I was "so hard to move"? However, in spite of my unyielding nature, he seemed to like me and often took me with him on glorious "jants" about the island. To-day I had haughtily refused all invitations to come play on the ground that I was going to drive with him to Cottage City, a sort of New England Coney Island, which was the pet abomination of all grown-ups, but which in our eyes seemed more abounding in strange wonders than the Arabian Nights themselves. Imagine then my bitter disappointment when I found that he had forgotten me.

Remembering the lordly air with which at lunch I had promised to bring back gifts to all the members of my family, I felt that at present I could not endure the humiliation of facing them empty-handed and unescorted. Neither could I afford to waste a perfectly good afternoon moping by myself. Accordingly I conceived the happy plan of visiting Mr. Martin and the Whaling Museum. For some unfathomable reason Mr. Martin was not much encouraged by those in authority. We always felt that he was unusually respectable for one of his charm—indeed, if a man who was the sexton of the Episcopal Church and wore his hair dutch-cut wasn't pure and upright, who would be? Moreover, he always had his pockets full of such pleasant things as dried pumpkin seeds, or yellow corn that one parched on the top of the stove and ate with great gusto in spite of its close resemblance to chicken feed. Chief and most glorious of all, however, he owned a whaling museum, a wonderful place, dark and dusky, filled with odd bits of tackle and strange bones, every one of which had attached to it a blood-curdling tale in which Mr. Martin was the hero. We often wondered how he had managed to live

through so many scenes of battle, murder and sudden death, and come out quite unscathed. It was in the direction of this attractive personage that I turned my steps that afternoon. I found him in heated conversation with Captain Job Winslow, a pillar of the Congregational Church, whose chief claim to fame lay in his unique and ingenious method of hair dressing. Though absolutely bald, Captain Job aspired to youth and jauntiness. Therefore he let the small fringe of hair that he still possessed grow very long indeed, then he brushed it up and plastered it on top of his head in a neat curl. Ordinarily he never could be persuaded to take off his cap, but on Sunday when he passed the plate, decorum demanded that he be bareheaded. Then we would sit breathlessly waiting for the awful moment to come when one of the locks should slip and fall. It never did, but there was always the chance, and we would willingly have listened patiently to even longer sermons for the sake of those few thrilling moments of awful suspense. As Mr. Martin's own hair was very bushy, naturally relations between him and Captain Job were often rather strained. This afternoon they were, as usual, bickering, but as the door of the museum was open and Mr. Martin nodded to me in a friendly way, I went into the room that even at mid-day was pleasantly cool and dark. I was soon engrossed in investigating all the treasures there. There was one strange skeleton of a fish in particular that caught my imagination. It was an odd, round sort of thing with sharp, horn-like excrescences and large bulging eyes. Mr. Martin called it the devil fish, a name well suited to so evil-looking a creature. I was watching it in fearful fascination, vaguely conscious all the while of the voices of the two men rising and falling in a kind of drowsy rhythm, when I must have dropped asleep.

I awoke rather suddenly to find that the voices had stopped. I was alone in the pitch-dark, and horror of horrors, that devil fish was glaring at me with eyes that shone in the darkness like a tiger's. For a minute I stared at it cold with fear, not daring even to breathe, until I saw it quite plainly leer a wicked leer and wink one of those fearful eyes. With one yell of horror I bolted for the door of the museum, out, not into the night as I had expected, but into the dusk. Without daring to look to right or left I tore home as fast as I could, only to find supper just finished and the family much agitated by my absence. My sister never could understand why I, the belligerent,

accepted so meekly and obeyed so implicitly the command that I go no more to the Whaling Museum.

About two years ago I saw Mr. Martin again. After bewailing the fact that he had closed the museum, I told him of the fearful adventure I had had the last time that I visited it. For a moment he seemed puzzled, then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Wal, wal," he said, when he had recovered sufficiently to be able to speak. "It was all meant for that fool Job. He was laying down the law to me, saying there warn't no ghosts, and I told him to come round that evening to my museum and I'd show him something that would make his hair curl natural.—Ever heard of phosphorus?"

Still even phosphorus doesn't explain that awful wink. E. B., '13.

Majors and Minors.—The Hall was still with the stillness of vacancy—not that silence which comes from the presence of hushed personality—the multiplied, as it were, silence of crowds—but that curious passive, lethargic silence of absence—non-existence.

Outside, however, the night was quivering with sound: the sliding rustle of wind in wet leaves, the soft murmur of the rain, faint as the murmur in a sea shell, the slow drip-dripping of water from one leaf to another in the ivy, the splash of a raindrop on the pavement—the whole throbbing, low-pulsed murmur of a wet night. Across the campus someone had been tuning a violin—a few tight, thin notes, a little adjustment of C major, then one breathless, panting trill. Without prelude the violinist began again sounding a few phases of one of Gounod's melodies. The notes rose, thrilling passionately, broke off into plaintive thirds, and slipped by semitones into the minor, then stopped abruptly. A moment of slumberous quiet followed, then many footsteps echoed on the pavement, and a door slammed heavily. A. G. H., '13.

The Christian Association just now is deeply interested in the plan for a Bryn Mawr summer camp for working girls. The idea came from Mr. Bates of the Spring Street Neighborhood House, who for the past two years has been such a welcome friend of the college. Those of us who came to know him first as a wonderfully direct and inspiriting preacher, and then availed ourselves of the opportunity to see something of his practical work in New

York, have for it nothing but praise. The Neighborhood House combines to a rare degree the qualities that should most appeal to a college student: intelligence, experience, enthusiasm, and efficiency. Its functions are very varied. The Spring Street Presbyterian Church, of which it is an adjunct, provides it with a great deal of institutional work: boys' and girls' clubs and classes of all sorts; mothers' meetings, entertainments, a large Italian Sunday-school, and of course constant district visiting. But the Settlement is by no means restricted to work among the members of its own congregation. It carries on throughout the year a large kindergarten and day-nursery (to which goes a share of our summer sewing); and during the summer months a flourishing daily vacation Bible School. Besides this there is of course, in connection with the *Tribune* Fund and other organizations, the Fresh Air work.

It is to a branch of this that our Association is now turning its attention. Mr. Bates has been guaranteed the money for a large, fully-equipped camp; and we are undertaking to meet, for this year at least, the major part of its running expenses. The amount pledged is $1000, and when we consider that it means the boon of a fortnight's outing to from 200 to 300 people, the sum seems little enough.

Mr. Bates' plan is to have a main house and several shacks, accommodating from 20 to 30 people at a time, alternating girls, boys and mothers with children. The girls, however, are to be the main factor, since it is they who experience the greatest difficulty in finding suitable homes for a short vacation. There is now no organization that provides for them once they have passed the age of twelve; and we all know that the first years of work at store or factory are bound to be the most trying. Consequently such a camp as ours, cheap, wholesome and within easy reach of the city, ought to fill a real community need.

One part of our plan that should appeal rather strongly to our holiday spirit is the management of the camp by Bryn Mawr counsellors (under the supervision of a housekeeper and chaperon); and this manager is to have volunteer assistants, coming if possible two or three at a time and for a fortnight each.

So, Bryn Mawr Student, whoever you are, the Christian Association cheerfully solicits your help: 1st, please give a great deal of money to make the Bryn Mawr Camp and its good times possible; 2nd, please come and share in its grave councils. D. S. W., '12.

DULCI FISTULA

"I LONG FOR THE INN THAT'S FREE;"

or

THE ALUMNA'S PLAINT.

(*With apologies to Mr. Yeats.*)

I will arise and go now, to the only room that's free,
  And a small cot-bed lie on, of hay and wattles made.
Nine book-shelves will I have there, and below me Music-Room C,
  And live alone in the proctor-loud glade.

And you shall have some peace now: for peace is where I'm not,
  Dropping in on you in the morning or when old Taylor rings,
Now midnight's given to slumber, and I to the wattled cot.
  In a room that's full of shoes and things.

I will arise and leave soon, for, made up fresh each day,
  That lonely bed lies waiting and driving me from hence.
My friends no longer see me, and for that I must pay
  The wicked warden fifty cents!

D. S. W., '12.

SONG OF THE SONGLESS.

(*Apologies to Meredith.*)

They have no song, the pitied mutes,
  And still they sing.
  It is within their hearts they sing,
With broken hoots.
  Within their hearts they touch a string,
  They wake a strain!
There is but sound of pitied mutes;
  O, not again!

SIC SEMPER FRESHMANIBUS.

Why did I come to college?
  Was it to find my sphere,
Was it in search of knowledge
  In the learned atmosphere?
I left my adoring relations
  Who worshipped around my throne,
Little recked I the tribulations
  Of the trip I was taking alone.
I dropped in the midst of my classmates
  Like a stone in the boundless sea,
And you scarce could perceive the ripple
  That marked the entry of me.
I flit midst a greenish vapour
  That betokens my awe and amaze,
And bright red shadows stretch towards me
  Their helping hands through the haze.
I dream of the terrible toga,
  And glasses of darkest green,
Then I wake and find, to my terror,
  I have skipped a date with the Dean.
When the quadrangle's all surrounded
  By the promised infirmary dreams,
When the sun gilds a Parthenon Taylor
  With the light of his classic beams,
And you visit the student's building,
  As you hope that you sometime will,
I am sure that though bent and grey-headed,
  I'll be only a Freshman still.

L. H. M., 15.

In reading for my Pol. Econ.
  To my surprise I found
That in the heart of Africa
  Rhinoceri abound.

Now in the book I read a clever
  Mode of killing these:
A very child could do it
  With a simple grace and ease.

Before you leave your quiet home
  Procure a twelve-inch stick
And whittle it at either end
  To make it sharply prick.

Then when you've done this simple
  And preliminary job,
Go wander 'round the jungle
  Till you find a grassy knob.

Where you may sit sedately
  And take a bird's-eye view,
So no rhino in his slyness
  Can get away from you.

From far away he'll scent you,
  And, blind with rage and grief,
Come ramping up to eat you,
  But his glory will be brief.

As he comes roaring, jaws wide-spread
  In a sardonic grin,
Aim boldly at his two front teeth
  And thrust your sharp stick in.

The poor old creature tears the ground
  Off at a tangent flies;
And lonely floats o'er hill and dale
  Until at last he dies.

This one discrepancy I find
  In all this pretty plan:
Why can't the large rhinoceros
  Fall on the little man?

I'm sure if I went out and treated
  Any beast like that
He'd simply give me one stern look,
  And falling, squash me flat.

N. C. '14.

COLLEGE COSTUMES.

(*Apologies to Herrick.*)

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness,
A gown about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction.
An erring shoestring (what so fair?)
Confines the straying of her hair.
Jumper neglectful, and thereby
Its tie to flow confusedly.
A little saq, some muddy dirt
In the tempestuous hockey skirt
A careless gym shoe, in whose tie
I see a wild civility
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

J. M. B., '14.

COLLEGE NOTES.

During the past month the college has enjoyed two of Mr. Whiting's concerts, the first on Friday, November 24th, the second on the 15th of December.

On Saturday, November 25th, Miss Sandwille and Ethel Richardson, 1911, spoke for the Consumers' League. Miss Richardson told about the work she has been investigating in Philadelphia.

The Sophomore dance for 1915 came on Friday, the 8th of December, and according to custom all the dancers were in fancy dress. The Freshman class proved so large that nearly forty extra partners from the Junior and Senior class had to be provided for them. In order that the floor should not be too uncomfortably crowded most of the evening was given up to a cotillion led by Nancy Van Dyke and Helen Hinde.

On December 9th, Dr. Perry, of Harvard, spoke in Rockefeller Hall under the auspices of the Philosophy Club. Dr. Perry's subject was "A Realistic Philosophy of Life." A reception by the Philosophy Club followed the lecture.

The Consumers' League gave a party in the gymnasium on the evening of December the 16th. Miss Lane brought lantern slides illustrating conditions of factory and sweat-shop work and spoke about the work of the League. "Alumnæ Stunts," ice-cream and cake and dancing followed.

On the Tuesday night before the vacation Christmas was celebrated in each hall by a dinner and a dance in the dining-room. Fancy dresses, hurdy-gurdies, and Christmas trees gave a truly Christmas festivity to the parties. Later in the evening the choir sang carols from hall to hall.

College opened after the vacation on the 4th of January.

On the evening of Friday, 12th, the first swimming meet was held.

On Saturday, the 13th, Mr. Fisher, of New York, spoke under the auspices of the College Settlement Association. His subject was "Social Centres."

The third of Mr. Whiting's concerts was held in the chapel on Friday, 19th. There was a programme of Modern French music.

The second swimming meet was on Saturday, the 20th. Both meets caused much excitement and drew large audiences to the gymnasium. The result of the meets was thirty-one points for 1914, and twenty-one for both 1913 and 1915. The relay was won by 1914. A record for the relay was started last year by 1913; last year's record was broken by 1914. Ellen Faulkner, 1913, broke the record for the plunge for distance; the record is now forty-nine feet and six inches. Lilian Cox, 1914, equalled the record held by Eleanor Elmer for the sixty-eight foot swim on front. Individual points were: Lilian Cox thirteen, Ellen Faulkner ten, Marie Keller, 1915, eight.

On Saturday, January 27th, Mr. Joseph Linden Smith spoke on "An Egyptian Tomb." The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

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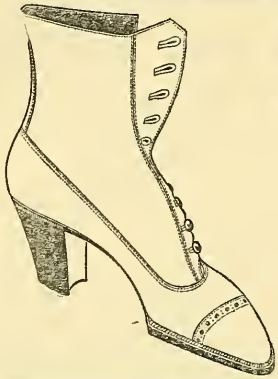

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March, 1912

Tipyn o' Bob

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EDITORIAL.

Cab Horses.—If one has earned an honest reputation for reason and logic by asserting firmly that Rockefeller towers were built by the Bryn Mawr Band and that all winged creatures were angels, it is well, perhaps, when writing again for the public eye, to cling to historic illustration and example.

About the year of one B. C. it was a favorite game with the ancients to separate their clansmen, by the first feeble methods of division, into *bores* and *not-bores.* Later observers, dissatisfied with this simple division, have insisted on rendering it informal and effective by adding the group of the *bored,* and have assented to Mr. Chesterton's phrasing of the not-bored as generic, the bored as "prosaic" and the bore himself as the possessor of a certain amount of "storry enthusiasm" and "solemn happiness."

Using this digression to serve as an introduction, we return to the subject of cab horses. In Paris, they tell me, there are two kinds of cab horses, the traditional cab horse who may trot very prettily for a mile

or more down the *Rue de Rivoli* or *Bois de Bologne* or any other well frequented street without attracting any attention; and the cab horse who from some uncertain cast of eye or strange prominence of ribs instantly convinces the bystanders of the fact that here is both a *bore* and a real *Cab Horse.*

When we first arrived in Bryn Mawr,—stepped off the train and into a cab—we realized at once that we were being hauled by a new species of horse—one who seemed to have all the characteristics of the traditional and occasional cab horse and yet one who at second sight evidently belonged in the group of the *bored.* What the influence of this creature on the college has been I leave you to conjecture. His plodding persistence as he trots to and from the station, his drooping figure as he stands under Pembroke Arch, his dulled expression as he turns to watch you extract the toll for your hauling from your pocket proclaim his very presence to be a menace. The result is inevitable. The reaction odious. Were it not better for us who are being forced by example into the prosaic group of the *bored* to assume the enthusiasm of a *bore*—or to import a Parisian cab horse?

M. B. A., '12.

Herbert and College.—Our knowledge of Herbert's poetry is as a rule limited to the two or three short pieces that appear in the Oxford Book, but some of the good sense in the longer portions of his "Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations" fits our state at Bryn Mawr so aptly that it seems a pity not to be familiar with it. This advice for instance:

> "Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
> Error a fault, and truth discourtesy—"

if followed would reduce our table discussions on truth, socialism and rights of women to an endurable pitch, and would foster the intelligent interchange of opinion on some subjects now tabooed because of the violence of feeling excited by their mention.

To the critical spirit that usually judges a lecturer or a minister unfavorably before it hears him, and is seldom disappointed in its Cassandra-like function, he says:—

"The worst speak something good, if all lack sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience."

Poor comfort, perhaps, but better than none.

Have you spent your last cent in paying library fines, and are you low in mind as well as pocket?

"raise thy head
Take stars for money, stars not to be told
by any art"

is his advice,—and let us not discuss here the question of legal tender.

Are you tired of people in general and in particular? Refuse to go on the "wild sleeping-party"; go into your own room, or the library basement:—

"By all means use sometimes to be alone
Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear,"

for we live in necessary intimacy with so many people that, however delightful our intercourse may be, we are apt to forget that we have any separate existence, unless we do occasionally cut ourselves off from all our friends.

If you have lived soberly according to schedule, belong to the three-tenths who have never cut a class in the first semester, have never broken a rule in spirit or letter, and feel that you are a poor, staid creature, without initiative,

"beckon the sky
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company."

As to resolves about eating between meals, getting to bed by ten-thirty, speaking to people on the campus, and so ad infinitum, he suggests

"When thou dost purpose aught *within thy powers*
Be sure to do it, though it be but small."

The phrase "within thy powers" should preclude the attempt to attend gym, three teas, two lectures, two committee meetings, water-polo, and

a supper party in one short afternoon and evening—in colloquial parlance, the attempt to be at one and the same time a gay butterfly and a good old horse.

For the desire that comes after mid-years to let things slip, now that we have come through that ordeal fairly well; the desire to live from hour to hour in the easy way of pleasant, lazy enjoyment of the countless delightful sensations and experiences that can be obtained here without the slightest effort, his lines

> "God gave thy soul brave wings, put not those feathers
> Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weather—"

apply if we change "ill" to "fair," for we are apt to be wide awake in the ill weather of examinations, and walk in a waking dream under the fair skies of the rest of the year. This also applies to the effect of the spring:—

> "A grain of glory, mixed with humbleness,
> Cures both a fever and lethargicness."

If you are invited to tea because of your conversational ability and feel particularly dry and uninteresting, there is a very definite recipe for you to follow:

> "In thy discourse if thou desire to please,
> All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty.
> Usefulness comes by labor, wit by ease;
> Courtesy grows in court, news in the city.
> Get a good stock of these, then draw thy card,
> That suits him best of whom thy speech is heard."

And if we are wondering what to be funny about for *Dulci* or the class book, let us remember that

> "Nothing that's plain
> But may be witty if thou hads't the vein."

F. H., '12.

OVER THE TOWN.

SARAH ROZET SMITH, '15.

Women and men
Jostling and straining by.
The great bridge shakes
With trucks, and buses, and cars,
Wagons, and vans, and carts.
And now again
Far in the western sky
Spread glimmering lakes
Of moulten green and rose, behind the masts and spars
Of the dim, dark ships that loom on the iron-gray river,
For over the town
The night comes softly down.

Chimneys, and spires,
And towers, rise pile on pile,
Tier on tier,
As far as the eye can see;
And the smoke slow climbs the air
From a thousand household fires;
And in a little while
Shine clear
A thousand lights o'er the great city;
And the wind brings a sudden swirl of snow down the iron-gray river,
As over the town
The night comes softly down.

THE BRIDGE TOLL.

PAULINE CLARKE, '12.

Pietro had come over from Italy with a gang of men bound for ditch digging on a great Western railway. But he had not the slightest intention of digging ditches. Ever since he could remember he had dreamed of becoming rich and famous, and as soon as he was eighteen he had pocketed his savings and set out for America. His family shrugged their shoulders,—they had other boys to work in the vineyards.

In New York he discreetly dropped away from the carefully marshaled gang and drifted about the East Side for a few days, looking for work. His precious twenty dollars melted away like dew, and no one understood his most appealing remarks. A little dejected at finding that he was not so clever as he had always considered himself, he came out of a crowded, narrow street one evening at sunset upon the wharves of the East River. He lifted his eyes and caught his breath at sight of the most amazing and beautiful thing he had ever seen.

From either side of the wide brown stream, at some little distance beyond where he stood, an enormous arch curved strongly into the air. They rose, black against the glow of the sky, and lifted toward each other without support. Pietro, who had been unmoved at sight of tall buildings, and jangling cars, gazed awed at this miracle. Then he found a snug corner under a pile of boards and slept soundly until the stir of life all around woke him at seven o'clock.

He crept out and stretched his arms, with his head thrown back for a yawn, and stared up with new delight at the giant arches. He saw, now, how the one on his side of the river descended slantingly into a tangled nest of warehouses and tenements, and he meant to go at once and search out its root. But, first, he looked about at the men on the wharves, and selecting a group of Italians unloading sweet smelling crates of strawberries from a barge, he went up to them with his most ingratiating smile. Whipping off his cap he asked in politest phrases that some one of his countrymen would gratify his curiosity as to those great black arches against the sky. He pointed them out with a graceful flourish and all the men stopped and stared. They then laughed, because

they saw by Pietro's stout country clothes that he had just landed, and because they were all from the south and did not much understand his northern dialect. But a man from Arezzo laughed loudest of all because he did understand, and he told the rest between peals of laughter that the little simpleton was asking about the bridge. When he had had his laugh fully out he assured Pietro with much gravity that the Virgin and angels came down to the city by means of those arches, and sometimes a saint or two let out on good behaviour. And all the men laughed again. Shocked at such blasphemy, but enlightened by the word "bridge" that he had caught, Pietro turned away with a scornful flash of the eyes and teeth. Surely it was unlike any bridge he had ever seen, he thought to himself, but this was a marvellous country. "An unfinished bridge," he went on reasoning to himself, munching a roll he had prudently saved from his supper the night before. And he darted in and out of narrow twisted streets until he came to a great cleared space like a gash in the city and saw the bridge slope away to the level of the street.

Scores of men were at work here with engines, mortar and plates of steel, and black specks of men were perched as far out in the airy structure as eye could reach. At a little distance along the wide plank walk that led out among the cables and girders a big red-faced man was bossing the working of a crane that lifted sections of iron from below. He was shouting very fast and angrily, but Pietro walked out to him thrilling pleasantly up and down his back at finding himself rise above the ground on so fragile a structure. In graceful, deprecatory phrases Pietro asked the commanding gentleman for some modest work befitting a youth, inexperienced at building bridges, indeed, but clever and willing. The fat man paid no attention at all, so Pietro said it all over again, slowly and clearly, as if to a child. In sheer amazement at such impudence the man stopped and looked at him, asked him sharply in broken Italian if he hadn't seen the notice, and without waiting for him to answer said, "Hurry like the devil and unload those bolts." So Pietro hurried as fast as he could all day and was paid at night with a paper slip. A good-natured Italian, who mixed mortar, explained that this could be turned in to a man in a box who would give him fifty cents in return. Pietro was not very clear about this, but he felt so happy and excited that he hardly noticed his aching back, and eagerly accepted his new friend's offer of a bunk in his two-roomed flat.

The next day and every day Pietro turned up at the bridge. And either because he was always charmingly eager and confident in his demand for work, or because he was quick and never asked questions, he softened the heart of the boss and got one odd job after the other. When he had nothing else to do he hung about with the workmen, watching and learning to do their work. Always the lifting arch lured him further and further out along the swaying construction lines till he felt no fear at all, but could run about as nimbly as a cat on the top of high walls. Sometimes a surly old German would shake his head and mutter about "A dago working on a bridge." But Pietro must have sprung from seafaring Venetian stock, used to the swaying masts of great schooners. His step was sure and his heart untroubled hundreds of feet in the air. He was clever, too, at the work, and by the end of the year he had learned to rivet, and swung about the trestles with his flaming fire pot.

All the men liked Pietro—they called him Petey to teaze him. They liked his unfailing smile, the red handkerchief he wore knotted about his throat, his flattering interest when he listened to tales of past bridges, the little Italian songs he sang in time to his pounding. But beyond his perfect surface politeness, he kept a great deal to himself. As he sat at his work he often thought of the vineyards at home; or of Fortu, his younger sister,—such a pale little drudge in comparison with the fat, lazy girls of this country. They sat on the steps of their houses, in fine clothes at nightfall, and made eyes at him, who swaggered by proudly. He would have none of them. And sometimes he did not think at all, just worked away with the feel of the sun and the wind on his hands and face and the clear blue air all around him. Now and then he looked out over the great city, still mysterious to him, who had never wandered more than ten blocks away from his bridge. He liked the continuous roaring sound of it, the lifting towers, and the magical lights that came out softly against the deep blue as he walked back over the bridge at the end of the day. But the bridge itself was like a live creature to him, he felt the thrusts and the poise of its parts. He worked upon it with delight as the artizans of old must have worked when they slowly raised great cathedrals, stone upon stone. The happiest day of his life was when, after two years, the bridge workers took him into their union and he felt at last that he really belonged to the bridge.

The two arches had fused long ago in a single great sweep. In the

fall the real work would be done, ready for concrete roadways and car lines. Pietro could not imagine another bridge. He lived in the present. One summer morning he was working alone on a scaffold let down among the great ribs of the bridge. Suddenly the men on the level above heard a crack like a pistol report, and lifted their heads with scared faces. After a minute some of them went to the edge, bent over and saw the scaffold hanging by one rope. The boss swore softly to himself, a few crossed themselves, only a very few watched the scurry of boats far below. One man said thankfully, "Those bars down there finished him quick."

The old German muttered angrily, "A dago trying to build a bridge."

And the fat boss turned on him snarling, "He didn't slip, the rope broke."

Then they all picked up their tools and their dinner pails, slipped on their coats and tramped away for the day,—the bridge builder's privilege when a man has been killed.

"THE MOURNING BAND."

CARMELITA CHASE, '12.

The queen was dead. Miss Holt sat in the little back sitting-room, mouth closed tight, sewing black alpaca bands on the left sleeves of her dresses and her coat. She would have liked to go entirely into mourning. There never had been such a woman or such a queen as Victoria, but she did not have the money to spare to buy new clothes, and she knew if she tried to dye the old ones she would make a mess of it. The people in the town would think her crazy enough, anyway. They were none of them English and would never understand. She had lived among them a year now and was still a stranger. When she had come over from London to this American village to run her brother's farm while he went off to the Klondike, every woman had politely called upon her, even Mrs. Warner, the mother of twelve, and invited her to the church bazaars. But she had found them all dull, provincial, hopelessly wrapt up in Nebraska crops and Nebraska husbands and children,

with only a geography knowledge of London, and they had found her cold, curt, reserved, utterly incomprehensible. She expected that these mourning bands would put the finishing touch to their idea of her queerness.

But that morning after she had come home from market, where nearly every one had looked curiously at her, she had found three geranium plants left on her doorstep with a card of "deepest sympathy" from Mrs. Warner and a little bowl of orange jelly from Mrs. Smith, the banker's wife.

They did understand after all. Miss Holt was touched. They weren't such fools as she had made them out. That they had recognized her sorrow for the death of her queen and wished to express their sympathy showed that they must have some sense. It was rather silly of them, to be sure, to send the plants and jelly, yet they certainly were kind-hearted. She had always known that but had never before acknowledged it to herself, though each day she was becoming more lonesome and hungry for friends. In London, people had paid no attention to her brusqueness. Her friends had grown up with her, and, knowing her bark, were unafraid. Here she was beginning to think that her callers were made ill at ease by her abruptness and appeared greater blockheads than they really were. She decided to be more amiable and to try and be friends.

That evening, when she was piling away the last supper dishes on the pantry shelves, she heard a knock at the door and found Mrs. Lee, the village dressmaker, and Miss Peck, her assistant.

"We were just goin' by on our way home from Mrs. Warner's," Mrs. Lee explained, "and we thought we'd stop and say how sorry we were to see—to see—"

"Won't you step in?" asked Miss Holt, and opened the screen door.

"Well—just—just—a minute, if you ain't busy," and she looked timidly at Miss Holt.

Miss Holt led the way to the upholstered horse-hair parlor and they sat down stiffly.

There was a silence.

"Mrs. Warner said as how—" began Mrs. Lee.

"But she didn't know—" interrupted Miss Peck.

"Mrs. Warner sent three geranium plants and Mrs. Smith a bowl of jelly. It was nice of them," began Miss Holt at the same moment.

There was another silence.

"Isn't there anything we could do for you?" Miss Peck finally ventured.

"Do—" replied Miss Holt, "do—why, what is there—?"

"We thought perhaps—"

"If I were in *England*—"

"But we thought perhaps they'd—they'd—they'd send the body here."

"What body?"

"Why—why—your brother's."

"My brother?" said Miss Holt.

"Didn't he—didn't he—pass away?" inquired Mrs. Lee fearfully.

"Die? My brother? No!" Miss Holt exclaimed shortly.

"We're so sorry. No, no, I don't mean that—we thought—" Mrs. Lee turned appealingly to Miss Peck.

"That it was your brother," and she glanced significantly at the mourning band on Miss Holt's blue gingham sleeve.

"There's nothing we can do then?" asked Miss Peck after an awful pause.

"No, thank you," Miss Holt answered frigidly.

"Well, I guess we better be goin'. It's pretty late."

Miss Holt led the way to the door.

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Well, if they aren't idiots," exclaimed Miss Holt as she locked up after them. I suppose I ought to have told them why I am wearing the mourning band, but they're so dumb. What's the use? I might've kept on knowing they wouldn't understand. Flowers and jelly for a queen. Of course, they wouldn't send them for that reason. Idiots!"

But in bed that night Miss Holt, staring wide awake into the darkness, thought over the day.

"You're a brute," she said to herself at the end. "Even if they are idiots, they're a heap nicer than you ever thought of being. They come and try to be kind and neighbourly and you up and almost call them names to their faces. In the morning you go and beg their pardons, thank them for their gifts, and behave like a human."

Thus unburdened, Miss Holt slept soundly, but next morning she was up at six and on her way to Mrs. Lee's at seven. She found her

in the kitchen taking a few stitches on her own Jackie's much patched overalls, before she went out for the day.

"Mrs. Lee," she said, "I was beastly to you last evening."

"Why no—"

"I was. When you thought it was my brother who had died, I nearly bit your head off."

"But—"

"And I wouldn't tell you why I was in mourning—"

"But—"

"Queen Victoria has died. I'm an Englishwoman. I wear it for her. Perhaps you don't under—"

"You know Queen Victoria!" cried Mrs. Lee, at once greatly excited.

"No, I don't know her, exactly, but she's my queen."

"You've seen her?"

"Of course."

"How wonderful!" Mrs. Lee clasped her hands. "To think of having seen royalty. I'm a Royal Daughter, but—"

Miss Holt looked bewildered.

"I mean I belong to the order of Royal Daughters. Any one can whose ancestors came over from England in the 'Mayflower.'"

"Oh!"

"And I've never seen royalty. You must come to our next meeting—Friday. You could read a paper on Queen Victoria as you had known or seen her. Why, it'd be beautiful! I always told Miss Peck there was something behind your cold manner. Pardon me. Here I go rattlin' on! Wouldn't you like a glass of milk or a bite of cake?"

"No, thank you." Miss Holt smiled. "I must go on to Mrs. Warner's and thank her for my plants."

Mrs. Lee accompanied her to the front door.

"And ain't that a real nice custom, wearin' the band? Just drop in any time, do."

They shook hands warmly.

"An idiot!" remarked Miss Holt to the little toad who skipped across her path as she opened the gate, "but a nice one!"

A PLEA FOR THE SATIRICAL.

KATHARINE SERGEANT, '14.

That satire is an uncomfortable thing to encounter cannot be gainsaid, especially when it is directed at oneself, and that a sarcastic person is usually a most disagreeable companion is certain.

> "None of us cared for Kate,
> For she had a tongue with a tang,"

is all too common an instance, cited here from as good an authority as William Shakespeare himself. It is true that we do not care for Kate, but is the feeling just? The general attitude toward a person possessing such a tongue is one of hostility. The world thinks that Kate has a naturally mean disposition, and that she speaks satirically merely because she takes pleasure in so doing, merely because she is out of sympathy with her fellow-beings. What I urge is a more sympathetic point of view toward Kate herself. Simply because I know many Kates and have even been called one myself—I tremble to admit it lest you shall at once brand me and my writing as insincerely satirical, though I really never was more serious than at this moment—to continue, simply because I know Kate so well, I make my plea for her. She is not bitter, she does not see the world through blue glasses, she does not "make cutting remarks" to be amusing. In truth, her chief fault is that she is shy and self-conscious. Everyone pities Bridget, the shy. Everyone makes it as comfortable as possible for Jane, the awkwardly self-conscious. Why, then, condemn satirical Kate? Can you not see that what appears to be unfeeling cruelty in her sarcastic epigrams about her best friends is merely a disguise by which to cloak her real feelings, for, above all else, Kate in her shyness fears to become ridiculous. Kate always is reserved,—for that very reason she hides her emotions. Some people even deny to her these emotions, but she really does feel as other human beings do. I cannot support Kate to the extent of saying that she has found a pleasant method of disguising her true feelings. But is it not quite as pleasing to hear satire as to see a person *obviously* shy? It has always rankled

in my soul that the obviously, the painfully shy, should be treated considerately whilst the long-suffering Kates are branded as venomous creatures as much to be avoided as a wasp or a bed of nettles. Here my own bitterness appears, and discretion urges me to stop or my own sarcasm, hiding, I assure you, a sensitive, reserved and shyly retiring nature, will prepossess you against all Kates. Continue, if you like, to join with the throng in the refrain

"None of us cared for Kate,"

but realize, too, that, if Kate has a "tongue with a tang," she has also a mind that understands, and a heart that feels. Criticize her, condemn her, but, I beg of you, treat her with that sympathy and understanding which you think she lacks herself.

HORACE A LA MODE.

(*Ode III, 26.*)

Flirting is fun, as far as it goes,
Which is not very far, as everyone knows;
I've been a match for the girls in my day,
But now I shall put all such nonsense away,
That lyre of mine
Can hang in the shrine
Of Venus, I'm done with the sentiment line.

No more for me of those fond serenades,
Clandestine meetings, and mad escapades—
Our poet is going to reform once for all;
Yet, Venus, there's one thing I wish you'd recall,
There's a girl that I know
Who jilted her beau,
Do give her her portion of marital woe.

ATALA SCUDDER, '15.

THE REWARD OF CHIVALRY.

FRANCES HUNTER, '12.

My brother Lawrence is not old enough to enjoy telling this story on himself, and is too old to like my telling it, so I very seldom get a chance. It happened about three years ago, when he was a gawky, handsome, overgrown boy of seventeen, a great problem to his mother and me. Uncle Charles advised sending him to some military boarding school, where he would have no mother and sister to spoil him. So, after much reading of catalogues and type-written letters, we settled on a school at Cornwall-on-Hudson, largely because the fact that the uniforms there were like those in the regular army appealed to Lawrence.

He was too far away from home to come back for Xmas vacacation, so Aunt Hat and Aunt Jane, who lived in a "brown-stone front" in New York, asked him to spend the holidays there. He set off proudly in his uniform, as this was the first chance he had had to wear it away from the school, and he assures me that he looked very old and remarkably handsome. If he had availed himself of the opportunity which the school allowed to wear civilian's dress during vacation, this story would probably never have happened. The desire to impress New York in general and his aunts in particular conquered any qualms about suitability.

He arrived in the city in time for dinner, during which meal he listened to genealogical disquisitions and probing questions of a family nature from his aunts. They seemed much struck by the uniform and his height, having expected, doubtless, a small, pale child in knickerbockers. So, after dinner, they suggested a heavy opera with some hesitation, and were visibly relieved when he expressed a desire to go off on his own hook to something of a lighter sort. He set out as if he had been a theatre-goer from the cradle, and soon found himself in a brilliantly lighted Broadway theatre, his long knees jammed against the back of the seat ahead, his eyes looking past a remarkable head-dress of rampant puffs to the curtain. Suddenly he caught sight of a girl in a box near the stage. She was young, alone, and seemed to be looking for someone. Lawrence knew enough of the wickedness

of the world, from novels at least, to know that the last thing a young girl should do was to sit in a box in beautiful evening clothes and look lost. She was so near the stage that he could see her even when the lights were out, and was very much annoyed by her foolishness in allowing her unprotected condition to be so evident. The audience, however, must have watched the stage more closely than Lawrence, for, though he kept his attention firmly fixed on the box to see that no one took advantage of her undefended state, nothing whatever happened. At last the curtain fell, and Lawrence, with very little idea of what the play was about, was among the last to reach the foyer, but among the stragglers was the girl, still much agitated, holding up a fluff of skirts and looking out anxiously into a pouring rain. People were piling into automobiles with much shouting of numbers, clicking of doors and chugging of engines, but the girl seemed to have no vehicle waiting for her, and looked altogether so forlorn, so silly and so very pretty that my brother thought it would be no more than common decency to offer her the umbrella that the aunts had forced him to take, on account of his beautiful uniform. As he spoke, he found himself unexpectedly embarrassed:

"Were you looking for someone? Can't I find you a cab?"

"Oh, could you," she said thankfully. "I've been expecting my brother all evening; something must have happened." Lawrence stepped out in the wet and tried to get a taxicab, but it was too late—they were all engaged, and he did not know where the stand was. The girl said she would take a car, and, of course, Lawrence couldn't let her walk alone in the torrents of rain, so they set out together. He held the umbrella so far over her that a cold stream of water poured steadily down the back of his neck from one of its ribs. She protested at his getting on the car, but still seemed so relieved by his insistence that he did not believe that he was forcing himself on an unwilling sufferer. She listened with eager attention to football and spark plugs, and he quite blessed his aunts for making him take the umbrella, as otherwise he would have had no excuse for this delightful conversation which he was carrying on with the most surprising ease and volubility. He thought with righteous wrath of the wretch of a brother who could let slip an appointment with so charming a sister, and of how glad he would be to take his own sister out if she were only as good looking and affable as this girl.

At last they got off the car, walked down a long block in the rain and turned down another street, where the girl ran with an air of familiarity up the steps of a house and jabbed the bell heartily three or four times. An irreproachable butler came to the door, with an old gentleman of stout, puffing, white-whiskered variety on his heels. Explanations, ejaculations and fervent thanks followed. Lawrence was urged to come in. He did not want to go, as he thought the old man too effusive; but almost before he knew it, he was sitting without his cap and overcoat in a chair before the library fire, while the papa was ordering sherry and keeping up a steady stream of anecdotes, which, though they might have been meant to put Lawrence at his ease, only had the opposite effect. He found himself watching for a break in the flow, but none came, and he could not find the nerve to interrupt by taking his leave. At last, to his joy, the girl, who had been smothering yawns, went over to kiss her father good-night. As Lawrence stood up he heard a sort of whispered conversation between the two which he thought rather rude, in which the girl's voice sounded angry. When she left the room he began to take his leave, and was asked his destination by the old man, who had introduced himself as Mr. Elliott. Lawrence mentioned the street and number, but with a cry of dismay his host declared that it was miles away on the other side of the city, he must not consider going that night, they would put him up gladly and would send him back to his friends in the morning—no trouble at all—little enough in return for his great kindness to his daughter. There was something about his suave insistence that my brother found it impossible to resist; so, with rather a homesick feeling, he followed the butler and a candle up one, two, three long flights of stairs. Lawrence thought it rather odd that they should keep guests so high in the air, but thought they were perhaps in reduced circumstances and might be keeping boarders. There had been an indefinable something in the atmosphere, and perhaps "boarders" was the readiest explanation.

The third flight of stairs led into a billiard room, and this opened by means of a green baize door into a long, dark hall that ran toward the back of the house. As he entered it, Lawrence thought he saw a streak of light partway down, such as might be made by a half-opened door, but when he reached the spot it had disappeared and all was dark except the glow of the candle pouring around the butler's powerful shoulders.

Lawrence was glad when the butler, after lighting the fire, pulling down the shades and offering his services, went out softly and left him to himself. It made him feel like a baby to be waited on. He undressed quickly, leaving everything in the most exact military order on the chair beside his bed, and crossed over to lock the door, but, to his annoyance, there was no latch or bolt of any sort. He turned out the light, pulled up the shades, opened the windows and, for a moment, his heart leaped with horror as he saw the windows were barred. He was disgusted at himself immediately, assured himself that it was doubtless to keep out the cats, and climbed into bed.

As he lay looking at the blue flames flickering over the fire, it suddenly occurred to him that he had not let his aunts know where he was. He could imagine how worried they would be; they might be dragging the river; telegraphing home. He jumped out of bed at the thought that he might perhaps telephone them, if he could do it without waking the Elliott family. There might be some sort of soundproof booth. He went to the door, turning the knob very slowly and softly, and looked down the dark hall. The crack of light had reappeared, there was a low rumble of conversation, the rattling of dice and an intermittent whirring noise like an electric fan. He felt certain that he could not get by without being noticed. His opinion of the brother who could stay home and play poker instead of going to meet his sister sank still lower. No doubt he would play all night, but still Lawrence thought he might just as well dress, in case the voices did stop, for he did not like the idea of looking, without his clothes on, for a telephone in a strange house. He hated to wrinkle his uniform, but he lay down very carefully.

He woke, it seemed to him, about five minutes later, and saw that the fire was dead. As he strained his eyes into the darkness, he suddenly became conscious of a darker strip of blackness that grew slowly wider. He realized that his door was opening. He lay absolutely paralysed, his heart thudding, and as he strained every nerve he heard a sort of shoving noise like that made by a weight being pushed over velvet, and he knew certainly, although he could see nothing and could hear no breathing but his own, that some living thing was in the room with him, whether animal or man he did not know. The scraping noise stopped, the dead black space shrank and shrank into nothing.

Lawrence lay still for what seemed an eternity, fear drinking the

blood from his heart, then as anything seemed better than suspense, he swung himself off the bed and began to creep softly toward the door. He put his hand carefully before him, feeling out his way over the soft carpet, when suddenly his hand came down on a cold face. Someone was lying on the floor, dead! Lawrence did not wait to think about it. With one leap and a cry of horror he was out of the door and dashing down the dark hall. As he passed the place where the crack of light had been, a door was flung open and a pistol shot blazed out, but he was not hit, and went dashing on through the baize door, the billiard room and headlong down the stairs. Someone was after him, just one flight behind, and gaining on him; so when he reached the last flight he made up his mind quickly and crashed without stopping through one of the glass panels at the side of the hall door, tore down the steps and ran, ran for miles it seemed to him in the dark, deserted streets, doubling corner after corner, as fast as he could go. As he ran, however, he somehow realized that he had been in a gambling den and that the "electric fan" was a roulette wheel. At last he sank trembling, weak and bleeding from his cuts on the stone steps of a house, where he must have fainted; for early in the morning he was taken off to the police station supposedly in a drunken stupor. When he came to himself he gave an account of the matter, Aunt Jane and Aunt Hat were sent for, came in haste and horror, and took him home. It was Aunt Hat who first brought home to him the fact that the girl had been sent out to find someone "easy" enough to be a scapegoat for the murder which must have been committed. My brother has never gotten over his mortification at not being able to remember the way to the house, so as to have his fair charge arrested; or at being fooled so completely by a girl at his age, and the next time he left school he went in plain clothes.

THE EAVESDROPPER.

MARJORIE L. THOMPSON, '12.

Miss Letitia was, as usual, clipping her roses. She moved about the wet, fragrant garden quietly intent on her task. It had rained the night before, and as she tied up the broken, straggling branches and lifted the battered blossoms from the mud, she made soft, inarticulate, pitying sounds in her throat. Sometimes with the movement with which another woman would slip a finger under a baby's chin, she would tilt toward her the heavy head of a tea-rose, that she might look into the warmly flushed heart of it. In spite of the wet sweetness of it all, Miss Letitia found much to disapprove of in her garden this morning—weeds had grown miraculously in the night and flaunted themselves before her, the edges of the gravelled walks were ragged, and over in the corner by the little arbor the insistent magenta of some petunias offered her an open insult. She made a mental note that she must tell John he could never have them again, and wandered down the neat path once more. Close by the hedge, which separated her garden from the shady village street, she stopped to clip the larkspurs. As she stooped over them, a woman's voice, raised indiscreetly high, sounded close by her.

"Why no! we couldn't ask her to do it. Why Letitia never—" and the rumble of a passing wagon drowned the rest. Miss Letitia straightened suddenly, her soft mouth slightly compressed and a faint color in her cheeks. She felt this morning as though a veil had been torn from her eyes, and with an uncanny clairvoyance she saw herself as her neighbours saw her. The chance-heard remark burnt away the last shreds of mist from the vision she called up. She had withdrawn so insensibly from the village world about her that she scarcely realized that she no longer had any part in it. With her quickened, new perceptiveness she glanced down at her hands. They were old hands, ugly hands, with swollen veins and delicate, misshapen fingers, and she looked at them curiously, impersonally, as though they belonged to someone else. She was a lonely old woman, from whom one did not ask favors. The unconsciously cruel voice sounded in her ears again. "Why no!

we couldn't ask her to do it. Why Letitia never—" It came to her suddenly that she had not even had a missionary meeting at her house in years, and that as she walked sedately out of the family pew on Sundays, no one detained her for an eager word here and there. They merely smiled and told her that it was a pleasant day and let her pass. With the realization of it all she sank down limply on the bench under the elm tree, gazing with wide, faded eyes straight before her. Why should they ask favors of her? She had refused, in her hurt pride, to grant the only real one anybody had ever asked of her. As she tried to count it up, she decided that Barbara's baby must be six years old by now, and she, Barbara's one relative, had left it, uncared for, among strangers. She was a mean, self-centered old woman, she told herself bitterly, and the high voice sounded reminiscently in her ears once more, "Why Letitia never—" Hurt pride made her long to take the baby now, just as hurt pride had made her refuse it before. She still felt that she did not forgive Barbara, but she found herself arriving at a surprising decision.

Suddenly she got up and walked rapidly toward the house, unmindful of the flowers around her or the flaunting weeds which marred the path. She went straight out to the sunshiny kitchen, her eyes glowing and in her cheeks two little dull-red spots. "Hannah," she said, and in her effort to keep her voice from trembling she made it unnaturally sharp and clear-cut. "Hannah," she said, "you may clean and air Barbara's room to-day. I am going to the city to get the child." That was all. She stood delicately erect, as if defying the old servant to question her, and yet, perhaps, longing for those questions, longing for the chance to tear down the wall of reserve with which she had protected herself all these years. Hannah opened her mouth, looked at her mistress, shut it again, her face working pitifully the while. Miss Letitia stood there a moment longer, and then walked quickly out of the room. It had suddenly come to her quickened vision that Hannah had suffered all these years from the sense of the isolation of which she herself was only just aware.

It was dusk the next day when Miss Letitia returned, bringing with her a shy, round-eyed little girl. As she walked defiantly, yet proudly, down the village street, it seemed to her that the soft dusk was full of voices—murmuring, speculative, yet friendly voices. She could hear the creak—creak of swaying rocking chairs on the cool, shadowy

porches as she passed. Well, she had shown them that she was not a wooden creature, she thought half angrily. They would see now that she had not dried and withered there behind her hedge. The fantastic thought came to her that in watching the child grow, she too would put forth new shoots. As she smiled absently down at the fair head bobbing beside her, she felt a sudden eagerness to be home, so that she might reach down and gather the warm little body into her arms and bury her face in the soft curls. It was very long since she had had a child in her arms, and Miss Letitia was remembering how sweet, how incomparably sweet it had been to hold Barbara.

Later, as they sat gravely across the table from each other, Miss Letitia drew a long, tremulous sigh of pleasure. She was very tired, but somehow it seemed good to her to be tired. The little girl sat round-eyed and silent, daintily eating her bread and milk, with a conscious display of table manners, and Miss Letitia watching her, felt strangely that she was once more in actual contact with the world. All sorts of things came crowding into her tired mind—the dresses she must get for Barbara, as she called her to herself, that she must warn John again about the petunias, and that Hannah must boil a ham to have for tea when the Missionary Society met with her next week. She felt as though the long, quiet, drab-colored years had blown away like dust. She looked up with a start to find Hannah standing beside her, broadly smiling. "Miss Simpson says, Miss Letitia, m'am, can you spare her some eggs?" Miss Letitia smiled back, and for a moment the understanding between the two old women was beautiful and clear. Both felt that they were back again in the busy village world, and that it was good to be there. Then Miss Letitia spoke: "Let her have as many as she wants, and ask her to let Mary come over and play with Barbara in the morning." As Hannah left the room, the little girl slipped from her chair, and, trotting across the room, stood gravely by Miss Letitia's knee. Leaning forward Miss Letitia tilted the baby face toward her, with the same gesture with which she had raised the tea-rose the morning before. Then suddenly she kissed the little girl and drew her swiftly, almost passionately, on to her lap.

RELATIONS.

Margaret Richmond, '14.

I do not think I am especially vicious by nature, nor intolerant of those of my fellow-creatures who are more than usually deficient in intellect or charm, but, frankly, taking them as a whole, I do dislike relations. To begin with, there is something so unpleasantly obvious, fatalistic, inevitable, even, about a relative. Your mother has a very dear sister, who, in turn, has a very dear daughter, and that daughter is destined to be your friend. In fact, you feel that your family tree throughout its whole life-history has been growing up to branch forth into two little twigs, one your cousin, the other you, both fated from protoplasmic beginnings to know and love each other, and be to each other all-sufficient. Accordingly, with logical mulishness, you balk and leave the joyous companionship of your youthful relative for the idle charms of the daughter of the Republican "boss," who is running for mayor against your Prohibitionist uncle. And are you to be blamed, when in addition to the fact that she is not bound to you by ties of blood, she is, in notable contrast to your incorruptible kinswoman, ready for any deviltry you may suggest? For it is a sad truth that most relations seem to go to extremes in the matter of moral conduct, and are either so blatantly indecent as to render recognition of them impossible, or so oppressively high-minded as to crush out any inclinations towards virtue which may exist in your own soul. They are, act and look good. They live in ugly frame or brick houses in uninteresting towns, and haunt the Presbyterian church and soup-kitchens with unctuous zeal. They distribute charities to every possible source, improvident Patagonians or retired muffin-men, and every time you go to their houses you see on the mantelpieces little paper boxes of every possible device which have been distributed by various charity organizations,—cardboard turkeys, Swiss chalêts, or Christmas trees—unabashed beggars for promiscuous pennies. These "relations" live roast-beef-and-rice-pudding lives on week-days, working conscientiously on their various duties, and for diversion read the newspaper in the evenings, rigidly avoiding the murder and divorce columns. On Sundays they sink back in a state of pious lethargy to "sanctify the Sabbath by a holy vacuity of mind."

This, I admit, is a rather brutal arraignment of perfectly good and respectable people, but I speak with the bitterness of experience. Besides, this stream of invective can be turned on me with the pliability of a garden-hose—for, alas, am *I* not one of *their* "relations"?

ESSAYS IN LITTLE.

Habit, we learn, during the second semester of general psychology, may be potent either for good or for evil. There is a habit prevalent among us which seems to me peculiarly pernicious; this is the habit of doing things "efficiently." Now in transacting public business, even undergraduate business, efficiency may at times be necessary. Perhaps at times we might even do things more efficiently; for instance, if the undergraduate body as a whole did its hair more efficiently, the result might be entirely beneficial. The real trouble comes when one admires so intensely the system of an efficient friend, who has been misled into living by a schedule, that one applies this system to things mundane, such as teas. I, myself, once tried to run a tea efficiently. I calculated, with assistance, the number of quarts of ice-cream we should need and then I ordered the number,—not of quarts—but of gallons. Quite innocent of any mistake I served the ice-cream and they, the guests, ate it all. Afterwards I considered how perfectly dreadful it would have been had I really succeeded in running that tea according to my scientific plan. But there is one thing I never tried to do; I never tried to run my guests efficiently. I have watched my friends do it, however, and I have rejoiced inwardly when the efficient host introduced the right girl to the proper mother and both stood helpless with their mouths open. From teas run according to this plan may I be delivered! And may I also be delivered from the dinner where one must talk current events or schedules with the efficiently minded, rather than clothes or Mr. King with one's friends.

MARY S. COOLIDGE, '14.

The dictionary defines a pessimist as "an universal complainer," but in my opinion there are pessimists who make most comfortable friends,

and who are most interesting and amusingly original persons in general. Such an one is my friend Pessilla, most delightful of delightful pessimists —pessimist because she likes the dark outside of a cloud to such a degree that she refuses to consider the existence of, much less to contemplate, any silver lining which it may have; delightful because of the absurdities she invariably runs into in her earnest search for disappointment and gloom. Pessimism cannot be regarded as a serious fault by the humorist, nor can the pessimists be regarded as a harmful influence. For the pessimist, if he be a true, genuine, consistent pessimist, offers rich material for sport to the person who is inclined to see the funny side of life. Always to come out with a wet-blanketing remark at the psychological moment, always to have the lugubrious, not the congratulatory, "I told you so," ready on one's lips, always to find something wrong with the weather, or one's breakfast, or the news of the day, always to be grieved when the sky is cloudy and to complain of monotony when it is clear blue, these attributes surely ought not to appear half so much serious or harmful as humourous and beneficent. Indeed, it is far harder to restrain one's feelings of hatred toward the optimist who persistently drags one from the bog of despondency, who will insist on bolstering up one's courage or self-respect, or anything else which she thinks needs attention, who is always ready with the "cheerful" remark to "take one's mind off" the particular dumps one is in,—it is far harder to be polite to this determinedly cheerful person than it is to endure or laugh at Pessilla. For the pessimist not only leaves you to rest quietly or noisily, if you like better, in the dumps, but even sits down beside you and mingles her tears and lamentations with yours. Or if, another day, when you are striding merrily along the firm highway of content and cheerfulness you perceive her trudging doggedly along behind you looking intently at the dust of the road lest she perceive any beauty in the world about her, and viewing the very dust with a gentle melancholy, then, forsooth, you must laugh at her if not with her, and wait for her to catch up to you, vowing that she is well worth the grace of your companionship. Though Pessilla does not join in my mirth, she does not mind my laughing at her, and I have even seen her in a brief moment of forgetfulness grant a watery smile to some would-be humourous remark of mine.

HELEN H. SHAW, '14.

The dusty road which Margaret was wearily following, after wandering for long miles between hot grain-fields under a blazing sun, turned at last, beyond a little hill, and entered a pleasant wood. There the cool, green gloom was as grateful to Margaret's smarting eyes as peace to an harassed mind; her body, fainting and languid under the weight of the heat, was refreshed and disburdened by the cool breath of the trees. A sense of calm comfort bathed her whole being and the coolness penetrated deep within her and laved her sun-wearied soul. She paused a moment to take off her flapping hat and let the breeze pass gently through her hair and fan her hot temples; then she continued on her way with quickened step, breathing into her dust-parched lungs long draughts of the moist sweetness of the woodland. Suddenly, hearing a cool, bubbling sound mixed with the leafy murmur of the trees, she turned aside from the road into the long, frail wood-grass, and traced the silvery sound to its source. She found a brook trickling over mossy stones, the outlet of a deep, transparent spring, which filtered up through white sand under an overhanging boulder. With an exclamation of joy, she sat down on the rock, drew off her dusty shoes and stockings and let her tired feet down into the clear still water. Its iciness made her shrink, a delicious quiver ran over her, and she felt her feet stiffening, congealing, growing numb. She allowed the delightful chill to creep over her, hardening her relaxed muscles, making little tremors run up her back, until she felt as completely cold as a marble statue; then, joyfully shivering, she drew her white feet out of the pool, curling her toes up vigorously to drive the numbness out of them, rubbed them dry as best she could with her soft little handkerchief, and stockinged and shod once more, ran swiftly on through the green alleys of the wood.

YVONNE STODDARD, '13.

Without doubt the most endearing trait a man can possess is a well-developed sense of humour. There is nothing quite so delightful as that attitude which, looking on life as a thoroughly amalgamated mixture of "the sublime and the ridiculous," chooses always to see the absurd side—for an absurd side there is to every question. Dickens saw the comedy in most phases of life, as his characters show. But one of them has run away and left the man whose imagination created him far behind. And

this is Eugene Wrayburn, Eugene Wrayburn and his coffee-pot with the moral influence, his "pleasures of the chase," his fumigation of "Mr. Dolls"; Eugene Wrayburn with his utter lack of knowledge of himself, and his nonchalance toward this lack. He says to his friend, "You know that when I became enough of a man to find myself an embodied conundrum, I bored myself to the last degree by trying to find out what I meant." He has the smiling indolence, the perfect content in inaction that is so irritating to the energetic, and yet at will, with his irresistible whimsical humour, he can make others share his irresponsible gaiety. His attitude is genuine, for it endures in the most serious situations. Just after his marriage to the girl whom he has finally discovered he loves, and with approaching death almost a certainty, his humour still mercilessly shows him the truth. "There's a sharp misgiving in my conscience that if I were to live I should disappoint your good opinion and my own—and that I ought to die, my dear!" It strangely reminds one of Richard Heldar's "Melancholia that transcends all wit," in whose face "any man who has any sorrow of his own shall see his troubles, and just when he's feeling properly sorry for himself, he shall throw back his head and laugh—as she is laughing." For the fount from which laughter and tears spring is the same. Nor would the world suffer if there were a few more men who laughed with Eugene Wrayburn.

EDNA RAPALLO, '15.

DULCI FISTULA

HALF-GODS.

A wind, a sigh,
A face upon the dark;
Then silence—the survival of the spark.
Slowly the life is fading,
They are gone:
Tombs like the sepulchre
Upon the hill.

N. C., '14.

[NOTE: The healthy realism of this little thing is a pleasant reaction from the abstract pseudo-æstheticism of the day.—ED.]

The omnipresent Freshman wept
  And murmured "Four years more.
Perhaps if I stay long enough
  I'll see the campus thaw!"
And such is youth—her spirits rose,
  (She likewise from the floor.)

The intermittent Senior blinked
  Into her course-book thrice.
"Semester *eight,*" she read, she said,
  Collapsed, but muttered twice
"The carpenter said nothing but
    Cut us another slice?"

A. C. H., '12.

CATASTROPHE.

A hundred echoes roar above,
  A hundred beams creak merrily,
Two hundred eyes turn like a flash—
  Did you ever fall flat in the Library?

A hundred hushes rise on high,
  A hundred brows knot angrily,
Two hundred bitter looks dart out—
  Did you ever sneeze in the Library?

N. C., '14.

The motto of our industrial school
  Is just "We aim to please";
We teach everything from counterfeiting
  Down to shelling peas.
Near the entrance is our middle-agéd
  Class for growing curls;
On your right our most progressive
  Lion-taming class for girls.
Down the hall our first-year burglars
  Are turning out the till,
While beyond, the second-story-men
  Are sneaking soft and still.
Down in the basement, little boys
  Are learning to bake crumpets,
While in the attic, agéd men
  Are practising on trumpets.
In the school we strive to find
  Each individual bent
And cultivate it to a trade
  With faculties intent.

On the principle of natural selection we go,
  Each to his own especial gift,—
So modern—doncher know!

N. C., '14.

SAVED AGAIN!

What if a fire cornered us
Aloft in Taylor Hall,
On the third floor (that dizzy height),
Some ninety-nine in all?
For many years the hose has lain
Unwatered in its bed,
Quite naturally 'twould burst if now
With water it were fed.
The axe has long been dulled for fear
'Twould do some student harm:
But, hark! the fire roars up the stair,
There's cause for some alarm!
Farewell, sweet friend, who from the sill
Leapst down to end so wretched—
Squashed on the asphalt far below
Thou'lt lie there until fetchéd.
Others leap after thee: I cannot
Look on their face from here;
Others are sizzling merrily—
And sizzling *very near!*
Into the chapel cast me
My fall made soft by chairs.
I see that my retreat's cut off:
There are no doors nor stairs.
I swallow lumps and fight with tears,
Like Edgar Allan Poe,
Resolved to brave it to the last
And to the organ go.

As flames roar round me there I sit
And play in slow sweet tones
The dear companions of past days—
Pallas or Casey Jones.
The smoke sings thro' my gritted teeth,
And blackens my white hand,
Then,
* * * * *
Just in time I'm rescued
By the Bryn Mawr Fire Band!

N. C., '14.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Friday evening, February 9th, Dr. Stanton Coit lectured before the college on "Modern Socialism." Dr. Coit limited his observations chiefly to English political Socialism, with which he has long been identified. His argument was that Socialism is not a finished system, but a movement, and that as such it is already upon us. His presentation was not sensational nor his facts particularly new, but his pragmatic point of view was worthy of note. That the college as a whole was impressed by the lecture was shown by the congestion of population about the speaker afterwards. Socialism, whatever we may think of it, is surely worthy our impartial attention, and as thinking people we ought to be grateful to the college for this opportunity to learn something of the movement from headquarters.

On Saturday, February 10th, Professor Baker, of Harvard, lectured under the auspices of the English Club on "Signs of the Times in the Drama." Some of us, knowing of Professor Baker's wide acquaintance with the leading dramatists of to-day, were a little disappointed that he did not speak more of them and their chief "motion and cue for passion." He devoted his attention instead to the general drift and significance of our popular drama, the difficulties of production, and our opportunities as members of an audience to further intelligently the production of good plays. His moral, which might be formulated as "think for yourself and then do take the trouble to talk about it," is surely worth taking to heart. Professor Baker's invigorating manner seemed to hold his audience as

well as to please them. In the afternoon the members and guests of the English Club entertained Professor Baker at tea.

The Undergraduate Association had a meeting on February 12th. The report of the last meeting of the Students' Council was read and an assessment voted for.

An Athletic Association meeting was held on the 15th. The project, suggested by the Athletic Board, of having small shields and stripes to be worn by those making any class team was vigorously discussed. It was decided to have the shields.

On Friday, the 16th, Mr. Whiting gave his fourth recital before the college.

On Saturday evening Miss Burroughs and Miss Cummings, of New York, spoke under the auspices of the Vocational Committee of the Christian Association, on vocational bureau work in New York City. Miss Burroughs spoke of the work being done among school children, Miss Cummings of that done among college women graduates.

There was a business meeting of the Christian Association on February 21st. Parts of the constitution relating to the Federation Committee, the Social Service Committee, and the number for a quorum were changed.

On Washington's Birthday the History Club held a "Patriotic Celebration" which will go down in the annals of the college as a happy, profitable and original way of celebrating the day. A dinner in the Pembroke dining-room, given by the History Club, with President Richmond, of Union College, as guest of honor, and invited members of the faculty, was followed by an address in the chapel by President Richmond. He spoke on "Democracy and Education" and succeeded in arousing to an unusual degree the amusement and enthusiasm of the college.

On February 24th, Miss Keen spoke, under the auspices of the Science Club, on the "Lure of the Peaks." Miss Keen's lecture was illustrated with very interesting lantern slides.

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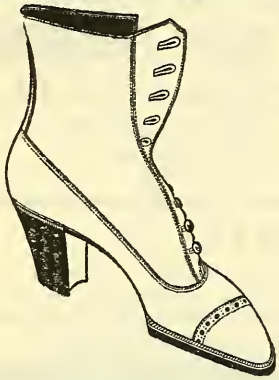

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Tipyn o'Bob

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EDITORIAL.

You have heard Mr. Hapgood's admonition and advice on the art of writing. Presumably you have blessed the stars that rule your destiny that daily themes are not a part of the intellectual discipline here at Bryn Mawr. You have heard appeals for college songs to rouse the evening echoes. Yet you remain unmoved. The rapture of composition is certainly not widely spread among us; the critical-paper-expression far too well known. And as the spring comes on apace our literary languor but increases. Certainly, student body of Bryn Mawr, the spontaneous fever of self-expression is not a potent force within you. I mention the fact by way of stating it, with no present intention of prodding the general inactivity. It is interesting in comparison with the attitude of other times and peoples, of Ruskin inditing novels at nine, of Chatterton, and of the illustrious Hans Breitmann. It was in reading the head note of the latter's spirited "Breitmann in Kansas" that this thought was

borne in upon me. A comparative study of literary methods is always interesting, so I subscribe below part of the head note.

"Von efenings he was drafel mit some ladies and shendlemans, und he staid incognitus. Und day singed songs till py und py one of de ladies say: "Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans Breitmann's Barty?' Den Hans say 'Ecce Gallus! I am dat rooster!' Den der Hans dook a trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, and goes indo himself a little dimes und denn comes out again mit dis boem."

Thereafter follows the poem. Could anything be simpler?

Why the Tipyn o' Bob Receives no Contributions.—Why have girls ceased to write freely for pleasure? The question is one which long has vexed the English Department and the unfortunate editors of the TIPYN O' BOB. Many reasons have been urged: Girls are afraid of criticism from the faculty;—they are afraid of ridicule from their friends,—they have too many other interests. All these reasons are true in a measure, but *the* reason, the fundamental cause which lies at the bottom of this sterility has not been discovered. It remains for me, inspired by Mr. Hapgood's lecture, to divulge it.

The reason is this: The college girl at present is *too healthy*, too healthy and normal in mind, body and soul, to write. Let me substanciate this startling statement from personal experience. Before I came to college I wrote, wrote for pleasure alone (as indeed I found no profit in it). I wrote letters and poems and stories, I even wrote an article on the modern highschool education of girls. Of this last, I was particularly proud, had it typewritten in fact and sent it to the *Ladies Home Journal.* Pretty soon my precious document was returned to me unharmed, but this is all beside the point. It detracts from the unity of the paragraph (See Hill P. of Rh. p. 208.) To return: before I came to college I wrote. I came to college with the intention of majoring in English and becoming one day a famous author. This idea was not altogether ridiculous for I had done well in English at school. So I came to college literarily inclined and also shy, nervous, unathletic, unsociable and with a pretty good opinion of my intellegence. All these are pathogenic affectations and of all these college has cured me. Who shall say that the literary instinct

was not also a pathogenic affectation and that it too was not swept away by the general cure of my system? Yes,—I have become too healthy to be literary. The TIPYN O' BOB has lost a valuable contributer, but you and I, gentle reader, are thankful from the bottom of our hearts.

The anonymous contribution to TIPYN O' BOB printed above is much in season—as indeed that hardy perennial, the *derision of Tip*, forever is. And its manner of presentation has in some respects the merit, we think, of substantiating—that is, substanciating—its main contention: namely, that health is inimical to the "literary instinct." (Reasoning incidentally and conversely we might venture that the author of the same appears to be in prime physical condition —but we, too, reverence unity. See Hill, P. of Rh., p. 208.) Would it, we wonder, be an impertinence to inquire in passing whether we are also grown too healthy to *spell?* (Should I now, to preserve my antithesis, say, to spell 'freely for pleasure'? See Hill, P. of Rh., p. 306.) Or is correct spelling also a pathogenic affectation?

But leaving aside the relation of corrupt orthography and mere indiscretions of grammar to one's rank on the strength list—a comparison which might be illuminating—let us assume that our unknown correspondent does not mean that she is too healthy to allow herself the pleasure of writing merely correctly—a pardonable excess—but, rather, too healthy to allow herself the voluptuous indulgence of writing forcibly. For we can conceive of no ambition other than one of these two being set before students even by the sickest and most deranged of English Departments. The first is the nearest possible goal of any being who believes the faculty of speech a human attribute. The second is the last goal of genius. If the author means that she is too healthy to write *badly*, if she even means (perish the foul suspicion!) that she is too healthy to write as badly as the editors of the TIPYN O' BOB write, then, indeed, have we no quarrel with her, but only felicitations upon her hale state. Though we cannot help pointing out, even so, that it strikes us to be a selfish assumption of superiority which, granting that a task is worth doing well, discredits the performance of those who are doing it badly by making such a virtue out of not doing it at all.

No, that "vexed" body, the English Department, and that

association of "unfortunates," the Tip Board (thanks for those sympathetic appellatives) are not harassing themselves to determine why students will not write *badly*.

However, the point of our contributor (sometimes also spelled *contributer*) appears to us, as we have said, to be that she is waxed too healthy to try to write *forcibly*—our rather arbitrarily selected synonym for the quality of *genius* in literature—that she is too healthy to cherish further her early eagerness to become a "famous author." There is, by the way, food for sober thought in that suggestion of the many famous authors who may have been blighted ere their flower by the ravages of good health. Certainly when one contemplates in retrospect the sad picture of a young person on the very threshold of life, "shy, nervous, unathletic, unsociable," in short with every qualification of an author, turned in a flash from the employment of the literary talents just enumerated by a tremendous *cure* sweeping her system (note the unassuming metaphor; it is our contributor's), I say when one contemplates such a wreckage of potentialities—well, one can only console one's self with the unconscious testimonial to the salubrity of the Bryn Mawr climate!

But there is a bright side. Though it is at first sight startling, as the correspondent concedes, to have pointed out and thus amply and irresistibly supported, by a (that is, one) personal experience, the proposition that the Art of letters is founded upon disease, and that the common impulse of mankind to render itself articulate is an irregularity of the system, yet, is it not something, yea, is it not much to have extorted, via Mr. Hapgood, the condescension of a *defense* from that proud bulwark, the non-contributing element of Bryn Mawr society? Is it not a solace to feel that at last the intelligence (variant, intellegence) of that sane, sound, and wholesome constituency, the uninterested readers of the college publications, is now to be brought to bear upon the problem of its own disinterestedness?

The answer is, yes. It is, yes indeed.

And as to our nameless defendant, she, after all, was unhealthy enough to write the defense—and a not uninteresting one! There are those of us who could hope that she may suffer relapse upon relapse until she is what she was before exposed to the beneficent influences of a Bryn Mawr winter.

THE GHOST OF AN ADVENTURE.

Being a Study in the Psychology of a Prig.

Some years ago, when Dickens' descriptions of America were still read and quoted, and when travelling was a more sedate undertaking than it is now, my aunt and uncle took me to Niagara Falls. Since Niagara and the Saratoga Springs had been the objective points of their bridal tour they thought it a decent observance of the past, as well as a fitting climax to our trip to New York and Canada, to revisit these sacred spots. My uncle's partner being unusually active and efficient, my uncle had thought it an auspicious occasion to spend two weeks in travel in our own land and that of our neighbours, justly remarking that after a few days in Quebec and Montreal he would be able to speak with more knowledge of English politics, from his personal contact with them. While politics were something about which Aunt Alice never bothered her head she thoroughly enjoyed seeing the world with a possible *soupçon* of devil, as presented by a respectable and not too stylish New York family hotel. She did, she declared, like a real change when she went away from home.

I was ten, going on eleven, so it was decided in family conclave that I ought to be a big enough girl to behave myself and not be a trouble to the aunt and uncle who were so kind as to take me. The solemnity of the occasion, my first venture into the open away from either parent, impressed me so deeply that I said, "Yes'm and No'm," with an unction highly gratifying to the family's demand for manners. I had a new hat, flappy, with small English daisies sewed to the brim, pronounced by the milliner "real sweet," and my mother made me a new plaid dress trimmed with blue braid. Never since have I been conscious of being so perfectly appointed.

All went conformably with uncle's plans until we reached Niagara, to which my aunt had been looking forward all the way. Then the poor lady fell ill with a cold, and became disconsolate. She was settled upon a sofa, covered by the green and yellow slumber robe provided by the hotel, and sustained by the hot-water bag of the lady across the hall. Altogether she was made as comfortable as first class accommoda-

tions of more solidarity than beauty, and a travelling medicine chest instead of her own bedroom and family physician, could make her; yet she was not at ease, and departure home the next morning was determined on. As the present day was Sunday, uncle, having done all he could for aunt, set forth, as was the invariable rule of the family in any place whatsoever, at eleven A. M. Sunday, to seek out his special denominational church. Anywhere else I should probably have been consigned to divine worship at his side; but, in consideration that it was Niagara, and that my conduct up to date had been really exemplary, Aunt Alice sent me forth with the daughter of the kind owner of the hot-water bag, to go view God in nature.

So it came about that I found myself at the foot of an inclined stairway on the American side of the falls, in company with a strange and pretty young lady. Had I been a less phlegmatic or responsible child I might have been fascinated by the lazy way her eyes moved or the soft "Um-m-m" with which she received most of my conversational advances. As it was, I felt intuitively that I was in the presence of a being who expected literally nothing of me, and I slumped from my high state of moral endeavor. I remember confiding to her quite freely my ambition to be an oratorio singer, and wear my best pink sash on weekdays, two aspirations which I had hitherto kept closely locked in my own bosom. I believe that we had sought the location in which we were established for the magnificent view; but as my companion, seeming to feel no obligation to observe it, soon began writing letters and gazing off into space, I took it as my cue to find amusement on my own account. I edged around the corner of the rock a little, and there was a most entrancing little pool lined with purple pebbles, all smooth and slippery. I curled up beside it and lost myself for awhile. Just then my memory stops. Our own childhood is as lost to us as any other's.

I came back to myself later with a start of horror. My plaid dress had fallen in the water behind and was soaked all through the back breadth. My hands were grimy, and my shoes wet. No small ragamuffin, accustomed to the enormity of "sitting on the ground" in its rags, could have enjoyed a morning more. But I was a moral white child, with a good bringing up and a drilling in the Shorter Catechism, and I ought to have known better. I appealed to the young lady in desperation. Cheerfully and calmly she unbuttoned my

small skirt and hung it out on the sunny end of the rock. Then still calmly and cheerfully she tucked me in under a fold of her skirt to wait till it was dry. Thus on Sunday morning, while Aunt Alice was suffering back there in the hotel, her graceless relative, attired in a blue striped petticoat, was in almost full view of one of the most frequented view points of Niagara. Fascinated, my eyes followed the floppings and billowings of my erstwhile respectable garb.

It dried and was returned to its proper place. We returned to the hotel and tidied up for dinner. No more was ever said of the matter. The strain I felt at first at resuming my former state of respectability and my place opposite uncle at dinner was not noticed, so gradually my confidence increased. No policeman accosted me for appearing in public in umseemly clothing, no scandal seemed to have yet penetrated to the heavy respectability of the hotel. I dared to breathe quite freely when the train pulled out of sight of Niagara next day. Aunt Alice had seen nothing the matter with my dress. My accomplice was left safely behind, her sense of responsibility still unawakened. Finally we arrived. My father and mother were at the station to meet us, and as I clutched up at my father's neck and heard uncle assuring him that I had been as good as a grown person, I resolved with fervency never to stray again; at least not for a long time. M. V. T.

THE FOGMEN.

When over the sea the gray mist lies,
  And no breeze stirs the air,
The fogmen rise from their dreary haunts
  And leave their ocean lair.

They issue forth from beneath the deep,
  Forth from the dripping caves
That echo throughout with the sobbing wail
  Made by the seething waves.

Phantom-like with a shadowy step,
  Their slinking dogs at heel,
Over the marshes and moors they creep
  Till a breath of wind they feel.

Ever up through the valleys they steal
  Wrapping all in a shroud,
Lingering long by the sunken pools
  Till a wind drops from a cloud.

Then back to their dreary haunts they rush,
  Like shadows before the sun,
Or sodden leaves on an autumn day
  That before a wild wind run.

And so when the sun shines bright and clear
  On a strip of golden sand
At the edge of the waves a claw-like print
  You may find of a fogman's hand.

Or again perhaps in the dead of night
  When a wind springs up o'er the lea,
The muffled howl of a fogman's dog
  You may hear at the edge of the sea.

EMILY NOYES, 1915.

FRESHMAN SHOW.

Some interest was roused prior to March 16th by bands of freshmen marauding the campus for properties and the woods for dry leaves. Tramping the roads with laundry bags stuffed with dank foliage they presented the appearance of over-provident Babes in the Wood. But the curtain revealed, when the mystery was finally disclosed, no sylvan scene but an august gathering of representatives of the Powers, headed by the fair Columbia. They assured the audience in a rollicking ditty that they sought the spirit of peace, of peace, and proceeded to follow it faithfully through varying scenes until it was at last revealed in the person of the humming bird, the class animal of 1915. This search led them first to a gay and glittering society scene, where gay and gaudily-gowned ladies languished and simpered upon stalwart fashionables. The illusions of cocktail and cigarette, while absent in corpore, were present in suggestion;

while the respectability of the gathering was guaranteed by the appearance of the butlers. Warned by a stately dowager that the blue bird did not dwell among such scenes the foreign guests reluctantly tore themselves from the pretty Americans, and the entertaining ingenue, to seek the green spirit elsewhere.

The second scene disclosed a modern barnyard, several model farmers, some highly specialized cattle, pretty milkmaids, and a graceful and melodious country girl who completely won the affections of the German minister. The haystack and barn building were bits of convincingly realistic stage setting. Much hilarity was aroused in the gallery by the strutting chantecler who urged the delegates to seek peace outside the farm.

Still faithful to their quest they proceeded by the next scene to a grove on Mt. Parnassus where they startled the nymphs and satyrs at play. A chorus of dancing butterflies followed the satyrs. Though loath to leave such loveliness the search was continued to an Eastern temple where suppliants and dancers finally prevailed in lowering the veil before the humming bird.

The freshmen have already been congratulated concerning their Aristophanean and pastoral qualities. It only remains for us to express our delight. If catchy songs, great variety, quick movement, pretty costumes, charming dancing, and lovely colours be elements of the best sort of light opera, then the freshman troupe has achieved no mean success. If we did occasionally miss their meaning or their words, the lack was not enough to spoil our pleasure for an instant. Throughout, the show moved swiftly and surely, with none of the flurries or embarrassments we are wont to expect from amateurs. The most striking feature of all, perhaps, was the unusually discriminative and effective use of colour. The effect of the opening of the third scene suggested in its grace and grouping nothing so much as the Botticelli "Spring." The temple scene again showed a most clever management of shadow and oriental colour. The colour artist and costumer should be congratulated no less than the authors and actors for a show that did the utmost of which a show is capable.

M. V. T., 1913.

"*ANNIE.*"

It was getting late—past twelve o'clock already. Jane was tired of pushing sleepy flies off the horses' necks or making tiny tracks up and down their dusty backs with the whip lash, so she leaned far out from her perch on the high box seat of the yellow grocery cart to snap off the wilted heads of the bachelor-buttons with her whip. Dave was so slow. She sighed. Why hadn't she tried to surprise him? Once she had hidden in the square, black place in the center of the cart where he kept cotton cloth and pepper and candies and had popped out at him like a jack-in-the-box when he came to unlatch the little door. And another time—she chuckled at the thought of it—she had climbed over the neat boxes of soap and candles piled on the top of the wagon to curl up inside Mrs. Googin's great new tub and had lain there and cried like a little cat while Dave had poked and searched and fussed about and finally had put on his great spectacles and looked anxiously through the order book to see if a kitten had been ordered and he had tied it up among the other packages by mistake. But there was really little use in trying to surprise Dave, she decided. Even that last time he had just looked at her over his spectacles and said 'Why, hello, sissy, that you?" in the most irritating way as she climbed down onto the seat a little embarrassed. So she finished the bachelor buttons and attacked the tall mullein stalks with great vigor.

A door banged, loosely. A little man hurried around the corner of the farm house stuffing a note book into his pocket. Dave always hurried in a shuffling, stoop-shouldered kind of way, peering out from under the rim of his old grey hat as though the next person he met were going to be the very nicest person in the world.

"Hello, hello, sissy," he called out, half way down the path, waving his stubby little pencil at Jane. Jane waved the whip back gayly and called, leaning far out of the cart in great interest, "And how is Mrs. Googin?"

Dave shook his head in great perplexity and jerked his thumb back over his shoulder. "She's up to th' winder now, she is," he answered as he climbed stiffly over the wheel.

Jane jerked her skirt about in great haste to find her pocket,

then waved her handkerchief back at the silent farmhouse. A white curtain in the front window dropped suddenly and hung straight and motionless. Jane sat back in great disappointment.

"She must be in a bad way, Dave," she ventured. Dave pulled at his moustache. "Awful bad," he nodded. "She didn't seem to hear nothin' I said to cheer her. Didn't even want ter laugh when I told her of findin' Si a'stretched out on the sofa with his best boots and boiled shirt on, all tuckered out before the weddin'. She's a strange 'un, she is." Jane picked the reins from his knees silently as he opened up the battered note book. They always made out the orders together on the Googin's hill because it was, as Dave insisted, 'a sight too steep for any fool hoss to run away on.'

It had grown very hot. The dust puffed up in little clouds from the horses' feet as they stumbled up the hill, their heads jerking forward steadily, their backs flattened out, their muscles slipping and pulling under their wet skin and the gay red tassels on their harness flapping dejectedly. They had reached the top now and stopped, breathing noisily.

Jane looked up. Across the round top of the hill a man was plowing, crossing and recrossing the brown field with his team of heavy, white horses. He had been there yesterday too, Jane reflected. In the ditch by the roadside another man was cutting the dusty weeds, cutting steadily with long sure strokes of his scythe as though he would cut on down the hillside and across the valley beyond without stopping. "It's so dull," she broke out impatiently, "Dave, Dave, does anything ever happen?"

"Cotton, sugar, crackers—eh, what?" Dave looked up. "Hello, Caleb," he shouted as he picked up the reins. The man in the field stopped on the edge of the hill and raised his hand in a dull salute. The man in the ditch straightened up, leaning on his scythe a little and shaded his eyes with his hand as the gay yellow wagon clattered past him down the hill, its boxes rattling and bouncing about, the three new brooms tied on behind swaying and bowing like three unsteady footmen.

"Wal, there's Caleb," began Dave dryly, "been on here nigh forty years now, he might tell you somewhat. Or Miss Googin—everything's happenin' to her—or Si, though for that there ain't much more can happen to Si now he's so dressy—"

"But you don't understand, Dave," interrupted Jane, smoothing out her skirts anxiously. "I'm growing old and you're growing old an' nothing is happening to us."

Dave thought a minute, then pulled off his hat to find an answer in it. But there was nothing there, so he pulled it on again and looked down the road ahead with a curious troubled expression.

Their road wound down the hill past white, hot looking farmhouses with yellow shades drawn tightly across the windows; past great red barns where sleepy looking men lounged in the doorway; down into a hot little valley. The dust had settled in a fine grey cloud on the horses' backs, on Jane's dress and shoes. Somewhere a locust was singing, shrill, insistent. She looked back and for a moment caught a glint of light from the scythe as it moved steadily down the hill. The yellow wagon rattled on, turned a side road and stopped before a small unpainted farmhouse.

Dave climbed down, mechanically pulling his note book out of his pocket, then stuffing it in again hastily. "It's Annie's," corrected Jane.

"Jes' so, jes so," nodded Dave as he shuffled, stoop-shouldered, up the path. Jane looked after him. Nothing had happened here. The house looked just as it had looked a week ago. The door sagged open. A ragged vine climbed over the little porch. A fat black and white dog lay on it in the hot sun, snapping lazily at the flies. He stopped long enough to thump his tail approvingly on the porch floor as Dave passed, then let his head drop back again. Jane had often wondered about Annie. Dave was always so silent when he came out. He never talked about her the way he chatted on about Si or Mrs. Googin. He never opened his battered note book to add to the interminable list of crackers, cheese and sugar; however many packages he might take into the house he never greeted Annie's husband, a heavy sullen looking man who sat on the porch sometimes in a broken chair, with the same "Hello" he always called out to Caleb or any chance acquaintance they met with. Jane wondered on idly.

A door slammed. The dog yawned, stretched slowly, then trotted heavily down the path beside Dave. He must be tired, thought Jane, he walks so slowly. Dave unlatched the little door at the side of the wagon. The dog sniffed curiously at the heavy odor of spices and peppermint. Dave took out a little roll of cloth and went back up

the path. At the gate the dog stopped suddenly, howled and ran down the road. Dave went on alone.

"What did you take in to Annie?" asked Jane curiously.

"Annie? Why Annie's dead," Dave answered soberly. "But, you know," he brightened, "I allers wondered what in thunder I'd kept that black stuff for. It's surprisin'—"

Jane looked at him in horror. Annie! Dead! They had turned back across the valley. High on the edge of the hill Caleb was plowing, crossing and recrossing the brown field with his team of heavy, white horses.

M. Alden, '12.

JE NE SAIS QUOI.

Little Tommy got up very early—earlier than the worm—and set out along the road, with his little cap-pistol in one hand and his little dog in the other. The beauty of nature was cavorting round him, the cosmic soul was rejoicing, but little Tommy did not know this: he had never been to Bryn Mawr. He was going. This also he did not know. Finally he came to a very high hill, which was difficult to climb. First Tommy went up a piece, then he came back and got the dog, and then the dog came back and got the cap-pistol. It was complicated, but finally they reached the top, and stood among towered buildings and asphalt walks. Under a tree, a large girl was absorbed in a large book. The trio advanced. "What," said little Tommy, inserting the cap-pistol with extraordinary precision between her fourth and fifth ribs, "are you reading?" "The art of self-expression," she answered, removing the point of the cap-pistol. "Ah yes," said little Tommy re-inserting it, "why?" She looked at him as though she wished she hadn't come. "I dunno," she said. "Come away, little master," whispered the dog—I would tell you his name, but I know you couldn't say it—"let us explore yonder building with the illogical towers." So they set out, and the minute they got within, all three fell very fast down a flight of steps, and came up face to face with another lady who looked as though she wished they hadn't come. "Why," said little Tommy, inserting

one finger in his left eye to check the tears, "do you have a flight of stairs *just* there?" The lady looked the situation over thoroughly. "I dunno," she said. "I wanter go home," whispered the dog, "I'm hungry." "If," said the lady, who had been listening, "you are hungry, I will give you tea; but have you never been told how rude it is to whisper?" The dog hesitated a moment, then looking up audaciously, murmured, "I dunno." The lady sighed at this, and they started off hand in hand, and although they forgot the cap-pistol, and had to return for it twice, they soon arrived and were admitted into the lady's sitting-room. It was an extraordinary room: full of books and people. "Who," said little Tommy, eyeing them with a certain hostility, "are you?" "Pray," put in the dog, "don't say you dunno, it's getting *quite* monotonous;" and he turned to the window to conceal a smile. There was a dead silence. "Precisely who?" asked a voice. "Precisely." Another dead silence. "We d—" Tommy bolted, pistol in hand. "My advice to you," said the dog, as he changed feet on the tea-table, "is to study the art of self-expression." With that, the sound of their feet died away on the hard road.

THE WOODEN TRAY.

John Brewster knew that he had no possible means of acquiring the tray, but as he passed he always stopped and looked at it, and in a measure the impossibility added to the charm. Each evening the two women who kept the little arts and crafts shop placed lighted candles in the carefully artistic show-window, and each evening John paused for a moment to delight in the texture of the coarse linens, the soft blending of colours and the gleam of copper and silver. The tray, his tray as he always called it, stood modestly in one corner, a warm disk of colour against the drab-white of the home-spun curtain. It was round and flat, with a slightly turned rim, but the wood showed satiny, wonderful, and in the rippling grain were flecks of golden light, which gleamed as he had seen a girl's hair gleam where the sun struck it. He always longed to hold it between his hands, for he knew and loved the smoothness of unfinished wood. When he had first noticed it, he had gone in and asked the price, although he knew he

could not waste his precious salary on things which had no material value to him. The friendly, messy little woman behind the counter told him that it was African mahogany and cost eight dollars, and he told her good-morning and closed the shop door carefully behind him. It was as far beyond his grasp as though it had been eighty, yet that very night, with the air of one who champions a forlorn hope, he had purchased an earthen-ware pig and dropped a dime into it. He told himself contemptuously that he was acting like a blamed kid, but he greatly desired the tray. He loved it for its suggestion—"African mahogany" he sometimes murmured to himself—and for its beauty, and for the very fact that there was no use to which he could put it. He felt that the possession of something which neither fed nor clothed him would insensibly make his hum-drum existence less sordid.

To-night he stopped in the rain and pressed close against the window, as was his habit, but he looked at the tray with a new possessive expression; at last the raise in his salary had come and the pig was heavy and clinked encouragingly when he lifted it. With the contents of the pig and the meager increase, and the price of the shoes which he would not buy, he would stop on his way to the office in the morning, and—but he dared formulate his thought no further. He had a half-superstitious dread lest that which was too carefully planned should not come to pass. Whimsically he recalled a time-blurred quotation which had lurked in an unused corner of his mind—something about "Lest the gods be jealous." He felt that it had no real bearing on his own case but that it was well to be on the safe side. As he walked wearily on through the rain, longing yet dreading the moment when he would enter his dingy boarding-house, he whistled softly between his teeth.

The struggle did not come until he was seated in the close, messy dining-room, with the clatter of voices and dishes in his ears. He sat and looked with open repugnance at the thick, small white dishes—shaped like bird's bath-tubs and containing inadequate dabs of food—which were crowded around his plate. He was finally aroused by the coquettish overtures of the girl opposite him. She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table and her chin resting lightly on her linked hands. She was cheap and tawdry, but there was a droop to her mouth and occasionally a strange half-haunted look in her eyes that had caught John Brewster's alert curiosity. In a measure it made him forgive her

her mass of tousseled puffs and her imitation pearl necklace and he always replied very gently to her broad coquetry. Now she was looking up at him from under her lashes as she swayed slightly towards him.

"Aw, Mister Brewster," she was saying in her flattened, yet vaguely attractive voice. "Aw! Mister Brewster, bet I can guess what you're thinking about. Say now, tell me—" She dwelt on the last words as though she were inviting him to the fullest confidence.

As John answered her, fulfilling the demands of the situation, he noticed the faint blackish-purple shadows under her eyes and the pinched, sharp look of her nostrils, In the uncompromising gas light which shone down full upon her she looked strangely old and tired. Suddenly the thought came to him—suppose he should ask her to go somewhere to supper with him and to the theater afterwards. He was furious that he had thought of such a thing. He had no desire to ask her. The only thing that he wanted to do was to get his tray in the morning. There was no question of a compromise in his mind—of getting cheap seats and saving for a few weeks longer. These things must be done decently and in order, or not at all. Helplessly he felt the whole situation resolving itself into a moral question. Mentally he cursed himself for having had the idea, and yet now he could not get away from it. It had an uncanny fascination for him. He saw himself asking her, a bit awkwardly perhaps, and he saw her bridle and toss her head, and felt now the thrill of repugnance which he knew he would experience. But he saw too the gleam of pleasure that would momentarily drive the pathetic, strained look out of her eyes. Back and forth, back and forth he wavered. He was tired and overexcited and was physically incapable of the effort of decision. The whole situation loomed so absurdly, so inconceivably large to him. Somewhere in the back of his mind he was conscious of a conviction that the ultimately right thing to do was to give up his dream of the tray, with its warm colour and flecks of golden light in the rippling grain, and take the poor girl to the theater. This was emphatically what he did not want to do. He had no desire to be generous and unselfish. Finally, he turned upon himself, as was his lonely habit. "You're a sentimental pig," he said. "You don't honestly want to give her pleasure, you only want to feel how noble you are"—and he pushed away the doubtful looking bread-pudding and faintly swaggered

as he walked out of the door. He was illogically elated by a sense of his own depravity, although, according to his last line of argument, his determination was completely justified, nay, he was acting unselfishly even.

The next night he was just getting to sleep when steps in the hall outside aroused him. A flattened yet vaguely attractive voice was describing the night's adventures. "Oh, my dear, no! Why how could you!" and a silly, vacant little laugh filled in the pause. "It was this way. He says, 'Aw, come on!' and I said, 'I never went to such a place with any gentleman friend and I won't start now.' 'Well,' he says then, 'good-night,' and off he goes—real mad. Now—" and the voice trailed away as though it were inviting the listener to the fullest confidence.

John Brewster stretched one arm out of bed into the cold, and groped around until his hand touched the rounded rim and deliciously smooth surface of the tray. He ran his fingers delicately across its face as though he would feel the flecks of golden light, like sunshine, in the grain of it. Once more the silly, vacant little laugh filled in a pause. "Well, thank the Lord," murmured John Brewster as he lovingly patted his tray once more before he slept.

MARJORIE THOMPSON, '12.

PRISCILLA.

FRANCES HUNTER, 1912.

Priscilla entered our house, as so many plagues do, at a time of sickness. I shall never forget the year I had appendicitis when I came downstairs for the first time. I found two mongrel dogs, one turtle, several caterpillars kept in hope of butterflies, and a heap of rocks, all of which the boys and my husband assured me were valuable zoological and geological additions to the household, and on no account to be parted with. Priscilla, however, was a different story. John had whooping-cough and had it badly; I sent the other boys to their aunt's; and entrusted the baby to Hannah, the second girl.

What was my horror, as I sat by John's bedside reading one afternoon, to glance up casually and see Hannah rushing toward the house carrying a red, screaming baby, dripping wet. I rushed down and found that she had let her fall into the brook at the back of the garden. I dismissed her immediately, and the day after, the cook, who unfortunately happened to be Hannah's sister,—we thought they would be such company for one another,—gave warning, and left when her week was up. On that day John was so much better that he was excessively cross, nervous, and exacting; the baby seemed certainly to have taken it at last; I tried to cook the dinner and was so abstracted I burned everything; the house was in fearful disorder; and my husband's sister Aurelia telegraphed that she was coming for a little visit. Aurelia was a charming maiden lady much older than my husband, her brother Robert; she had been accustomed to be waited on all her life, and in return made every one happy by her delightful manners and amusing conversation. What those manners and that conversation would be in a plague-stricken house like ours, I could not tell, and I was determined not to try. If Aurelia had clay feet I did not want to know it, for I had always prided myself on my admiration and love for Robert's family.

I was sitting on the bottom step of the stairs on my eight-hundredth trip between my stove and my son, when a feeble tinkle at the door bell roused me. On the threshold stood a thin, pale creature with knobby wrists and neutral-tinted hair, for all the world like a maltreated scullery-maid in a sentimental novel.

"Is this the lady of the house," she said.

"Yes, but I don't want to buy anything to-day," was my cold and automatic retort.

"Oh, I ain't an agent. Mrs. Bradford sent me around. She said you wanted a girl. I done general housework to a boardin' house in Palenville for eight years, and I'd like you to give me a try. My name is Priscilla Mower. There wasn't enough for me to do at the boardin' house so I quit."

This last remark did not strike me as so very curious at the time, but as I thought it over afterward I realized that eight years spent in general housework in a boarding-house would be by no means a sinecure. Unfortunately, however, I did not notice it until later and the fatal Priscilla was installed in the cook's old room.

That first week she was to us an angel from heaven. Things ran so smoothly that Aurelia scarcely noticed the presence of whooping-cough and seemed to enjoy her short stay immensely. The meals were delicious, and on time; not only the kitchen, but the whole house was kept in order; Priscilla proved herself an indefatigable, systematic machine for the creation of food and the destruction of dirt. She looked neat enough when she waited on the table to satisfy even the fastidious Aurelia; and she did not mind cutting a hot loaf for bread and butter to give to hungry little boys who had returned from their aunt's with an accession of appetite for home cooking. To be sure I was kept awake far into the night one night by the rumbling noise of furniture above me and a sound of scrubbing, but I was too tired to throw a shoe at the ceiling or investigate. The next morning Priscilla's thin arms were beating at a carpet on the line, and I discovered that she had spent half the night giving her room a thorough cleaning.

"I don't want you to work too hard, Priscilla," I said; "fourteen hours a day is too much for anyone."

My remarks, however, had absolutely no effect. Priscilla would get up on Monday at four o'clock and do the washing; (she said she would rather do it than have a washerwoman around cluttering up her kitchen); before breakfast she would have the lamps filled and part of the sweeping done; she made the beds, washed the windows, did the innumerable tasks of the household with an awe-inspiring avidity. It was the easiest thing in the world while John was recovering and Aurelia was taking my spare time, to let her go her own way, and when I had leisure once more to direct things, it was too late. She had taken affairs into her own hands. When I mentioned a waitress or a chambermaid she showed signs of tears and said she couldn't live with nobody, her nerves was too bad. I had been accustomed to prod and spur all my married life and not to restrain, so it is no wonder that I found myself unable to cope with the situation.

The first indication I had of anything unpleasant was when Bob came home from school with signs of a fight on his face. He was unwilling to talk about it but finally said that Johnny Cookingham had said that his father thought that the Carters were awful stingy people because they had just one poor thin girl and kept her working all day long. "So I punched him in the eye," said Bobby, "and said I'd learn him to call us stingy."

Then I really did reason with Priscilla and told her that I would have to get a girl to help her, but she said that she would leave as soon as the other one came. "And I do like the place, Mrs. Carter; you don't know how I love to work, it keeps me from thinkin'."

Later in the day I saw her take the lawn-mower forcibly from the gardener and show him how to do his job; and then surreptitiously steal out to the fence and wash the pickets.

"Robert," I said to my husband, "do you think I ought to dismiss her? I have never lived such a happy life. Do you think I ought to inquire—"

"My dear," he said, "I don't think it's any of our business what is on her mind. If she is happy and trying to forget—and she seems to be—let well enough alone."

So Priscilla continued to sweep the street, black our shoes and wash the soles, scrub the trees, and comb the grass—and though she was a thing of perpetual motion she brought to us peace after toil.

DIANA AND THESPIA.

A Fable.

There lived once in the land of Greece a king named Thales, who possessed a beautiful daughter, Thespia. The beauty of this princess was indeed beyond compare; so exceedingly lovely was she that the people called her the most beautiful maiden in the world. This maiden was, however, of a very haughty spirit, and took a great arrogance on account of her beauty, forgetting to give thanks to the gods with humility for the gift which they had bestowed upon her. Her maidens often besought her to lay flowers and fillets upon the burning altar, and to pour out the red wine upon the sacred stones. But Thespia regarded them not. The chase was all her delight, but never did this proud maiden offer her bow and quiver to the chaste huntress Diana, or her crystal mirror to the goddess of love and beauty. Rather would she wander alone by the murmuring forest stream; and unbinding her hair, far shining in the dark foliage, there

behold her fair image in the limpid water. Then was the maiden glad at heart, for she saw that she was beautiful. It chanced one day that her father, King Thales, commanded an athletic contest to be given among the most beautiful maidens of that country in the grove of the great goddess Diana. On the appointed day a great number of maidens were assembled to take part in the contest; but Thespia excelled all in beauty. Her bare shoulders gleamed more white than pure marble; her sunlit hair was her garment, and in her bright eyes shone already the light of triumph. She bore herself proudly in the races and in the dancing; and the eyes of all the people were fixed upon her. Swift as the eagle's seemed her flight; lovely indeed was her form as she darted forth from among her maidens. It chanced that one of those beholding her cried out "Never was there mortal more beautiful than this!" But Thespia flung up her shining arms and cried, "I am as beautiful as Diana!" Then a great cry went up from among the people, for there among them stood the bright form of Diana herself. So radiantly beautiful was she, that the people forgot all the beauty of Thespia beside her. Then Diana turned her face upon Thespia and said, "Arrogant Thespia! Do you compare your beauty to mine?" Then the glow faded from the maiden's cheek, and the lustre from her eyes, and the shining gold from her hair. The people looked upon her, and she was no longer beautiful.

MARTHA HOBSON, '14.

DULCI FISTULA

A PEDAGOGIC PRINCIPLE.

The mother of a single chick
A silly hen, with folly politic,
Determined that her offspring should
Learn everything one chicken could,
That in all sorts of arts her son
Should be a perfect paragon.
Cold nights at roost and sleepless hours
She spent considering his powers,
And what good masters might be hired
To accomplish all that she desired.
By bribery and much cajoling
A goose was found to teach him strolling,
Strutting and cackling, and the hiss
No poultry yard can ever miss.
Soon to his tasks the chick was sent;
He proved himself obedient.
His teacher proved his quick progress,
The doting hen could do no less;
And soon became convinced his mind
Must be of an unusual kind;
She strutted forth with lawful pride
And swelling breast, till she espied
A drake who with his callow brood
Went out to swim and look for food.
The eager hen at once asked him
If he would teach her chick to swim.
The drake, well pleased at the request,
Promised to do his very best,
And since he and the hen agreed
No time like Present can succeed,
They brought the chicken to the brook
At once. He took one shuddering look,

Then to his mother's great regret
He seemed by sudden fears beset,
He pecked and scratched and ran away,
Only by force they made him stay.
But his good mother, although kind,
Was of a firm, determined mind,
And finding admonition vain
She lifted him by might and main,
And dropped him (as the Drake besought her)
Right in the middle of the water.
To his good mother's great surprise,
That chicken sunk, and ne'er did rise;
No trace of him was ever found,
He was, forsooth, completely drowned.
The moral of this tale is plain.
Regard it well, ye parents vain!
Beware in all things, lest you teach
More than your chicken's mind can reach;
Or in the sating of your pride
You'll find the chick himself has died.

MARY L. COOLIDGE, '12.

A VISITATION.

To a busy little Freshman,
  On a very busy day
Came this unexpected message
  From an Aunty, far away:
"Please get for us two single rooms
  Which have a pleasant view;
We are coming on to see Bryn Mawr."
  Signed, Aunt, and *Uncle, too.*
"Consternation then was rife"—
  As the nonsense novels say—
For to get her rooms in order,
  Mary Jane had just one day.

But Mary's friends worked ceaselessly,
  Until the time drew nigh
For Aunt and Uncle to arrive,
  Then Mary heaved a sigh.
The night was dark; the rain poured down,
  The cabs were all in bed;
Aunt and Uncle left the station
  And faced the wind in dread.
But Uncle bravely started forth,
  A bag in either hand,
Aunty trotted on behind him,
  Longing for the promised land.
"Roast-beef for dinner will be fine,"
  Said Uncle, as he puffed,
"Hot tea for me," gasped Aunty,
  As through the wind she scuffed.
But all this effort was in vain,
  For at the boarding-house
No more was in the larder
  Than would fill a husky mouse.
It was a quiet Sunday night,
  The maids had gone away,
The festive, hungry boarders
  Had been eating all the day.
The table had long since been set
  For breakfast, Monday morn,
So Aunt and Uncle had to eat
  Up in their room, forlorn.
Of bread and milk they ate their fill,
  From off the mantle-piece,
And now I ask you, truly,
  Did they love their college niece?
The room was cold; the room was bare;
  The windows rattled loud;
And the never ceasing rain-drops
  O'er this visit cast a cloud.
Said Aunty, "I am truly glad
  To see you are not ill,

For if I were to stay here
  I should surely get a chill."
Said Uncle: "I am sorry
  Not to see your college better,
But each moment that I stay here
  I can feel it getting wetter.
I have a touch of rheumatiz;
  I think we'd best depart,
And how I wish these heavy bags,
  I did not have to cart."
Poor Mary was much mortified,
  But all that she could do,
Was to tell them that the room (by day)
  Had *such* a lovely view!

M. G. B., 1915.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.

"'Tis nearing time for the Freshman show,"
  The bustling Senior said,
"At the rate those youngsters race about
  They'll all of them soon be dead."
"I wish that we could help them out,"
  The anxious Junior cried,
"But still, odd classes stand alone—"
  Courageous Pagie sighed.
"We know ev'ry thing about your play,"
  The Sophomore gurgled with glee,
"You thought you could keep a secret a while
  But you can't conceal it from me."
To the frantic Freshman living amidst
  The tremors of hope and doubt
When at stated times classmates rush up
  To gasp weeping, "They've found out!"

All life was one long stream of notes:—
"Entertain my guest for a day,"
"Chorus practice to-night, "Gertie's wig won't fit,"
"Jean Sattler has gone away,'
"We can't buy overalls in Bryn Mawr,"
"Does a nymph look well in blue?"
"They say that the Seniors don't like reserved seats,
And have called us fresh, is it true?"
Her desk littered with rehearsal slips,
A floor strewn with alien shoes,
Sofas, chairs all frothing with borrowed clothes
And injunctions "Not to lose."
Telegrams arriving ev'ry hour
From another playful friend,
Who delayed announcing her coming till late,
Because of the thrill it would send.
Forging over the drifts of pillows and chairs,
Through the relatives' circling throng,
Emerging to hear a long wail outside,
"They're beginning the opening song!"
A dash down the hall to a door that is locked,
A sprint to the one below,
A welcoming scowl from her punctual friends,
She is there at the Freshman show.

L. H. M., 1915.

THE SHEEP WHO ROARED LIKE A LION.

If on a foreign shore it be your fate
To learn how better to articulate,
Use caution, lest when home returned you should
Be liable to be misunderstood.

There was a sheep lived on the quiet farm,
And as he roamed within the sunshine warm,
He was so much like every other sheep,
To look at him e'en made his mother weep.

Now one fine day she bleated to her child
"Peter Augustus" (for so was he styled),
"Go you into the world (her accent's wrong)
"Return no longer sheep, but pure *mouton.*"
Complacently she spake, for well she knew
Her docile son would all her bidding do.
Peter set forth; returned at daylight's close
As all the farmyard settled to repose.
He said that he had been in Timbuctoo,
But I should rather think he meant the Zoo.
Where'er the place, he'd learned the lion's roar,
His voice could vibrate, and a little more.
In fact, he roared, he'd got a voice so rare
'Twould mark him out from every sheepshead there.
Alas! he little knew how true he spake,
For as his friends and family 'gan to quake,
The farmer, passing by, heard these strange sounds
And muttering, "Bears, hyenas, wolves, hell-hounds!"
This hasty, choleric and uncultured man
To fetch his gun precipitately ran.

* * * * * * *

Peter Augustus, thy lugubrious tale
Is ended now, and ended with a wail!
But furthermore, to still the thoughtless laugh,
I will adduce poor Peter's epitaph.
"Sheep among sheep, long time he did abide—
When he articulated otherwise, he died."

COLLEGE NOTES.

On the evening of March 1st Mr. Cecil Burns spoke on the "Philosophy of Henri Bergson." Mr. Burns explained that the philosophy of Bergson was still in the making, that it was too soon to judge it finally or sweepingly. He spoke of phases of it which had been especially developed and of the influences which it is undoubtedly bound to exert on the philosophy of the twentieth century. Mr. Burns is an admirer but not a disciple of Bergson.

The second of the series of lectures under the auspices of the Vocational committee was held in the chapel on March 2nd. The subject was, "Social Work for College Women." Mrs. Simkovitch of Greenwich House and Miss Elsa Denison spoke. Mrs. Simkovitch spoke of the necessary qualifications of a social worker and of the opportunities open to her. Miss Denison told about some phases of social research work.

On March 8th, Miss Lewis, of the "Lighthouse Settlement" in Philadelphia, spoke to the philanthropic committee of the Christian Association and to many other interested students on work in the settlement. Miss Lewis' experiences were intensely interesting and her view of the work being done was most inspiring.

The third Vocational lecture was on March 9th. Dr. Alice Hamilton of Hull House and Miss Bertha Rembaugh spoke. Dr. Hamilton spoke on medicine as a profession for women. She told of the great difficulties of the first women doctors and of the many opportunities now open to women both for training in this profession and for positions as practicing physicians or as laboratory investigators. Miss Rembaugh spoke most amusingly of the many qualifications that the would-be woman lawyer must have and of the chances for success which she might expect.

On March the 15th the Fellowship dinner was given in Rockefeller Hall. The stunts performed at dinner were, as usual, indescribable.

After the dinner there was a lecture by Dr. Schoréy of Chicago University on the "Case of Euripides." Dr. Schoréy summarized briefly the arguments on both sides of the controversy which has raged over Euripides since the fifth century B. C. and left us to draw our own conclusions. He reminded us that the old question, "Is Euripides a woman-hater, or is he not?" may be answered on one side by many passages from the *Medea*, where the influence and position of women is exalted, and on the other by some of the mad speeches from the *Hippolytus*, where the hero raves against women. In short, Dr. Schoréy's attitude toward Euripides is that he can be interpreted by no hard and fast rule, but according to individual taste. The lecture was interpersed with various translations of Dr. Schoréy's from Euripides in distinctly modern verse. The audience in general, even that part of it uninitiated into the mysteries of classical learning, was highly appreciative, especially of the translations.

The Freshman show came on March 16th.

On the 21st, Dr. Welsh, of Goucher College, delivered the last of the Freshman hygiene lectures. Dr. Welsh is far too interesting a speaker to have an audience of only freshmen.

On Friday, the 22nd, the fourth of Mr. Whiting's concerts was held in the chapel. A most delightful and unusual program of songs and Irish melodies was given.

On the morning of Saturday the 23rd, the Christian Association had an open meeting in the chapel. Four of the delegates from the other women's colleges who were at Bryn Maw for a Christian Association conference spoke on the work and the peculiarities of their own associations. A discussion of Vocational work within the Association followed.

On March 23rd, the gymnasium contest between 1914 and 1915 as held. The contest aroused great excitement and the galleries were crowded with spectators. The contest was won by the class of 1914.

On the evening of the same day Mr. George Pepper spoke in the chapel under the auspices of the Federation Committee of the Christian Association on "The Place of the Church in Modern City Life."

A lecture under the auspices of the English Club was delivered by Mr. Hapgood, the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, on March 30th. Mr. Hapgood spoke on the "Relation of Books to Public Life." Mr. Hapgood laid great stress on the general training in English classics and in English composition which he considers necessary for any aspirant to a public career. After the formal lecture Mr. Hapgood asked for questions and these led to an animated discussion of questions of local and college interest such as the teaching of English composition and the editing of a college paper.

The election of officers for the Christian Association for the following year was held on April 1st. The president's report was read and the elections resulted as follows:

Eleanor Bontecou, 1913, *President;* Marjorie Murray, 1913, *Vice-President;* Ida Pitchett, 1914, *Treasurer;* Elizabeth Bailey, 1915, *Secretary;* Harriet Bradford, 1915, *Assistant Treasurer.*

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The Easter vacation finds the college in the midst of the excitement attendant on water polo. The class of 1912 has played two games with the class of 1915. The first game was won by the class of 1915; the second by the class of 1912. There have been four games between 1913 and 1914. The first game was a tie; the second game was won by 1914; the third game by 1913; the fourth game by 1914. All the games were stubbornly and well played by both sides and the general interest reached an almost unknown pitch.

There have also this year been second teams in water polo. The second team of 1915 won the game over 1912; 1914's second team was beaten by 1913. These games have been extremely amusing.

On the 23rd, there was a water-polo game between the even and the odd classes. The game was won by the evens.

Basket-ball has just begun.

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May, 1912

Tipyn o' Bob

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EDITORIAL.

About Spring:—A "rocker," to begin with a definition, is a creature of patches and old shoes, a man of temperament and letters who sleeps confortably enough on the embankment under his library of old newspapers or smiles up at you lazily from his bench in the park. His diagramed *habitat* is in the block to the right of the marginal man's, —a comfortable niche well out of the way of the soaring Cost of Production line and in the path of Declining Price. He is an object of pity and scorn, the receiver of kicks and stray pennies and, withal, somewhat of a philosopher and true child of nature.

We write at length about this cheerful vagrant, the despair of charity, science, and the law, to evade a tradition, a tradition that urges us, in the May number, to write about Spring.

We confess frankly that we know no more about it than you; why, of a single night, the hollow be crowded with tiny, drooping

flowers, the hills crowned with picnics and the garlic plant; why in answer to some faint, far-off call,

"Groweth sed and bloweth med,
And springeth the wude nu,
Sing cuccu.

We cannot answer why, but we can recommend you to the "rocker." He was last seen sitting on a sun-warmed bench in Union Square beside a great bed of scarlet tulips. His week-old paper was lying neglected across his knees and he was listening, uneasily we thought, to the chirp of a recently naturalised English sparrow who seemed to think he was a "cuccu" back in merry England. We saw with delight the look of rare intelligence on this "rocker's" face as he listened to the faint call. And we would advise you to hasten to question him 'ere he leaves. For in a week or so he'll be shuffling down some country road,—all dusty and unshorn, carefully discriminating against woodpiles and uncut lawns, unconsciously blazing the trail for summer, following the call of Spring.

M. B. A., '12.

The Things Which are Beneath.—Ruskin said somewhere that the only perfect view was directly overhead into the cloudless blue sky: all other so-called "views" were mere obstructions. Milton seems to agree with him with the "sad, leaden downward cast" of Melancholy eyes; and Bunyan's much-abused man with the Muck Rake is disparaged for his attention to the earth. If for no other reason than a dislike for stiff-neck, we are inclined to disagree with all these. How much we could tell of the world around us by attention to the ground alone. We should know unerringly that we were at Bryn Mawr and not at Yale by the green grass strewn with hairpins in contrast to the gravel strewn with cigarettes; that we were at Bryn Mawr and not at Barnard by the smooth shaven lawn of summer and the white snow with its radiating lines of green in winter instead of dirty slush and melting asphalt. Here there is spread for our feet a carpet of violets,—taught by the lawn mower to be short stemmed,—whitened by the stage snow of cherry-blossoms. Without being didactic, let us inquire; who ever found a four leafed clover, with all

that that means of lying flat, and poking at sweet roots, in the plain blue sky? Who ever when gazing at the empty zenith saw the small red ants slay the large black ants and heap together the carcasses of the slain? Did you ever see a trilobite there; or the garnet grains that hide in the sand; or a penny that someone had dropped? You are the mystics, lost in contemplation, "guiding the fiery-wheeled throne"; we are the realists absorbed in details. You seek Nirvana; we rejoice in confusion. We do not condemn you—we wish merely to state our preference for the things that are beneath.

F. H., '12.

MY COUSINS IN BIRMINGHAM.

The cab jolted along in the rainy darkness from the railroad station. On either side of the road stood at intervals the prosperous looking houses of the Birmingham suburb to which I had come—dreary houses that looked as if dull people lived in them. I had almost forgotten that this sort of life existed. I had been here to see my cousin only once before—ten years ago when her husband died and my father had come down from London and brought me along, a lad of fifteen. Since then I had scarcely thought of the Penfields, till I received this letter:

GRAYSTONE VILLA.
Monday, October 25, 1905.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

You will hardly remember me, no doubt, but I hope that you will be willing to do one of your very few relatives a great service. I should like you to come down to Birmingham for a few days, that I may ask you for a little advice.

Affectionately yours, for the sake of your father,

JANE PENFIELD.

This letter surprised but pleased me. I had, as my cousin said very few relatives in the world, my father had been dead for some years, and as a very young barrister, I was flattered to have my advice desired by so old, and, as I remembered, so wealthy a woman. The letter arrived on Monday, and Thursday noon I left London for the north.

The carriage turned in at a gateway between dripping shrubbery and drew up before a rather pretentious-looking stone house. The only light came from the hall, the door of which was opened as I got out of the cab. I remembered the servant at once. "You are Sarah, aren't you," I said, and I could see that in spite of her stolid face she was somehow very glad to see me.

"I remember you perfectly, sir," she answered stepping back to let the cabman bring in my bag. "Mrs. Penfield and Miss Annie are in the upstairs sitting-room," she went on. I took off my hat and coat and followed her up the dimly lighted stairway. Half way up a bad stained-glass window formed a deep embrasure, upon the sill of which stood a cut glass vase. The house looked and felt just as I remembered it, heavy and polished, stuffed and padded, dark and atrocious. The sight of it brought back strongly the close stale smell of funeral lilies. We turned into a room at the top of the stairs and a big woman rose ponderously from beside the fire to greet me.

She gave me a loose, ponderous hand and hoped I was not wet through, then went on without any change of voice or expression to speak of the last sad occasion on which we had met, and of my father's death. Looking at her broad heavy face and hearing her solemn voice I assured myself that she certainly had the soul of an elephant, but was probably kindly, Suddenly she stopped and said authoritatively, "Annie," whereupon a tall girl came slowly forward from behind me and held out a hand which gave not the slightest response to my greeting. I remembered my cousin Annie as a thin little girl with scraggly black hair down her back, and big dark eyes, not at all grieved, but intensely interested by her father's funeral. "I should not have known you," I said. I fancied she half shrugged her shoulders in answer, but she turned away without speaking, and her mother put in smoothly, "Yes, you were both children,"—and went on with a heavy flow of nothings.

My cousin was certainly rather a curious girl, I thought to myself. She was tall and big, but had still a slightly immature look about her. Her heavy black hair was pulled back carelessly and looked a bit rough. Her dark gown made no effort at anything. She had heavy straight brows that did not quite frown because it would have taken an effort to frown. The rest of her face had a curiously blurred expression. It struck me that I had never seen a face that showed such

a profound indifference to what was going on about it. I did not get a chance at her eyes.

"We dined as usual at half-past six," Mrs. Penfield was saying, "but Sarah shall bring you a tray up here." "Oh, no," I demurred, "I dined on the train not more than an hour ago." "You will have some wine, at least," she urged hospitably, moving heavily toward the bell with the dull sound of rustling silks and the faint clank of keys. We sat down before the fire, Mrs. Penfield next me, in the middle. While I put in an occasional remark to her mother's flow of reminiscence, and sipped my port, I could watch Annie's face. She did not speak once, did not seem to be listening, but stared into the fire with a lack of expression which I could not fathom. At length, just as I was thinking how rude she was, she yawned rather unconvincingly, looked at the clock and spoke for the first time. "I think I shall go to bed, mother," she said slowly in a rather harsh voice. "Yes," Mrs. Penfield answered, "I dare say Cousin James is tired, too. Ring the bell, Annie, and Sarah shall show him to the brown room." Annie had risen almost with alacrity, but she paused. "The brown room," she said, and drew her brows together with something like displeasure, still, however, not looking at either of us. "You had better put him in the east room," she added slowly. "Just ring, please," her mother interrupted with rather ominous quiet. The girl rang, we rose and I said good-night to both ladies. As I followed the servant down the dark hall, a distant door closed. "Miss Annie's room is across the hall at the end," Sarah volunteered, "and Mrs. Penfield's is on this same side nearer yours." The door she opened for me was next to the sitting room door, near the landing.

I looked around the early Victorian room with amusement. I had almost forgotten that such rooms existed,—with thick flowered carpets and stuffed chairs, enormous black walnut wardrobes and beds, ottomans, and gift books on curly-legged tables. I undressed, and after a struggle with two pairs of curtains that barricaded each window, and the ponderous pillows that forced me to sit bolt upright in bed, I felt very comfortable and inclined for sleep.

When I had just dropped off, however, I awoke with a start. At first I could not preceive what had roused me; and then I heard that the water was running a little from the tap of a stationary wash basin set in a tiny alcove of the room. It made an annoying steady

trickling sound. I got up and shut it off tightly. Sometime in the middle of the night I awoke, again at first without realizing why, and again heard the running water. This time I turned over without getting up. In the morning, Sarah woke me bringing my tea. As she moved about closing the window and putting coals on the fire she asked me how I had slept, and I suddenly remembered the water. It was running no longer. "Must be a loose tap," I thought to myself, "and the pressure's greater at night." "You're the first visitor as has been here for a year," Sarah volunteered as she went out, à propos, evidently, of nothing.

It was another dark rainy day. Annie did not come into breakfast until Mrs. Penfield and I were nearly through. She nodded "good morning" to us without discrimination. Afterward, I read the paper for an hour, and when I went up to the sitting-room, later, to join Mrs. Penfield, Annie had again disappeared. We talked all sorts of old family history, and rather to my amazement the morning passed quickly and pleasantly. Mrs. Penfield thawed a little and told me many details of my father's youth that I had never heard before. Once she broke off when Sarah came in to fetch something, and asked her a little sharply where Miss Annie was. The woman stiffly replied that Miss Annie had been in her room all the morning.

Mother and daughter were in the dining room when I came in for luncheon. Mrs. Penfield stopped speaking abruptly upon my entrance. As I sat down I ventured, "You have surely not been braving the rain this morning?" "No," she answered, "I have been reading." She spoke precisely like a person who has to think of the words he is using, and yet dully like a person who does not care what he says. Under the harshness of her voice lurked a faint suggestion of vibration that impelled my attention. The girl piqued me. "What are you reading?" I went on, not heeding the shadow between her brows. "I don't remember," she said deliberately, lifting slowly her strange, heavy eyes. Curiously enough, I believed her. Mrs. Penfield came in quickly with some remark on the excellence of their lending library and went smoothly on to regret that the rain would prevent our driving out that afternoon. "I'll go out for a bit of a run by myself, if you don't mind," I suggested, and she received my proposal with evident relief. "Gentlemen always need so much exercise," she conceded.

As I slipped on my coat and hat in the hall, I heard Mrs. Penfield's voice above say softly but very distinctly, "tell Miss Annie that she is to sit in my room till my nap is over, and will you take your mending to the upper hall alcove." I shut the door behind me and drew a breath of relief from the plushy stuffiness of the house. "What's wrong with the girl," I thought to myself, "that they watch her like dragons." "Why doesn't she cut loose." I suspected that she had twenty times the force of her mother and yet she seemed a mere child in her mother's control. This kind of life seemed to me well calculated to drive almost anyone mad.

I walked along muddy roads, hardly meeting a soul. By four o'clock the infrequent gas lamps were beginning to shine. I turned back and reached Greystone Villa just as Sarah was lighting the gas in the hall. She carried a candle, and to my remark that it looked old fashioned, she merely replied that she didn't like to stumble over things in the dark. I found Annie by the sitting-room fire. "Day-dreaming?" I offered somewhat at a loss. She started visibly in the fire-light, and when she turned slowly, it seemed as though sparks were dying out in her eyes.

The rest of the day passed off quietly. We went early to bed, but to-night I did not feel at all like going to sleep. Perhaps it had been the dullness and gloom of the day,—but I felt remarkably restless and excited. I undressed and then turned to the gilt edged books on the table meaning to read for a little. There was the usual lot of poetry,—Shakespeare in minute print, Felicia Hemans, "The Light of Asia," and strangely enough a volume of Poe. Opening this last to the fore leaf I saw written in a delicate hand, "Edwin Penfield, from Annie, 1903." Who could he be, I wondered. Mrs. Penfield had not mentioned him to me. Seeing nothing to my taste, I turned out the gas and went to bed. I lay for a long time and thought of my silent cousin, of the dull furtive Sarah, of the hideous lonely house, of the two women always together, of the utter uselessness of life like this. The face of Mrs. Penfield was just looming large and flat and sinister before my drowsing mind, when I suddenly sat up with wildly pounding heart. A cold wind struck my face from the open window. The water was rushing from the tap. I am ashamed even now when I think of the unreasoning fear that came upon me. I tried to reason a bit with myself,—the house and the weather had got

on my nerves. Little trills of horror quivered over my body. After a time I struck a match from the table beside me, and lighting my candle, studied the room by its shifting light. The water went on running. My watch was ten minutes past one.

Suddenly I heard something in the house, not a definite sound, but something that made my tense body quiver like a stretched string. I slipped out of bed, drawn against my will, and mechanically put on my dressing gown. The door opened noiselessly to my hand and I stole out into the hall. I was terribly afraid for the first time in my life. I slipped up to the balustrade of the stairway and looked over, keeping in the shadow. At first I could make out nothing in the thick darkness; then with a leap of the heart I apprehended a figure sitting motionless on the sill of the stained glass window. At that moment a door opened quietly down the hall behind me, steps almost noiseless in the thick carpet advanced a little, a deep heavy whisper said, "Annie." The figure moved from the sill, something crashed with a muffled thud below, a voice thrilled and vibrated in an exquisite, inarticulate sound. The steps behind me came on a little, I felt the flicker of a candle pushing the shadows closer around me.

My cousin was coming slowly up the stairs. I caught my breath when I saw her. Her usually heavy body was poised and exultant. She had still her dark gown on, but her hair was loosened in heavy surging masses. But it was her face that riveted my soul. It was kindled to quivering life by an almost physical glow that seemed to shape her features into clear and delicate lines. I hung upon the passion that blazed in her eyes.

The light retreated in the passage, the girl followed. When I turned, half dazed, I heard a door shut and the hall was in darkness again. I slipped back into my room where the candle guttered in the draught, and listened shaking in the middle of the room. The house was perfectly still. The water was no longer running. Feverishly, I lighted every gas jet in the room, snatched a book from the table, got into bed and sat tense. I could not read. My eyes kept wandering around the room. Hours passed and then a wagon rattled by,—the blackness outside the window turned faintly gray. I got up stiffly and turned out the lights. As soon as my head touched the pillow again, I fell fast asleep. It seemed only a second before I awoke at the crackling of the fire and found it was eight o'clock.

I dressed hurriedly, thinking of the night I'd been through. I tried to feel ashamed, tried to say to myself, "a silly disobedient girl wandering around at night." It was no use,—the uncanny terrible fear had been too real to laugh at even in day light. As I went down stairs, I found Sarah sweeping up fragments of glass. "The cat must have got in last night, sir," she remarked, "broke this jug all to smash. Did it wake you?"—she gave me a covert glance. "Not a bit," I answered. Mrs. Penfield said, "Good morning," without looking up. She was busy adjusting the urn. "I hope you rested well?" she inquired, and her face looked as wooden as the bread board. "Very well," I lied. "By the way, Cousin Jane," I added, "there's something wrong with the spigot in my room, it starts to run in the night,"—I tried to keep my voice natural. She was still fumbling at the urn, but it struck me that she flushed dully. "Is there, indeed?" she replied. "I must get in the plumber." Annie did not appear. Mrs. Penfield talked rather volubly about comparative costs of living, and the plumbing was dropped.

After breakfast I led firmly up to the matter of business. To my surprise there did not seem to be anything very definite. She spoke vaguely of a few hundred pounds to invest, showed me some letters about London real estate and appeared to hang on my worthless advice. "Is that all I can do?" I asked when there seemed nothing more to say on the subject. She hesitated such a second that it may not have been hesitation at all. "I knew your coming would liven up two dull women, who get a little tired of each other," she offered as answer. Her eyes seemed deliberately to search my face. Considering how things had gone, this seemed almost insolent, but I met her eyes squarely and said as smoothly as she herself could have done, "You ought to bring Annie up to London occasionally."

A sudden desire to get away overmastered me. "If that's really all I can do," I said, "I think I might take the two o'clock train up and stop off to see a friend at Duncastle for to-night." Not a shade of surprise crossed my cousin's face. "I had hoped you would stay till to-morrow," she answered; "but you must come down soon again." I went up to put my things in my bag and came down just in time for lunch. Annie was already waiting. I dared to seek her face only slowly,—but found the same blurred face of the day before. She turned from the window, remarking harshly, "It is raining again." We ate

rather silently, and I had to hurry at length because the cab came. Sarah was waiting in the hall with my hat and coat. "You are going very soon," she said without catching my eye. Mrs. Penfield kissed my cheek and blessed me almost effusively, Annie offered me an unresponsive hand. When she lifted her eyes I tried to fathom their depths, but her pale lids dropped.

As the cab rattled away from Greystone Villa I drew a delicious breath of relief. Suddenly the old cabman leaned forward with an eager, curious look. "Any relation to Mr. Edwin?" he asked in a half whisper. I shook my head, "Never heard of him." He looked unbelieving, but went on, keeping a shrewd, longing eye on me, "Well, well! Mrs. Penfield's own nephew, used to visit here a good deal; though some do say she didn't like him and Miss Annie being so kind of fond of each other. I drove him up myself, last time. Never went home again." "Why?" I asked, pretending to feel no interest in the matter. "Dead," he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he curved up to the station. I got out slowly, making great work with all my belongings, but I did not need to put any question. My eager informer suddenly whispered, with an eye out for a tell-tale look on my part, "They do say the young gentleman cut his throat; found dead in bed." "What nonsense," I replied sharply. He shook his head again, with the melancholy look with which his kind feasts upon horrors.

But I thought of Mr. Edwin Penfield as the train rushed along, and of my two cousins, and of the events I had witnessed. I pondered my visit as one ponders a nightmare to get at its essence, but I seemed to revolve in a dreadful circle.

What had turned on the water to call my attention, and to what had my attention been called? Whatever share in the mystery had been offered to me, whatever part it might have been hoped I should assume, I had somehow not only failed to undertake, but had not even understood.

When I got back to London I wrote a polite note to Mrs. Penfield, and asked to be remembered to Cousin Annie. I have never heard anything of them since, but I often think of them living in Greystone Villa.

OF RESIGNATION.

Margaret Richmond, '14.

Resignation is that quality which is most to be admired in moderation, but most to be despised in excess; for in the first case it is the virtue of philosophers; but in the second, a catch-word for cowards. Marcus Aurelius saith wisely: "Receive thy good fortune without arrogance, and be ready to let it go." But by this he does not mean the weak surrender to adversity when it comes, but the calm acceptance of fate; for indeed he saith always—"It is a shame for the soul to be first to give way in this life, when thy body does not give way."

The object of misfortune, (if object there be) is not to humiliate, but to insure greater trust; not to put an end to man's activities, but to quicken them. Let him who is cast down in misery consider the case of Job. God did not bring such sorrow upon his head to break his pride, but to teach him the lesson of trust and resignation; and when he had learned then was he restored to prosperity. And indeed, if a man but recover himself with all courage after some great fall, it will not be to his disadvantage. "Remember too on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle: not that this is a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune." For the imagination of men is quickly caught by an act such as this, and they are then most ready to help.

It is to be observed that the virtue of resignation may be carried to a further extreme in a woman than in a man. For where a man findeth it necessary to help himself before receiving aid from the more prosperous, a woman hath not this difficulty. If she dresseth herself and arrangeth her hair in a manner well suited to her person, and doth resign herself most abjectly to her sorrow—even making it appear greater than it really is, all men being soft of heart towards what Solomon, I am sure, calleth "beauty in distress," she will be provided for by them.

But whether or not outside help cometh to one afflicted, let him conduct himself in perfect submissiveness to God, remembering that He doeth all things in knowlege of our apportioned lot.

> "The breeze which heaven hath sent
> We must endure, and toil without complaining."

Thus read we in the writings of Euripides; finding also similar thoughts in that of all the ancient philosophers; who, I believe, are those men of all ages who understood most truly the need of resignation, and could find comfort, when of external joy there was none, in the noble science of philosophy, and in the withdrawal from worldly affairs. "*Tecum habita, noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.*" So, when all joy and prosperity vanishes we have still the wisdom of all ages stored up for our comfort, and in the partaking of this, and in virtuous and noble resignation to the will of God, can we find peace.

DAVID, PSALMIST.

Not Milton lies beneath my evening lamp;
Inspired priest above the organ keys;
Not Browning, thought-oppressed, who, striving, broke
The harp strings of his earnest, high intent;
Nor Shelley, statue-like and blind, who caught
The faint note of a singing bird on wing;
Nor Shakespeare, shadow-browed, a guiding hand
Creating with divining spirit-touch,
Who holds the mirror to a motley crowd;
Not these high souls,—a comforter is here,
And deep calls unto deep with low, calm words.
Ah, David, psalmist!

F. A. P., '14.

THE CASE OF RICHARD MAYNARD.

Mary B. Alden, '12.

Palgrave pulled down his desk top sharply, swung about in his chair and handed a roll of loose, typewritten pages to Stevens. "I'm off for America," he explained shortly, as he struggled into his coat and turned to pick his derby and valise from the table. "About a month for this trip—you can keep 'em busy on the Aikens case till I get back."

"Very good, sir," answered Stevens. To him America, Timbuctoo or Regent Park meant merely a difference in fare. His duty was clear—to keep 'em busy on the Aikens case.' "Very good sir"—he repeated and held open the door respectfully. A score of eyes glanced up, followed Palgrave as he strode through the outer office and dropped again as the door closed firmly behind him. It was a curious look—a long fascinated stare—that seemed to follow him wherever he went, on the street, in the theatre, as his neat top hat slowly disappeared over the side of the Regents St. bus as it halted every morning before the sign of "Richard Palgrave, Attorney at Law." He was so patently a rising barrister. His gold pince-nez pinched his nose with so conventionally a legal pinch. His coat was always brushed by the scrupulous whisk of some tidy Lincoln Inn's janitor. His watch chain, 'tis true, was a bit wide. It hung a trifle too heavy of material prosperity but imparted, however, a very pleasing strain of romance, a touch of sentiment that seemed to inspire the eager confidence of his clients.

From his office it was but a quick walk to Charing Cross Station and Palgrave soon settled himself down with a sigh of satisfaction in the far corner of a compartment on an express to Southampton. An obliging guard had plastered a 'Reserve' sign across his window and Palgrave snapped open his satchel to pull out a rather tattered looking portfolio of papers. The case he was looking for was an old one—one, in fact, that he had taken in during his first year at practising law. And he had had no occasion to open this portfolio since he had folded it shut at the end of that first year. A sudden jolt of the train scattered

a sheaf of manuscript across the leather seat and separated out a narrow folded paper with "The Case of Richard Maynard" written in fine script across the top.

Richard Maynard! Palgrave picked up the paper mechanically and stared through the open window. It was night. He was young again; in love with life and with London—with the lights, the noise of her streets, with the flat, stale smell of her wharves, with the flushed faces and strong, young arms of her youth as he stood among them, shoulder to shoulder, in some crowded upper chamber where they drank and sang themselves into reeling, sworn fraternity. Here Palgrave's glasses pinched his nose disprovingly. He snatched them off impatiently. This was folly of course—But it was night again! He was eating in a low ceilinged room, white paneled, trimmed in cheap sallow gilt—the air dizzy with smoke. Across the little table his companion leaned towards him, listening—her head tilted a bit to one side—as clear against the thickened light and as finely cut as a cameo. He could see how delicately she wiped her lips after one taste of the wine,—the wine that set the thousand bells of London ringing and buzzing in his ears. Then came the night of restless tossing, the stabbing memory that he had betrayed his trust and to this strange girl, the agonised cowardice with which he shrank from the conventional self-imposed penalty. Palgrave smiled a little scornfully. How young he had been! He remembered easily the gasp of relief at the thought of this clever escape. How he had carefully written out the case of Richard Maynard, alias Richard Palgrave, in correct legal form, had judged him guilty and had fancifully added the punishment himself. He read down the last page idly. The matter had been buried so long ago it had but little interest for him now:—

"Maynard stood leaning against the ship's rail, feeling with each turn and throb of the screw the promise of release from pursuit, from punishment. His cigarette had burned down to a stub. He tossed it over the rail and watched it float back until the tiny red spark was smothered in the whirling water. As his hand fell back on the rail it half closed on a small hard object. He looked up startled. A girl, the girl of the restaurant, was leaning towards him, her handkerchief pressed against her lips, her eyes commanding. In the morning, early, the ship stopped, long enough for the sailors to slip the body of a young Englishman into the sea—a young fellow, unknown and travelling alone, who had shot himself the night before on the upper deck."

By some curious twist in his reasoning Palgrave had quietly accepted Maynard's expiation for his blunder and had risen from his confession,—a bit lame from his long night of kneeling,—convinced of his own cleverness. He had limped in spirit for a year or two, then growing more sure of himself a top hat, eyeglasses and a room at the Inn had offset any halt in his courage. "She was a pretty little thing," he mused and stroked his watch chain slowly. Then pinching his glasses well on he stuffed the papers into his bag and stepped off the train onto the long dock.

There was no one board he knew, he noted with relief as he ran his eye down the list of ship's passengers, and watched them climb slowly up the steep gang plank. He noticed idly, with an eye practised to pick out a face or distinctive figure in the court room, a man with head well set, a child, a woman—one especially, tall, splendidly built who followed her porter closely and seemed to be alone. Then he turned sharply on his heel and went down to his cabin.

The third night out Palgrave stood leaning against the rail, resting for a moment before he should start in on an evening of work. The case was a hard one and his mind, keyed to the highest pitch, was unusually alert. During dinner he had more than once shaken off the unpleasant feeling that some one was watching him closely. 'Tired' he muttered impatiently. The smoke of his cigarette soothed his nerves, gave him a delightful sense of freedom, as though each turn of the screw were carrying him farther and farther away from some annoying task. His cigarette had burned to a stub. He tossed it over the rail and leaned out to watch it float down lightly, a tiny spark above the rushing water. Suddenly it gleamed back, red, baneful, then dropped out of sight. Palgrave shivered. "Cold" he muttered. His hand fell back on the rail and half clasped something small and hard. He clenched his teeth. A great wave of memory rushed over him. He had stood there once before. Some one was bending towards him,—closer. He was afraid to look up and his knees felt very lame and so as though he had been kneeling on them for years. The next morning, early, the ship stopped long enough for the sailors to slip the body of a young English barrister into the sea. On entering the cabin assigned to this young lawyer, the captain was surprised to find the floor strewn with loose papers and on the couch a narrow folded sheet, torn angrily in half, with "The Case of Richard Maynard" written in fine script across the top.

DEVONSHIRE IN THE MORNING.

It is commonly supposed that Spring comes to all the temperate world sooner or later. But Liverpool and New York and Conshohocken should be required by law to call it something else so that Spring might be the eternal and exclusive heritage of Florence, Devonshire and Bryn Mawr. It is chiefly of Devon that I have to speak.

For it was there one morning that I was privileged to throw open a casement window—which is in itself a pleasant thing—and to look out upon the world before the spring sun had wakened it. It was early and unorthodox—but there was no time to lose. I must get out and watch the world wake up. So on went my clothes—and shoes in hand I crept quietly past the rooms where friends and relatives were peacefully sleeping, downstairs and out through the pantry to the kitchen where the door stood open. I stopped to slip on my shoes. There was an ominous sound from above—and I fled headlong down the garden path.

It led through a gate into a Devon lane, high-hedged and chill and I ran until, breathless, I reached the corner where the lane opened on the high-road and I could look out upon the open meadows lying on the soft hill-sides, and the hedge-rows casting long and faint shadows from the morning sun. As I stood looking, the sun rose higher and seemed to break the quiet of the morning as it absorbed the mist from the foot of the meadow-slopes. The earth smelt of Spring. Down the road I heard a soft and unjarring clump–clump—and I turned to see a flock of terra-cotta coloured sheep rounding the corner, jostling from one side of the road to the other. Behind them, the shepherd intent upon lighting his pipe; I stepped aside to let them pass. The old man looked up from his pipe and eyed me curiously.

"Good morning," I said—and he touched his hat and followed his sheep down the hill.

Had he come from a neighboring farm? I set off around the corner where he had first appeared and saw ahead a stretch of woodland. Now a wood is very lovely on a spring morning when the leaves are new green; there is still mystery in it before the sun has penetrated all the dark corners and dried the dew off the cobwebs; and a stream

filled with the joy of spring speaks a new language which is perfectly clear if you listen. The little stream that ran through this particular wood was saying again and again: "Off with your shoes and stockings! Off with your shoes and stockings!"—I pulled them off—but I shivered as my feet touched the cold water. So I sat at the foot of a great tree dangling my feet over the water and wondered where the little path went to, that branched out so boldly between the bushes. Undoubtedly it was a part of the "Romany patteran" else why that mysterious mare upon the near-by stone? I shut my eyes and waited for a gypsy band to appear, to teach me the ways of the road. Now they would be at the foot of the hill where the shepherd and his flock had gone. They would climb it slowly—pots and kettles rattling under the wagon. Now a black-haired gypsy girl was standing as I had stood where the lane opened on to the high-road—and the country spread out below. Now they were turning the corner toward the wood:—a gypsy man on a shaggy pony was riding ahead. I would see him if I opened my eyes. My foot slipped into the water:—I opened my eyes with a start and saw down the road—not a gypsy-man on a little pony, but an Englishman on a big white horse with two hunting dogs running tail-in-air before him. I drew my feet up under my dress quickly and sat very still. But he saw me and drew rein.

"Good-morning," he said, "I hope you're not lost?"

"Oh, no, thank you," I replied hurriedly: "I am just out walking." He looked at me narrowly; then he caught sight of my shoes and stockings. He smiled and rode on. I seized the tell-tale shoes and stockings half-angrily. How long had I been out? The sun was high. It was morning. Had they discovered at the house that I was gone? I ran back up the road as a small child ran from a dark room; starting slowly, with composure but gradually becoming more and more panic-stricken until I reached the garden path breathless. I slipped up between the vegetable plots and fell into the arms of the cook.

"Lor bless you, Miss," she exclaimed, as I ran by her to my room. It was five minutes to eight. Down the hall I heard a voice calling me:

"My dear, is that you? It's time to get dressed. Breakfast at half-past eight."

KATHARINE A. PAGE, '13.

MATHEMATICIAN'S HEAVEN.

FRANCES HUNTER, '12.

The sudden disappearance of Oliver Chadwick made little difference to people in general beyond the three days' wonder common in all such cases. He was a lonely fellow, an Englishman, of the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, Associate of Mathematics in Columbia; with no near relations as far as we could ascertain. He had been most retiring and had formed few human connections during his three years' residence in America. Besides Eleanor Barton, the daughter of the Professor of Mathematics, and myself, I doubt if there was anyone with whom he had gone further than the mere formalities of polite conversation, in which for a professor of Mathematics, he was curiously adept.

"You think you know poetry, MacKenzie," he used to say to me, "and I know you despise my devotion to curves and abstractions, but there are regions in Mathematics beyond the conception of a poet. Follow a hyperbola, think of infinity! here alone is the spirit of man free of the flesh and able to wander beyond the stars." I had always had a particular aversion to Mathematics in any form,—doubtless because the only sort my mind could grasp was disagreeably connected with the first of the month,—but I quite enjoyed seeing Chadwick get worked up. So, from my position as Professor of English Literature, I egged him on constantly to defend the science of his heart.

I could not understand, however, his liking for Eleanor Barton, for not only was she as totally ignorant of her father's pet subject as most ministers' daughters are of theology, but she also refused to hear any mathematical talk whatever. She was an intensely practical, utilitarian girl, who lived to make other people substantially happy. I think she could never understand her father or anyone else who could live as a scholar in a suffering world.

"If it were history, or sociology, or something human," she used to say, "I could see some good in it but of what earthly use are mathematics to anyone?" I was much surprised therefore when Chadwick told me in his quiet way of his engagement to Miss Barton. And I

was not at all surprised when three months later Miss Barton told me that the engagement was broken. I felt sure that Mathematics meant more to Oliver than marriage, and that Eleanor would not be inclined to follow the example of her mother who had been a silent martyr to the cause of science. Her father was all that was high-minded and unworldly—fine traits—but her mother's attempts to make ends meet on a meagre professor's salary had troubled her life and hastened her death. Eleanor would not have had her father know this for worlds, but it was her firm belief and made her a rather hard young person toward those whom she considered "dreamers."

A week after she told me of her broken engagement, Chadwick absolutely vanished. He had seemed quiet and abstracted all week but not more so than usual. He had met his classes on Monday morning, had cut without giving notice the two following days. Professor Barton and I went around to his apartment house lodgings to see if anything was the matter. We rang and rang, but could not get in. We asked the janitor, who affirmed, with the corroboration of the elevator boy, that the Professor had went up to his rooms Monday at noon and hadn't come out since. "Yes, they would have seen him if he had—maybe he *was* sick but he hadn't rung for nothing!" By this time they were trying the door. It was locked. The janitor went down and got his pass-key, unlocked the door and went suddenly white. "By all that's holy, it's bolted on the inside," he said, and Barton suddenly put his hand against the wall to steady himself. The police were called, the door opened. We went in, fearing what might be there. There was nothing, and my feeling of horror rather increased as I saw a great pile of quiz books written Monday morning and evidently brought there by Chadwick on the day when he was last seen. All the rooms were in order. There were no signs of a struggle. The windows were all bolted on the inside. I noticed a book on the table open as if Oliver had just been reading it. It was Newcomb's "Sidelights on Astronomy" and was opened to the chapter called "The Fairy-land of Geometry" which treats of the Fourth Dimension. A sudden thought flashed through my mind. He had gone into the Fourth Dimension! Of course he was invisible to us who lived only in three. I put the idea out of my head as absurd, however, and made no mention of it to the low-browed police-sergeant. Weeks of search failed to disclose any trace of the missing man. Miss Barton grew

visibly thinner and paler and seemed nervous. Of course all sorts of exaggerated reports were afloat about her relations with Chadwick and the part she might have played in his disappearance as the only woman in the case. His friends, and they were pitifully few, told what they knew of Chadwick before a judge; Miss Barton proved an alibi; and again I said nothing of the Fourth Dimension. I had no desire to see the inside of the lunatic asylum.

Months passed. Eleanor Barton seemed much the same except that she may have treated her father with more consideration. One day I got a letter in the mail. As I saw the handwriting my heart gave a jump, and stopped. It was Chadwick's hand—unmistakable. No one else made letters as he did or spaced so beautifully. I could scarcely open it, but did so at last.

"Dear Mac," it ran, "I am in the Fourth Dimension. I was bored with existence, and found the way. I can't describe it to you. I shan't write to you again, and I can never get back. At first I did not want to, but now I find she wants me and this place is no longer Heaven. I tried to talk to her but I couldn't make her hear. It was terrible. I can't write. She would not believe my letter. Don't tell her or anyone else. They would not understand. But you, read the chapter in Newcomb again and perhaps you may comprehend a little.

"Yours to infinity,
"Oliver."

That was all. He never wrote again. Perhaps he had become adjusted to the Mathematician's Heaven!

DULCI FISTULA

A SATIRE.

Our nation's time has come to choose its head.
In every paper speeches may be read
Which say that one man's good, all others worse,
(And only prove he's liberal with his purse.)
All men discuss the question at their ease,
And smoke, and talk, of platform policies,
While e'en the maids at college take the cry,
And plan a mock campaign, in hope thereby
They may some training gain, against the day
When Equal Suffragists shall have their way—
Then, too, they long to prove they know far more
Than "common politicians" on that score—
The nation's problems now are all the rage,
Instead of hats, the new professor's age,
Or other thrilling topics; everywhere
"A dignified discussion" rends the air—
"Don't vote for Taft,—he's fat!" one maiden begs;
"I never like a man with such short legs"—
"But what about the man who *isn't* fat?
Who rides around and wears a cowboy's hat,
Remains the people's friend through thick and thin,
And hopes the best man (that's himself!) will win?"
"He's always making trouble—and I must
Give up spring clothes if Roosevelt hurts the trust"—
"Champ Clark for mine," says one, "I love his name"—
"*I* want the man from Princeton, all the same!"
"I'll take you to the tea-house—don't refuse!"
(Another says) "if you will vote for Hughes."
At this a sudden silence soothes the air,
And then a loud acceptance—everywhere,
From every party comes a joyous din;
They vote for Hughes—and lunch at College Inn.

When maidens young such sweet agreement find
In politics, why should their brothers blind
Not see the power they'd ever be for good
If armed by vote—and by the tea-house food?

FRANCES ROSS, '13.

BRUIN AND THE BEE.

One day a small brown Hindu bear
Had stolen from his mother's lair,
And wandered through the jungle's heat
To see what he could find to eat;
And when some berries he had found
He sat him down upon the ground,
To eat the fruit in peace and calm
Beneath a spreading cocoa-palm.
A rustling in the leaves o'erhead
Caused him to start with sudden dread;
He saw a creature strange and new
That ne'er before had met his view.
Its head was browsing in the tree,
Its neck was long as long could be,
And though its head above did sway
Its legs were full ten feet away!
He did not see the kindly laugh
Upon the face of that giraffe;
He did not see its gentle eyes,
But marked its huge and dreadful size,
And so he fled in wild alarm
From what he thought was deadly harm.
He turned and ran and ran and ran
As fast as small fat bear cub can.
The kind giraffe, left quite alone
Soliloquized in mournful tone,
"No animals with me will play
I am so tall they run away
And though I couldn't even bite
I give them all a dreadful fright."

Meanwhile the bear cub, far away
Forgot his fright in idle play,
And in a rock, when half way home
He found a piece of honey comb.
Upon it was a honey bee
"That is so small, it can't hurt me,"
Quoth Bruin, and he hit its wing
'Twas small in size but large in sting
And Bruin with a swollen jaw
Went howling homeward to his maw.
Judge by experience, not size
In small things oft great danger lies.

J. M. B. '14.

HOMER'S HEALTH.

Do you know the latest theory,
  Over-turning those we've had,
Is that Homer had the measles
  When he wrote the Iliad?

That Marlowe's mumps produced the scenes
  Of pity and of fear;
That Shakespeare had the whooping-cough
  The day he wrote King Lear?

That Keats' Endymion came from
  His most anaemic state;
That Shelley wrote Queen Mab when he'd
  Been sitting up too late?

That new phonetic spelling
  Is a healthy thing, and can
Be laid to T. R's door, because
  He is a healthy man ?

THE MAILMAN.

I'd sing a song,
You'd never guess
My subject, 'tis a man.
  Such things you know are sometimes seen
  A-marching round the campus green,
You catch them when you can.

Of romance true
They say no doubt
You'll find at college none,
  And yet this man's a model quite
  For any gallant lady's knight,
And cannot be outdone.

For on the hour
By Taylor clock
He comes to bring each day
  His missives, quite as faithfully,
  His messages as ardently,
As any lover may.

Expected too,
And with delight,
And watched for eagerly,
  Awaited with impatience hot
  With hope, with longing, and what not
Of strong emotions, he!

By more than one,
I must confess,
Yet 'tis no idle tale.
  Five hundred maids three times a day
  Await him as he comes their way,
This man, who brings the mail!

A. Kenyon, '15.

THAT FEMALE!

With a philosophy as deep
  As either Kant's or Nietschze's,
Kipling has spoke his mind about
  The female of the Species.

O Kipling, you have lived in lands
  Too numerous to mention,
But never have you seen, as yet,
  The female in Convention.

The lady cave-bear used her claws
  Against the hostile ranks,
But we, the ladies of Bryn Mawr,
  Defend ourselves with planks!

Four years from now, the trembling males
  Perched in the balcony,
Will find themselves accompanied
  By Kipling, come to see.

N. C., '14.

SOAP: ITS SORROW.

Thou pale, translucent and elusive thing
  That lies quiet in thy china plate,
How like the silent passage of thy life
  Is to the ordinary human fate!

Rubbed by the horn palms of hard, rough hands,
  And the hot faucet's, or the cold's, attack,
Thou slippest swiftly from our mortal grasp
  To stream and ocean, never to come back.

But we, stern hearts, enured to such farewells,
  Mourn nothing when we see thee disappear;
And if thy ghost, more pale and thin, returns,
  'Twill see another cake established here.

N. C., '14.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On the afternoon of April 19th Mrs. Florence Kelly spoke in the chapel under the auspices of the Consumer's League. Her subject was: "College Women and Wage-Earning Girls."

On the evening of the same day Dr. Scripture spoke under the joint auspices of the Science and Philosophical Club on "Dreams: Their Analysis and Interpretation." Dr. Scripture was very interesting in his analysis of dreams, showing that they generally expressed innate desires or fears.

During the week preceeding April 20th, the college as a whole was much occupied with meetings, rallies and political canvassing in preparation for the National Non-Partisan Convention held on Saturday, the 20th. To this convention every member of the college was a delegate. Saturday afternoon the first formal meeting was held to draw up the platform for the convention. There the majority report of the Committee on Resolutions, a report decidedly socialistic in tenor, was rejected and the minority report much amended was adopted by the convention. The tone of the platform in its final form was far from conservative, showing the result of the well-directed activities of the Socialists. Many Socialistic and reform planks such as those in favor of a graduated income tax, a minimum wage law, anti-child labor laws, and in favor of governmental control of railways, telegraph and telephone companies as well as a plank for national woman's suffrage were introduced.

The parade which preceeded the evening convention was altogether satisfying with its band, transparencies and state delegations in appropriate costumes. At the convention held in the gymnasium seven candidates were proposed,—Taft, Roosevelt, La Follette, Wilson, Harmon, Clark and Debs. With the second ballot the voting narrowed into a contest between Taft and Wilson. Before the third ballot, Charles Evans Hughes was proposed as a compromise candidate and on the fourth he won the convention. Attention has been called to the fact that the candidate nominated would never run on the platform drawn up by the convention.

On April 24th Professor Paskowski spoke on modern German educational institutions.

The election of officers for the Undergraduate Association for the year 1912–13 was held on April 26th. The results were as follows: Nathalie Swift, 1913, President; Laura Delano, 1914, Vice-President and Treasurer; Eleanor Allen, 1914, Secretary; Elizabeth Smith, 1915, Assistant Treasurer.

The first of a series of three dances was given by the Consumer's League in the gymnasium on Friday evening April 26th.

The annual concert of the Glee Club and Mandolin Club took place on April 27th. An unusually delightful program was well rendered.

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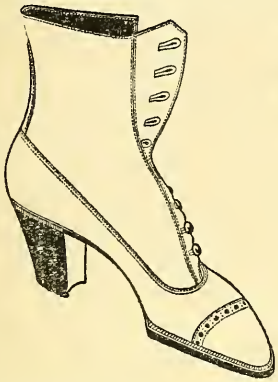

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June, 1912

Tipyn o' Bob

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EDITORIAL.

When in this transitory life it becomes necessary to pack for a summer vacation one of the first attitudes in which the packer will be found is as a suppliant before a dusty book-case, from which she will presently rise bowed beneath the burden of several weighty dictionaries and a classic or two. These she will intersperse through her trunk, notwithstanding the damage the Greek lexicon may do to her lingerie hat, or the rents La Rousse may poke in her sunshade. Her costume and equipment may be all that is recommended by the first fashion magazines, but her summer library will not correspond to their lists of "Light Summer Literature" or "Books for the Beach." Since the early days at school when the teacher pressed into her hand, with her final year's report, a printed list of "Summer Reading," including standards of French, German, and English literature, to be perused before fall, summer has been to her a divided pleasure. The books received at Christmas, full of the Yuletide spirit, must be stuck away somewhere to be found again before the August heat is too overpowering. No

time or inclination over and above her daily tasks has given her a space to read of them more than a paragraph here and there. As yet there may be, in addition, all the volumes that family and friends have been saving and urging upon you for your first moment of leisure. But you dare not stir till your oral literature, 500 pages German, 750 French, is packed away in a prominent place. You may let the gifts and loans fly this way and that; but by the side of Lake Geneva you will pull from your satchel a small shabby brown volume, on the New York subway you will unostentatiously consult a pocket dictionary. The splendors of the Arizona sunset will shine upon a much marked volume; the cinders of the railway train, the dew of the mountains, the grease of the camp-fire will smirch many pages, and when next fall you unpack there will fall from the leaves, here a brown edelweiss, there a torn theatre check. All summer they will go with you, these small, dull-colored volumes, and meeting a fellow sister, you will know what lies hidden in her satchel, though the "Smart Set" be in her hand.

I often wonder whether anybody ever really reads anything in the summer; that is, without pressure. It is in my opinion, the worst of all possible times. There are flies, there is heat, there are diversions. If you read in the woods the mosquitoes molest you, if you select the meadow the ants use you for a parade ground, indoors it is hot, on the piazza is conversation. Yet we all of us pack books in our trunks and really expect to read them. Years of experience have taught me to eliminate when possible, to take as few gift books and loans as appearance requires. But still are my comings in and goings out accompanied by two familiar volumes.

M. T., '13.

SOME SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE MODERN RUSSIAN DRAMA.

The Russian drama as we see it in the plays of Maxim Gorki, Count Leo Tolstoi, Leonid Andrieff and Anton Tchekhov mirrors for us the life of the common folk and displays some of the social problems that have stirred their country. Throughout, the writers breathe an intensely realistic spirit into their work, so that they force us to feel the indefinable groping of their people for the vital necessities of their life.

The current of unrest which runs through all the plays is confined neither to any one social class nor to the plays of any dramatist, though Gorki pictures this for us more vividly than the others. While his *Summer Folk*, does not make as strong an appeal as his *Night's Lodging*, we still feel that the keynote of the play is the longing for that indefinable "something else." Each character in turn expresses dissatisfaction with the life that is, but the strongest feeling is voiced by Varvara, the wife of the wealthy but thoroughly vulgar Bashoff, who, weary of her sordid environment, cries out for a change.

"I cannot understand it, I cannot. I am a beggar myself. I, too, stand before life in a maze—I am seeking some sign from life and don't find it. Is this life? Is it possible to live as we live? The soul demands a bright and beautiful life, while we are surrounded by beastly idleness. I am disgusted, I am ashamed to live thus any longer. We all fear something, we clutch each other and ask for help. We groan and shriek."

In *The Smug Citizen*, Tatiana expresses her longing to be lifted out of the same oppressing monotony.

"[Life] flows softly, monotonously by, like a muddy river, and while you watch it flowing, your eyes become wearied, your head dull and you do not even want to think what the stream is flowing for."
And again:

"This life, these endless quarrels, this triteness, this littleness * * * this narrow groove has crushed me slowly, without my knowing it, crushed me inperceptibly, and I have no more strength to live * * * my desperation is powerless, I begin to be afraid."

Pepel echoes the same feeling from the lower depths of *The Night's Refuge:* "Believe me, I am sick of this life. * * * I feel one thing; that I must live—so that I can respect myself."

This appeal comes not as a cry against the oppression of an upper class, but as a demand of the individual for personal happiness and liberty.

"Society, that is what I hate. Constantly increasing its demands upon the individual and constantly putting obstacles in the way of his development. * * * I am not obliged to comply with the demands of society. * * * I am an individual and an individual is free." (Peter in *The Smug Citizen.*)
This is war against conventions in general—a Nihilistic movement.

While it is Gorki who lays before us the symptoms of this disease, it is he who suggests the remedy for it on the one hand and, on the other, the reason why it is so often incurable. In each case Varvara is one of the mouthpieces; first in answer to her own cry for change:

"Now I feel more like going somewhere, where simple, wholesome people live. Where they talk differently and work earnestly, at something that everyone needs.—You understand?"

Nil, too, suggests the same cure to Tatiana: "You are despondent. Employ yourself; a busy person is never despondent." It is faith in his work that makes Kleshtsch the one who has any real hope of getting out of the Night Refuge and making more of his life. Gorki pleads for action. Faith in what may be in life is not enough; the problems will be solved only by doing. But this doing must be willed by the victim or he cannot be helped from himself for, as Varvara says:

"I don't believe there is a force somewhere, which exists outside of a man and which can make him brave. It is either in him or it does not exist at all."

And Gorki would pronounce him incurable if he had not this force.

Though the unrest of the individual is most apparent, yet we see the spirit of the revolutionary socialist working through Tolstoi and Andrieff. Gorki, even, so that we may not forget the country while the individual is being stressed, lets Peter, the son of the Smug Citizen, tell us what "Russia" means to him:

"In our Russia—in *our* Russia, how unnatural that sounds. Is Russia ours, mine, yours? Whose? * * * I think that when a Frenchman or an Englishman says 'France' or 'England,' the word has a real meaning to him. But when I say 'Russia,' I feel that it is only a vain sound."

It is Tolstoi who pictures most vividly for us the needs of the peasant class. In his comedy, *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, we feel the serious tone in the demand of the poor peasants for land. As a class they are the most contented we see; they put into practice the doctrine of work. By nature they prefer the active life to the one of "indolent comfort and dull prosperity." They cry out against the landlord only because he keeps the land. Give the peasant the land and he will then leave the leisure class to waste its time as it chooses.

We follow the strain of socialism easily in the plays of Leonid Andrieff. In his allegorical *Anathema* we see the down-trodden Jew in his worst state; while in *To the Stars* we have actual rebellion of the democratic faction against the oppressor. In Tchekhov's *Cherry Garden* we hear the wail of the old butler for the conditions that existed before the "great catastrophe." We are enlightened as to the feeling of the peasant when we learn that the "great catastrophe" was the freeing of the serfs. Before then the living of the man was provided; after, the condition of the peasant without land was far worse than that of the serf.

Here again we are shown why the people do not free themselves. To be sure, here, as with the individual, the matter is largely inherent weakness. Though this inability to rise above one's environment may be blamed to the ever-crushing weight of the upper classes, still, we seem to see throughout the fatalistic turn in the minds of so many of the characters. Even when Varvara expresses her wish to get away to a more wholesome atmosphere, her brother replies, "Yes, I understand. But you cannot escape." In *A Night's Lodging* the inevitable is most strongly felt. Pepel says:

"My way is already pointed out. My father spent his life in prison and that fate is my legacy. * * * When I was still a small boy, they called me a thief and the son of a thief."

While the problems of the mass and class are ever apparent in the Russian drama, the individual unrest is still more marked, for it works itself out again in the family problems. In Tolstoi's *The Powers of Darkness*, Gorki's *A Night's Lodging* and *Children of the Sun*, we find the major plot concerned with the marriage question. This is not shown in the light of an organized movement, as in the drama of the Scandinavians; we hear no talk of "free thinkers" as such. I do not mean by this that the Russians hold the marriage tie sacred, for the immoral relations with them are quite as common as in the land of Strindberg and Bjornson. Gorki tells us in the words of Rumin, in *The Summer Folk*," "Family tragedies are common nowadays."

In the last named play we feel that most of the dissatisfaction and longing for change is occasioned by the mis-mating of the various husbands and wives who are brought before us. In *A Night's Lodging* we see the same problem in the criminal class, where the cruel husband meets his death through the scheming plans of his more vicious

wife. In Tolstoi's *The Power of Darkness* we see the immorality that has crept into the lives of the peasants, though I believe Tolstoi wishes us to feel that in all Russia this is the best class morally. To be sure, it is their simple, trusting faith which makes them the easy victims of the crafty ones who are bent on evil. Here the unfaithful wife, urged on by the mother of her seducer, Nikita, poisons her old husband and marries the younger man. She is a weak victim and finds that, when the money and land are in the hands of the new husband he has all he wants. She cries out against her fate, but helps to conceal the guilt of her husband and step-daughter, Akoulina, and takes a fiendish delight in the birth of their child, for now she has the upper hand. Again it is the evil mother who forces Nikita to kill and bury the child. This leads us to the last powerful scene where Nikita confesses his guilt before the company that has assembled to celebrate the marriage of Akoulina.

The domestic drama of Russia is more nearly like the Scandinavian in the final play of Tolstoi, *The Living Corpse*. Here the debauched husband nobly sacrifices himself that his wife may be happy with a man she can love. The marriage tie binds the faithful wife in Gorki's *The Children of the Sun* much as in Bjornson's *When the New Wine Blooms*, and we feel the optimistic tone in spite of the tragedy of the sister and her lover.

None of the Russians have cared to picture us the new woman of the free-thinking type. In fact, we feel that this question, which is so closely linked with the marriage problem, is of minor importance with them. In *A Night's Lodging* Kvachaya rails against marriage, but this is because she has had a sad experience with it. Her words show also the status of the wife of the low-class Russian:

"I've been through it all, I want you to know. No treasure can tempt me to marry again. * * * I am a free woman, my own boss, shall I register my name in someone else's passport; become a man's serf, then nobody can say 'that' to me now?"

But with most of the people we find the old conventional idea that woman exists for marriage and home making. For the expression of this we may look to the words of the father in *The Smug Citizen* who we see is a representative man from the following words of his lodger's: "You are just the right blend of prudence and cunning, just good enough and bad enough, sufficiently honest, sufficiently base,

bold, cowardly. You are the typical example of a substantial citizen." He is ever bemoaning the fact that his daughter has not married:

"Tatiana is getting to be an old maid and that hurts me, too. It makes me ashamed of myself before everyone. In what way is Tatiana less worthy than many other girls who do marry."

And again: "Go marry and live as one ought to."

The play which shows us woman in her more ideal position is Andrieff's *To the Stars*. While Marasia is as far as possible from being a free thinker, still, she enters into the life of the world along with her husband. Her lack of the home-making instinct is balanced by Inna, who does not cry out because her husband is wholly wrapped up in his science, for they seem to understand each other perfectly.

Again we find the contrast between the Russians and Scandinavians in their attitudes toward education. Not that there is a strong opposition to education in Russia, but her dramatists do not keep this problem before our eyes as do Strindberg and Bjornson. We see the earnest student in *To the Stars*, the play last discussed, and in Gorki's *Children of the Sun*, but we get the more bourgeois view from *The Smug Citizen*. He has educated his daughter and his son, but rather regrets it, for he feels that this has separated him from his children.

"My oldest friends have ceased to call. 'Your children are educated,' they say, 'and we are only old-fashioned people; they will laugh at us.'" And again in conversation with his wife we have:

"Bezemenov: No, what a pity that we have become separated from them—through education.

"Akovlina Ivanovna (*softly*): Ah, well, father * * * even the educated folks are no better.

"Bezemenov: A man should never give his children more than he possesses himself."

Tatiana, herself, revolts against her schooling: "What use is college to me? I want to live, not to study." And the actor in *A Night's Lodging*, says, "Education is a rigmarole." There seems to be little hope for a country if its people take this view. They have not yet begun to realize that education must be made a vital part of life to the end that life may be more worth living.

In none of these dramas that have been discussed is to be found any reliance on God or any comfort that is drawn from the man's

religion. 'Tis true that Luka in *A Night's Lodging* shows divine mercy, but he himself is only a pilgrim looking for a new religion and feels that God exists only as one believes there is a God. Gorki makes the cry against conscience in *A Night's Lodging*.

"PEPEL: 'What good is honor and conscience? You can't put such things on your feet when snow is on the ground.'"

But Tolstoi makes the awakening conscience in the knave Nikita, in *The Powers of Darkness*, the one ray of hope.

In this play we feel the sham of the religious forms in the home. Nikita's mother, the arch-villain of the play, "enters, crosses herself long before the holy icon." And later, before the baby is murdered, she cautions Anisya not to forget to baptize it. Anisya, herself, who has killed her husband, prepares the baptism. "I'm looking for a cross. Suppose it were to die unbaptized! It would be a sin, you know."

But we feel the strength of the old faith when Nikita, the sinner, urged to bless the marriage of the girl he has ruined, cries out: "How can I give blessings? How can I take the holy icon in my hands?" And he makes his confession in the firm conviction that he must answer to God for his sins. In all the pictures of the peasant, in *The Powers of Darkness*, *The First Distiller* and *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, we feel that his faith in his religion—be it weak or strong—is the one thing which keeps him from falling to a still lower depth.

In giving us the problems of the people, it is Tolstoi, throughout, who shows the more sympathy; but it is Gorki who calls to action to relieve the immediate need. We feel that he sets his own task before us in the words of one of his women.

"We live in a country where the author alone can be the herald of truth, an equitable judge of the vices of his people and a defender of its interests. He alone can do that, and such a one the Russian author ought to be." G. E. G.

THE SAVING GRACE.

WINIFRED GOODALL, '14.

Mrs. Steiner settled herself complacently upon the front stoop, and her smile, luminous even in the summer dusk, shone upon such of her neighbors as passed, returning late from market, laden with the ingredients of Sunday dinner. Understanding, they approved her smile; for she was a lucky woman. She had a front parlor with a piano, and a young lady daughter with two suitors. An uncurtained window revealed all of these treasures, displayed under three blazing gas-jets, and a thunderous version of "In the Gloaming," volleying forth by way of an open window, bore witness to the powers of resistance of the piano. A good many market-baskets required shifting just within range of the window, and a good many sympathetic matrons profited by their opportunities to ascertain that Tom Stokes, "the young fellow a-selling automobiles down town," sat beside Minna on the sofa while "our Jacob," whose natural industry, as grocer and organist, enabled him, to labour with righteousness, all the seven days of the week, energetically attacked the piano. The ladies took no account of Mr. Steiner, seated heroically upon a cold piece of masonry just under the window and diligently utilizing the escaping gas-light for the perusal of his evening paper but bestowed all their attention upon the group within, and departed in a daze with the vision of Minna's flaxen head against the green walls and gilt picture-frames of her native parlour.

Who could blame them for neglecting the heroic but peevish Mr. Steiner? Minna's behavior is worthy of the attention of all ladies, whether in fiction or out. Simply by dint of an approving glance, which Mr. Stokes appropriated, and of an admiring silence which Jacob at the piano, took unto himself, she afforded both young gentlemen the most exquisite enjoyment, and aroused their enthusiasm to an extraordinary degree. The conversation of Mr. Stokes, always rapid, on this night excelled his swiftest automobile.

"I'll tell you, it's a bird," he was explaining eagerly, oblivious to the music—"painted red, with black running-gears—best model

Phips and Cant ever got out. Say the word, and we'll run it down to Mayville for a tryout. They'd easy give me a week for a honeymoon, and the country-fair 'll be on there, come Monday week."

"You can both come to my house to a birthday-party, Monday a week, you know," said Minna, placidly, as the "Gloaming" quavered into the "Star Spangled Banner."

Mr. Stokes, rising with a sudden access of professionalism, then "guessed he'd better speed."

"My, ain't it awful to have two?" chuckled Mrs. Steiner, gleefully, some hours afterwards, as Jacob's portly form began to blot out the distant arc-light. "Don't you sit down here in your clean dress, Minna! Tom Stokes certainly does wear stylish neckties, but Jacob's a young man in a thousand. So careful too, and he owns a whole grocery store!"

Mr. Steiner glared from beneath the newspaper, now perched atop of his bald head, and shivered savagely. "I tell you, it's got to be a saving man that marries Minna," he declared. "He may come and sit up in my parlour a-burning my gas as long as he likes and wear as many neckties as he's got, but he'll be a saving man that puts by for his own house and lot, afore he marries *my* daughter!"

Minna tucked another newspaper carefully about his shoulders. "Jacob's coming to my birthday party, too," she said.

With Jacob all the way home went the deep satisfaction of a quiet man who has for once obliged the world to prick up its ears. He had played for Minna every tune he knew. He had kept up his playing longer than that foolish Tom Stokes could keep up his talk about red automobiles. When Anna, his elderly sister, put her head in the door, distressed at the lateness of the hour, she saw him appraising the contents of the shelves with a troubled face. Repeatedly he would take down a bottle of gorgeous scarlet catsup, or a fancy box of breakfast food, and hold them to the light admiringly, so as to display their good points; then evidently comparing them with some ideal in his own mind, and finding them to fall short, he would sigh, shake his head sadly, and climb heavily back upon his stool again.

For several days thereafter, Jacob's inexplicable activities were to his sister a source of anxiety which changed into positive horror on the morning when he left the shop directly after breakfast, wearing his best clothes, and refusing to carry an umbrella. He gave his

destination largely as "down town" and said he would be gone until night. Anna dimly saw herself wearing black gloves at his funeral.

Toward evening of the same day, Jacob might have been seen taking his way among the crowded thoroughfares of the down-town district, his hand firmly wedged into his overcoat pocket and the mark of an abstraction, at once beautiful and resigned, upon his countenance. Suddenly there was a whirr of wheels, the shriek of an automobile-horn, a warning human cry—and Jacob very narrowly missed becoming the tragic hero of this history. But instead, "that foolish Tom Stokes" slowed down his red automobile.

"Hello," said he sociably, "Come and sit in. More comfortable than under the wheels. Won't charge you nothing!"

For several minutes the cautious Jacob deliberated to the wrath and despair of a timorous policeman, but at last climbed in with the pleasant retort, "Nor would I pay to ride."

They rode in silence for some time, then Jacob brought his hand out of his overcoat pocket. It was clasping a small white box.

"I will show you something," said he, benignantly. The car narrowly missed a lamp-post, so hard did Tom Stokes start at the large, flat gold locket with the flashing stone, that lay on the white satin cushion of the box.

"Why," gasped he, "I thought your line was potatoes and canned goods!"

Jacob relished the exclamation. "It is for Minna," he vouchsafed; "Her birthday is the day after tomorrow." The beautiful truth, outcome of his painful cogitations, rose before him. "A present, gold like this, is a sure way with a girl," he imparted, confidentially. "Besides," he meditated aloud, "when we are married, I will have it again."

"Gee!" said Tom Stokes, "but you're a hand-me-out, you are! The fellow by your name back in the Bible ain't a patch on you for generosity!"

"It is a saving grace," replied Jacob, piously. The Biblical allusion seemed to him peculiarly appropriate to the solemnity of the occasion.

"Gee! I guess you better get down right here!" said Tom Stokes, with explosive emphasis. This Jacob did.

The next time Tom Stokes laid eyes on him was as Tom carefully

reconnoitred the house of the Steiners from the corner of the street on the Monday afternoon of the party. An unpleasant feeling, probably etiquette, had been troubling Tom all the way, until, when he had come to the corner, he had paused, in the conviction that he must not enter the house of Minna unaccompanied by another guest. Jacob, too, had paused, at an equal distance on the other side of Steiners' house. To all appearances, he was more unhappy than Mr. Stokes, for he had been descried afar off by the younger Steiners, their cousins, playmates, and a youthful baseball nine. These surrounded him, evidently attracted by the gaudy striped package, oblong in shape and tied with a red bow, which Tom Stokes recognized as a glorified form of the little white box. As Jacob, for his part, perceived Tom Stokes strolling, with elaborate nonchalance, toward their common destination, he made one, last desperate effort, won his freedom, and brought up, panting, before the Steiners' bowl-shaped door-bell, not a moment later than Mr. Stokes himself, while the body-guard, careless of festival attire, scrambled up the front steps.

Now it was not only Minna's birthday, but it was Minna's cousin's confirmation, and Minna's uncle's appointment to the police-force, and Mrs. Mihaus's saint's day, and the seventh anniversary of Mrs. Vogel's husband's death. Therefore the gathering into which the two young men were ushered was a fairly large one, and bewildering to the eye, the more so for the fumes of a comfortable coffee-urn in its midst. The entrance of the body-guard drew lively remonstrances from their families, and created some confusion; but they were on the whole useful in singling Minna out from a row of relatives, formidable in black jet, and hailing her with joyous shouts: "Oh, Minna! he's brought you a present!" Then to Jacob: "Give it to her, give it to her!" Jacob obeyed with alacrity, and Tom Stokes watched Minna turn quite pink as she opened the box. In fact, a stir went over the whole roomful as the shining locket appeared, and deaf old Mr. Peehaus startled everybody from the corner by the unintentional loudness of his question:

"Is it real gold?"

"It is twenty carat," replied Jacob, proudly, "and it is worth a great deal of money." At this there was more whispering, and much shaking of heads, while Jacob proceeded, with the evil pride of recklessness, "The jeweller said I could get one nowhere else for

the same money. And so Tom Stokes would have found," he concluded, glancing apprehensively at that young man, as if expecting to see a birthday present big as a band-box suddenly appear in his hand.

Then, somehow, all the attention centred on Tom Stokes. For if Jacob had fallen into such courses of wilful waste and sinful extravagance, to what lengths must not Tom Stokes, the wearer of many neckties, the driver of red automobiles,—to what lengths must not he have gone in wild emulation?

Tom thrust his hands into his pockets and went red to the roots of his hair, but he made answer valiantly, "I'm not triflin' away my cash on no jewelry. I'm savin' my money to buy a house for when Minna and I get married tomorrow; ain't I, Minna?"

Minna gasped "Yes," and Mr. Steiner was observed to nod solemnly into his coffee cup.

THE INEVITABLE.

By Helen Dorothy Barber.

We were playing house under the quince-bush behind the hedge, and were not getting along very well. I was always a bit on edge when Rita and Margaret and I were playing together, for I knew that their conjunction was due not to any affinity of soul to soul, but to an intermediary cohesive agent, which agent was myself. Consequently I was, as I have said, in a condition of strain, feeling like a patent cement which (if the advertisements speak truly) holds together the most diverse materials, fearing constantly that I could not last much longer.

Margaret was my chum of four years standing; we had become bosom friends as soon as she had moved in next door—a time now hazy in distance—whereas Rita, from the double house on the corner, was comparatively new to the neighborhood and to my friendship, having come only two months ago. You see the difference. But Rita had made up for lost time. This was the fifteenth moving that she could remember and swear to, and from so rich an experience she had profited

greatly. Within a week she had become one of us, in fact, almost our leader, had dazzled us with her skill in Hop-Scotch, and in Run-Sheep-Run, with her matchless *repartee* as employed against the Taylor-Sheet gang ("an awful tough bunch," she had decided), and most of all, with her stories. These, of course, were the fruit of her travels. Born in San Francisco, she had been all over the Coast, and as for Tacoma itself, well, she had honored all the well-known side streets of that city with her presence—of course she had stories to tell!

Just now she had practically stopped the game with one of them. She had taken advantage of her rôle as "the papa" to tell us what *her* father had done when he was in a railroad accident. (Her relatives, by the way, were all very remarkable people.) Mr. Allen was travelling for a big firm, so Rita said impressively; and this to me, who had yet to see the inside of a Pullman, was thrilling even on a twentieth re-telling. Margaret, however, who had been across the continent six times and once to Mexico (making thirty-six nights in a sleeper altogether she had calculated) seemed to my anxious ears almost to sniff as she worked away at her mat of sword-grass. I didn't see why she needed to be so sniffy; a man must be pretty smart to have his fare paid everywhere and a "kumishun" (whatever that might be) besides. Nevertheless Margaret was looking distinctly unmoved. Rita noticed this one unresponsive soul—all the rest of us were squatted down beside her under the bush, listening with all our might—and then,

"You know my father's so busy," she said with the gentle melancholy which frequently troubled her voice, "that lots of times he can't get home for months. It's fierce." Rita stared into space. "Why, one time we expected him on a Saturday and it wasn't till that very morning that someone 'phoned to say he'd not be back awhile, he was so busy. An' you know it was two whole months before we seen him again. My, but mamma was lonesome!"

Willema and Lilian, who were only seven, seemed wholly overcome. I looked out of the tail of my eye at Margaret who for four years now had given me my cues in every situation. She was demurely bent over her weaving, composure writ in every inch of her neat little person. I was certainly in a dilemma, for this was the first time since Rita's coming that there had been an out-and-out call for a "showdown." Heretofore Margaret had not happened to be around when Rita was giving excerpts from her life history; there had been nothing to

suppress my natural gush of sympathy. When we had just been playing Blackman, or any other game it was comparatively easy to maintain an equivocal position. Now here was an issue between my two masters. The eye of Rita was upon me. I avoided it and tied knots in my handkerchief.

"When my father had to go away once," said Margaret in her very cool little voice, "he came back clear from Spokane just for over Sunday. Does yours go far off,—East, or anywhere so he can't get home?" She turned to look squarely at Rita. In great discomfort I waited for the answer, for I had a feeling that someone was hitting someone below the belt—Margaret must have known Rita's father wasn't as rich as hers.

But Rita was equal to the occasion. "Not so awful far," she replied carelessly, "but you see *he's* so busy the firm can't spare him till Saturday nights,—his business is awful important, my father's."

Fat little Willema came to the rescue. "Has your papa sent you any more postals?" she lisped; and while I remained pusillanimously silent and listened to Rita's glowing descriptions, the dangerous corner was turned.

But I was very uncomfortable. Margaret West was my very best friend—the one girl I was allowed to stay all night with, the only one with whom I had secrets written down in a notebook, with whom I played from morning till night, and whom I mentioned by name in the "God bless" list at the end of my prayers. Yet it was she who was mean and unsympathetic to Rita, just because Rita wasn't—well, Rita always wore shiny woolen dresses while Margaret wore wash ones, and rather fancy thin-soled shoes instead of sturdy ones, and she always said "Ma'am" and "ain't," so you see she really wasn't so well brought up as Margaret. I noticed these things a little, but never minded them much except when Margaret was around; and now when she was so mean I didn't mind them at all. I had no reason to believe the unseen Mr. Allen wasn't every bit as good as Mr. West! Mr. West had lots of faults; he read the paper on Sunday mornings instead of going to church, and besides that he smoked. Their parlour smelt as much of tobacco smoke as the Allen's did of dinner; it was snobby to say one was worse than the other. (We always had our windows open.)

The more I thought the madder I got at my chum. I looked her up and down from her big red hair-ribbon to her well-polished tan shoes,

and I decided that after all she was pretty stuck up. I regarded the whitish tips of my old skuffers with a fierce satisfaction, and felt myself joyously a plebeian.

"My," I said calmly, "it must be great to have your father have such a fine job! And what do you do when he does come home? Have fun?"

Rita frowned a little, started to answer, then—

"What's the noise?" she cried.

We listened, then crawled out hastily from under the bush. "It's that other gang," I said. "Something funny's happening up in front of your house, Rita, come and see!"

Margaret did not move; the others had fled. I stood irresolute.

"Don't you hear them Ellen?" she said piously. "They're teasing a drunken man. I don't care to go to any such sights—they aren't nice."

"Nice!" the word inflamed me.

"You stuck-up thing!" I snorted. "Stay here then and sit in a corner! I'm going!" and with pounding heart I flew blindly around the corner and down the steps. The crowd at the corner was a noisy one. I would have given anything to have turned and fled, but I stubbornly ran on.

The Allen's door opened, and a little woman, Rita's mother, came running out, wiping her hands on her apron. "You leave him alone!" she cried to the big boys, and forced her way to the center of the crowd. I stood quite still while she helped a rather stout man with a red face up the steps. Rita followed, carrying a suit-case. Her head was as high as ever, and just before she closed the door she stuck out her tongue at the jeering gang.

I turned about with a strange hot feeling in my innermost parts, and walked slowly home, wondering how I could manage to make up with Margaret.

JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG.

Over the campus the sunset light lies golden,
Shadows are lengthening of light winds holden.
Glad the day that now is over,
Bright its promise for the morrow, the morrow.
Long Senior days be your portion, oh, Juniors,
Long Senior days, golden days at Bryn Mawr.

Gladly we leave you the scenes we have loved here,
Hollow and hill and cloister sunny;
Steps and archways, green trees swaying,
Take it all, enriched by memory, by memory.
Long Senior days be your portion, oh, Juniors.
Long Senior days, golden days of Bryn Mawr.

D. Wolff, '12.

CURTAIN SONG, 1913 TO 1912.

By Dorothea Baldwin.

'Tis humble fare you'll get to-night,
  Who are come to see our play;
'Tis but a simple Scottish tale
  Without pomp or display.
We might yet find a finer thing
  If more we were to delve,—
Hoot! mon, ye canna do that now,
  For here is 1912.

And so in homespun, gypsy garb
  With elders, troops, and drums,
We'll act what J. M. Barrie wrote
  About the town of Thrums—
Dear Seniors, it is muckle joy
  That we take to ourselves,
To act before the kindly eyes
  Of bonny 1912's.

FAREWELL SONG, 1913 TO 1912.

By A. Gordon Hamilton and Katharine A. Page.

The time has come to snuff the light,
  For now our play is done.
We wish you pleasant dreams to-night
  Until to-morrow's sun.
If only to-day could cast a spell,
  Or to-morrow a charm could shape,
Or that we could hold you here with us
  So that you should never escape.
"Oh! come we may, but go we must,"
Say the Seniors to 1913.

Primroses come to the world again,
  The fields are white with May—
Springtime urges unwilling feet
  And will not let you stay.
Oh! could we go together and see
  What over the hills doth lie,
Or sit by the brook in the cool, cool shade
  And watch the stream running by.
"If you must wander, take us too,"
Say 1913 to you.

SENIOR SONG TO 1914.

All classes before this in sorrow they spoke—
When we leave Bryn Mawr, then Bryn Mawr will be broke.
But we have no fears when we quit this fair scene,
For we leave you behind us, dear 1914.

Now pray do not feel that we want you to weep,
Or over our going lose much-needed sleep.
But if by some chance we return to this spot,
Please give us a hand, though our names you've forgot.

How to act when you're Juniors, you need no advice,
And as Seniors we know you'll be gentle and nice,
And if straying back we should happen to come,
Be kind, oh, be kind, to the poor old Alum.

F. H., '12.

SONG TO 1915, BEFORE FRESHMAN SHOW.

(Tune, "The Wearing of the Green.")

"Oh, Yeatsey, dear, and did you hear about that Freshman show?"
"Sure, Lady Gregory, I did, and now I want to know
What you think about those Freshmen, and their drama and their beast
And how they came to do it; sure, will wonders never cease?
For I never thought that any one could learn, from what I said,
How to write a real live drama that would turn a body's head.
And I hope you didn't tell them all the secrets of the game,
For somehow they have found them and have used them just the same."

"Now, Yeatsey, dear, don't blame me, for I didn't tell a word;
It must have been that Baker man, who's awful bright, I've heard.
But I have a dreadful feeling that we didn't do a thing,
It's just the cleverness of that bright class that wears the green.
And I really do feel anxious, for if this show gets around
We will have to take our players and depart to Irish ground,
Leaving here as our successors, the Class Nineteen Fifteen,
The Freshmen of Bryn Mawr who are the wearers of the green."

R. C. B. ,'14.

THE HAT, THE COAT, AND THE UMBRELLA.

(Apologies to Mr. Yeats.)

Why do you banish the sun so bright?
I am the hat of rubber:
O, lovely to see in all men's sight.
Am I, the hat of rubber—
In all men's sight—

Why does it rain both day and night?
That I, the coat of rubber,
O, swift in the storms, all day and night,
Be worn, the coat of rubber.
All day and night.

Why the umbrella, mournful sight?
I am the loved umbrella—
Soundless shall be the footfall light
On sodden ground, no moment
Sudden and light.

H. S. S.

TO ONE HAVING A BIRTHDAY AT COLLEGE.

I come not to you bearing gifts,
Nor compliments to please;
But rather, moody, stay away,
And still dispense with these.
Are you so cruel, fairest fair,
As then to ask me why?
Ah, must I speak? Then, I suspect
Your birthday's in July!

N. C., '14.

WITH APOLOGIES TO W. S.

Take, O take those books away
  That so sweetly are forsworn;
Novels that would cheer the day
  And beguile a maid forlorn!
But my reading bring again,
      Bring again;
Oral reading, read in vain,
      Read in vain.

J. M. B., '14.

THE POET AND THE DRESS.

I have a clean dress this morning,
It will not be clean long.
See, I pour lakes of purple ink,
From my pen, on it.
Between classes,
I lie flat on the grass and rub
Grass-stain all down the front.
I love the green and purple
On my dress.
Oh, Yes!

At lunch it will be beautiful pale-pink soup.
And later on I shall sit on a strawberry.
Think of it!
Then tea, hot tea, burning me fragrantly!
By that time I shall have to part
With the dress
To an unappreciative
Laundress.

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N. C., '14.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On three successive Thursday evenings during the past month Dr. Welch has lectured on "Eugenics and Social Hygiene." President Thomas was especially anxious that the college should hear Dr. Welch, and although there has been no compulsory attendance, the chapel has been well filled.

On Friday, May 3rd, Mrs. Hooker, of Baltimore, spoke, under the auspices of the Suffrage League, on "The Social Evil and Woman Suffrage." After the lectures questions from the floor were answered by President Thomas and Miss Donnelly.

The Week-End Conference of the Christian Association was held on May 4th and 5th. Dr. J. H. Jowett, of New York, spoke on Saturday morning. The chapel was crowded and the service most inspiring. In the evening, Miss Rouse, the secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, told us of the work among women students in other lands. The two Sunday services were also planned as part of the Conference.

Sophomore dinner and Junior-Senior supper both came on May 10th.

Undergraduate Association elections were held with the following returns: Natalie Swift, 1913, president; Laura Delano, 1914, vice-president and treasurer; Eleanor Allen, 1914 secretary; Elizabeth Smith, 1915, assistant treasurer.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

There have been two inter-class basket-ball games. In the first 1912 beat 1914 with a score of 11 to 10; in the second 1915 beat 1913 with a score of 8 to 6. The first of the two track meets has been held, but no records were announced.

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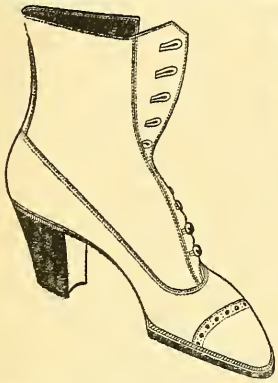

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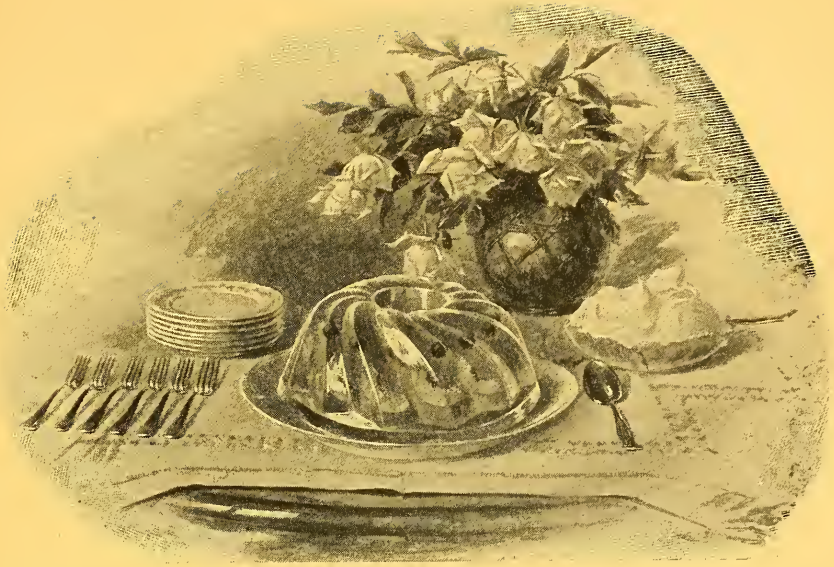

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In hot weather, when the appetite is just a little off, and there is a peculiar craving for something cool and satisfying, nothing touches the spot like

JELL-O

It is so deliciously cool, so light, so wholesome, so nutritious—so tempting and good every way—that it satisfies the summer appetite as nothing else can.

Fruit of almost any kind can be added, as the housewife chooses, or left out, and in either case the dessert will be delightful.

There is no other dessert worth serving that can be made without cooking and fuss, and in hot weather no housewife wants to cook and fuss more than is necessary.

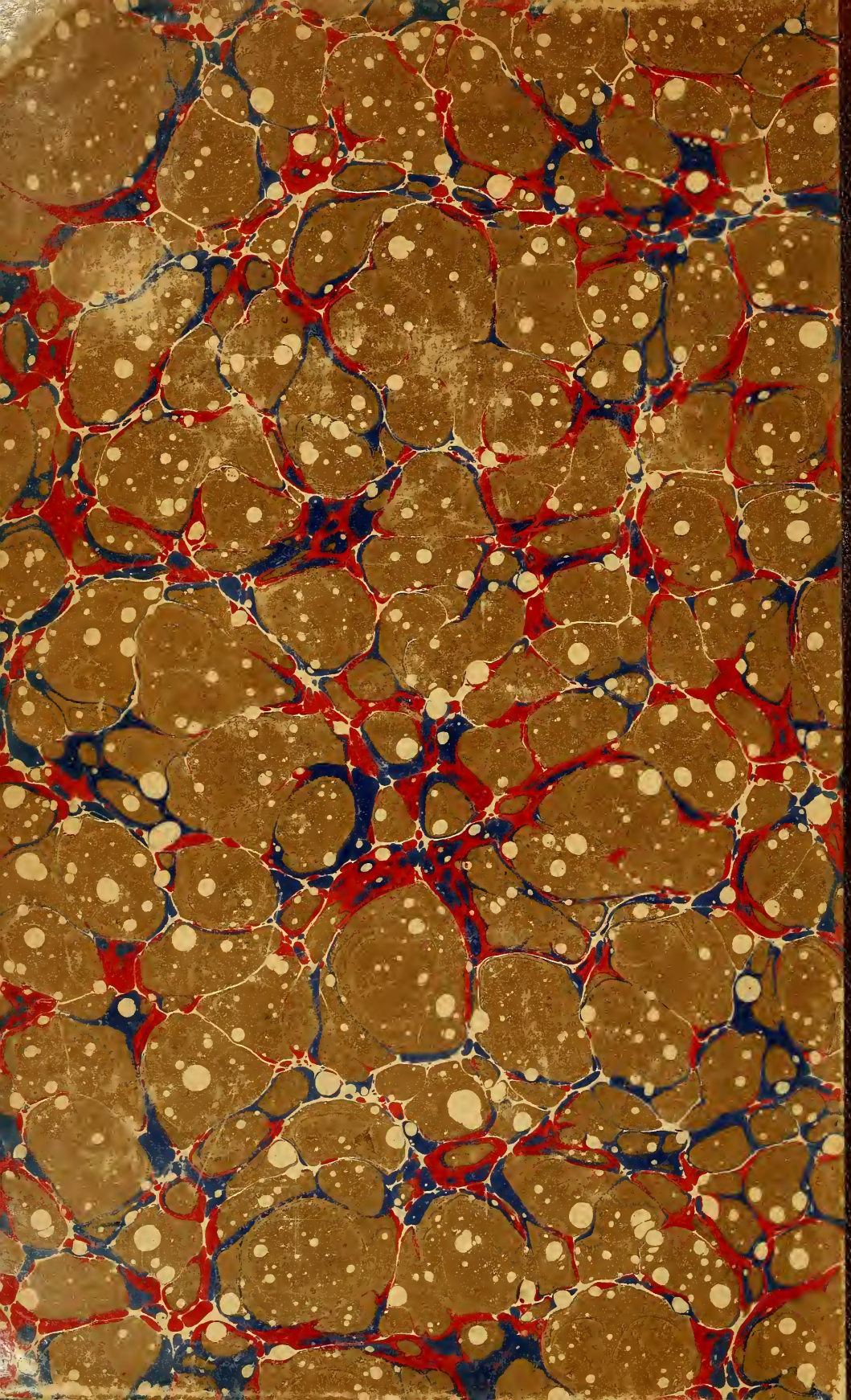
A Jell-O dessert can be *made in a minute.*

Seven delightful flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange, Peach, Chocolate.

10c. a package at all grocers'.

The famous recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent to all who ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

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